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THE

HISTORY

OF THE

ADVENTURES

OF

JOSEPH ANDREWS,

And his FRIEND

Mr. *ABRAHAM ADAMS.*

Written in Imitation of

The *Manner* of CERVANTES,
Author of *Don Quixote.*

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

Illustrated with CUTS.

The FOURTH EDITION, revised and corrected.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:
Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to *Katharine Street*, in the *Strand.* M.DCC.XLIX.

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THE CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of writing Lives in general, and particularly of Pamela; *with a Word by the bye of* Colley Cibber *and others.* Page 1

CHAP. II.

Of Mr Joseph Andrews *his Birth, Parentage, Education, and great Endowments, with a Word or two concerning Ancestors.* 4

CHAP. III.

Of Mr. Abraham Adams *the Curate, Mrs.* Slipslop *the Chambermaid, and others.* 7

CHAP. IV.

What happened after their Journey to London. 12

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. V.

The Death of Sir Thomas Booby, *with the affectionate and mournful Behaviour of his Widow, and the great Purity of* Joseph Andrews. 14

CHAP. VI.

How Joseph Andrews *writ a Letter to his Sister* Pamela. 18

CHAP. VII.

Sayings of wise Men. A Dialogue between the Lady and her Maid, and a Panegyric or rather Satire on the Passion of Love, in the sublime Style. 22

CHAP. VIII.

In which, after some very fine Writing, the History goes on, and relates an Interview between the Lady and Joseph; *where the latter hath set an Example, which we despair of seeing followed by his Sex in this vicious Age.* 27

CHAP. IX.

What passed between the Lady and Mrs. Slipslop, *in which we prophesy there are some Strokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the first Reading.* 33

CHAP. X.

Joseph *writes another Letter: His Transactions with Mr.* Peter Pounce, *&c. with his Departure from Lady* Booby. 38

CHAP.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XI.

Of several new Matters not expected. 41

CHAP. XII.

Containing many surprizing Adventures which Joseph Andrews *met with on the Road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a Stage-Coach.* 45

CHAP. XIII.

What happened to Joseph *during his Sickness at the Inn, with the* Various Discourse *between him and Mr.* Barnabas *the Parson of the Parish.* 53

CHAP. XIV.

Being very full of Adventures, which succeeded each other at the Inn. 58

CHAP. XV.

Shewing how Mrs. Tow-wouse *was a little mollified; and how officious Mr.* Barnabas *and the Surgeon were to prosecute the Thief: With a Dissertation accounting for their Zeal, and that of many other Persons not mentioned in this History.* 68

CHAP. XVI.

The Escape of the Thief. Mr. Adams's *Disappointment. The Arrival of two very extraordinary Personages, and the Introduction of Parson* Adams *to Parson* Barnabas. 70

CHAP. XVII.

A pleasant Discourse between the two Parsons and the Bookseller, which was broke off by an unlucky

Digitized by Google

lucky Accident happening in the Inn, which produced a Dialogue between Mrs. Tow-wouse *and her Maid of no gentle kind.* 82

CHAP. XVIII.

The History of Betty *the Chambermaid, and an Account of what occasioned the violent Scene in the preceding Chapter.* 89

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of Divisions in Authors. 94

CHAP. II.

A surprising Instance of Mr. Adams's *short Memory, with the unfortunate Consequences which it brought on* Joseph. 98

CHAP. III.

The Opinion of two Lawyers concerning the same Gentleman, with Mr. Adams's *Enquiry into the Religion of his Host.* 104

CHAP. IV.

The History of Leonora, *or the Unfortunate Jilt.* 112

CHAP. V.

A dreadful Quarrel which happened at the Inn where the Company dined, with its bloody Consequences to Mr. Adams. 134

CHAP.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. VI.

Conclusion of the Unfortunate Jest. 145

CHAP. VII.

A very short Chapter, in which Parson Adams *went a great Way.* 151

CHAP. VIII.

A notable Dissertation by Mr. Abraham Adams; *wherein that Gentleman appears in a political Light.* 154

CHAP. IX.

In which the Gentleman descants on Bravery and heroic Virtue, till an unlucky Accident puts an end to the Discourse. 159

CHAP. X.

Giving an Account of the strange Catastrophe of the preceding Adventure, which drew poor Adams *into fresh Calamities; and who the Woman was who owed the Preservation of her Chastity to his victorious Arm.* 166

CHAP. XI.

What happened to them while before the Justice. A Chapter very full of Learning. 172

CHAP. XII.

A very delightful Adventure, as well to the Persons concerned, as to the good-natured Reader. 181

CHAP. XIII.

A Dissertation concerning high People and low People,

Digitized by Google

ple, with Mrs. Slipslop's *Departure in no very good Temper of Mind, and the evil Plight in which she left* Adams *and his Company.* 187

CHAP. XIV.

An Interview between Parson Adams *and Parson* Trulliber. 195

CHAP. XV.

An Adventure, the Consequence of a new Instance which Parson Adams *gave of his Forgetfulness.* 204

CHAP. XVI.

A very curious Adventure, in which Mr. Adams *gave a much greater Instance of the honest Simplicity of his Heart than of his Experience in the Ways of this World.* 208

CHAP. XVII.

A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams *and his Host, which by the Disagreement in their Opinions seemed to threaten an unlucky Catastrophe, had it not been timely prevented by the Return of the Lovers.* 219

PRE-

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PREFACE.

AS it is poſſible the mere Engliſh *Reader may have a different Idea of Romance with the Author of theſe little Volumes; and may conſequently expect a kind of Entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following Pages; it may not be improper to premiſe a few Words concerning this Kind of Writing, which I do not remember to have ſeen hitherto attempted in our Language.*

The EPIC, *as well as the* DRAMA, *is divided into Tragedy and Comedy.* HOMER, *who was the Father of this Species of Poetry, gave us a Pattern of both theſe, tho' that of the latter kind is entirely loſt; which* Ariſtotle *tells us, bore the ſame Relation to Comedy which his* Iliad *bears to Tragedy. And perhaps, that we have no more Inſtances of it among the Writers of Antiquity, is owing to the Loſs of this great Pattern, which, had it ſur-*

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vived, would have found its Imitators equally with the other Poems of this great Original.

And farther, as this Poetry may be Tragic or Comic, I will not ſcruple to ſay it may be likewiſe either in Verſe or Proſe: For tho' it wants one Particular, which the Critic enumerates in the conſtituent Parts of an Epic Poem, namely Metre; yet, when any kind of Writing contains all its other Parts, ſuch as Fable, Action, Characters, Sentiments, and Diction, and is deficient in Metre only; it ſeems, I think, reaſonable to refer it to the Epic; at leaſt, as no Critic hath thought proper to range it under any other Head, or to aſſign it a particular Name to itſelf.

Thus the Telemachus *of the Archbiſhop of* Cambray *appears to me of the Epic Kind, as well as the* Odyſſey *of* Homer; *indeed, it is much fairer and more reaſonable to give it a Name common with that Species from which it differs only in a ſingle Inſtance, than to confound it with thoſe which it reſembles in no other. Such are thoſe voluminous Works commonly called* Romances, *namely,* Clelia, Cleopatra, Aſtræa, Caſſandra, *the* Grand Cyrus, *and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little Inſtruction or Entertainment.*

Now a comic Romance is a comic Epic-Poem in Proſe; differing from Comedy, as the ſerious Epic from

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from Tragedy: its Action being more extended and comprehenſive; containing a much larger Circle of Incidents, and introducing a greater Variety of Characters. It differs from the ſerious Romance in its Fable and Action, in this; that as in the one theſe are grave and ſolemn, ſo in the other they are light and ridiculous: It differs in its Characters, by introducing Perſons of inferior Rank, and conſequently, of inferior Manners, whereas the grave Romance ſets the higheſt before us; laſtly, in its Sentiments and Diction; by preſerving the Ludicrous inſtead of the Sublime. In the Diction, I think, Burleſque itſelf may be ſometimes admitted; of which many Inſtances will occur in this Work, as in the Deſcription of the Battles, and ſome other Places, not neceſſary to be pointed out to the Claſſical Reader; for whoſe Entertainment thoſe Parodies or Burleſque Imitations are chiefly calculated.

But tho' we have ſometimes admitted this in our Diction, we have carefully excluded it from our Sentiments and Characters: for there it is never properly introduced, unleſs in Writings of the Burleſque Kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two Species of Writing can differ more widely than the Comic and the Burleſque: for as the latter is ever the Exhibition of what is monſtrous and unnatural, and where our Delight, if we examine it, ariſes from the ſurprizing Abſurdity, as in appropriating the Manners of the higheſt

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the loweſt, or è converſo ; *ſo in the former, we ſhould ever confine ourſelves ſtrictly to Nature, from the juſt Imitation of which, will flow all the Pleaſure we can this way convey to a ſenſible Reader. And perhaps there is one Reaſon why a Comic Writer ſhould of all others be the leaſt excuſed for deviating from Nature, ſince it may not be always ſo eaſy for a ſerious Poet to meet with the Great and the Admirable ; but Life every where furniſhes an accurate Obſerver with the Ridiculous.*

I have hinted this little concerning Burleſque ; becauſe, I have often heard that Name given to Performances which have been truly of the Comic Kind, from the Author's having ſometimes admitted it in his Diction only ; which, as it is the Dreſs of Poetry, doth, like the Dreſs of Men, eſtabliſh Characters, (the one of the whole Poem, and the other of the whole Man) in vulgar Opinion, beyond any of their greater Excellencies : But ſurely, a certain Drollery in Stile, where the Characters and Sentiments are perfectly natural, no more conſtitutes the Burleſque, than an empty Pomp and Dignity of Words, where every thing elſe is mean and low, can entitle any Performance to the Appellation of the true Sublime.

And I apprehend, my Lord Shafteſbury's *Opinion of mere Burleſque agrees with mine, when he aſſerts,* There is no ſuch Thing to be found in the

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the Writings of the Ancients. *But perhaps, I have leſs Abhorrence than he profeſſes for it: and that not becauſe I have had ſome little Succeſs on the Stage this Way; but rather, as it contributes more to exquiſite Mirth and Laughter than any other; and theſe are probably more wholeſome Phyſic for the Mind, and conduce better to purge away Spleen, Melancholy and ill Affections than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common Obſervation, whether the ſame Companies are not found more full of Good Humour and Benevolence, after they have been ſweetened for two or three Hours with Entertainments of this Kind, than when ſoured by a Tragedy or a grave Lecture.*

But to illuſtrate all this by another Science, in which, perhaps, we ſhall ſee the Diſtinction more clearly and plainly: Let us examine the Works of a Comic Hiſtory-Painter, with thoſe Performances which the Italians *call* Caricatura; *where we ſhall find the true Excellence of the former to conſiſt in the exacteſt copying of Nature; inſomuch, that a judicious Eye inſtantly rejects any thing* outré; *any Liberty which the Painter hath taken with the Features of that* Alma Mater.—*Whereas in the* Caricatura *we allow all Licence. Its Aim is to exhibit Monſters not Men; and all Diſtortions and Exaggerations whatever are within its proper Province.*

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Now what Caricatura *is in Painting, Burleſque is in Writing; and in the ſame manner the Comic Writer and Painter correlate to each other. And here I ſhall obſerve, that, as in the former the Painter ſeems to have the Advantage; ſo it is in the latter infinitely on the Side of the Writer: for the* Monſtrous *is much eaſier to paint than deſcribe, and the* Ridiculous *to deſcribe than paint.*

And tho' perhaps this latter Species doth not in either Science ſo ſtrongly affect and agitate the Muſcles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and uſeful Pleaſure ariſes to us from it. He who ſhould call the Ingenious Hogarth *a Burleſque Painter, would, in my Opinion, do him very little Honour: for ſure it is much eaſier, much leſs the Subject of Admiration, to paint a Man with a Noſe, or any other Feature of a prepoſterous Size, or to expoſe him in ſome abſurd or monſtrous Attitude, than to expreſs the Affections of Men on Canvas. It hath been thought a vaſt Commendation of a Painter, to ſay his Figures* ſeem to breathe; *but ſurely it is a much greater and nobler Applauſe,* that they appear to think.

But to return—The Ridiculous only, as I have before ſaid, falls within my Province in the preſent Work.—Nor will ſome Explanation of this Word

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be thought impertinent by the Reader, if he conſiders how wonderfully it hath been miſtaken, even by Writers who have profeſs'd it: for to what but ſuch a Miſtake, can we attribute the many Attempts to ridicule the blackeſt Villainies; and what is yet worſe, the moſt dreadful Calamities? What could exceed the Abſurdity of an Author, who ſhould write the Comedy of *Nero*, with the merry Incident of ripping up his Mother's Belly; *or what would give a greater Shock to Humanity, than an Attempt to expoſe the Miſeries of Poverty and Diſtreſs to Ridicule? And yet, the Reader will not want much Learning to ſuggeſt ſuch Inſtances to himſelf.*

Beſides, it may ſeem remarkable, that Ariſtotle, *who is ſo fond and free of Definitions, hath not thought proper to define the Ridiculous. Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to Comedy, he hath remarked that Villainy is not its Object: but he hath not, as I remember, poſitively aſſerted what is. Nor doth the* Abbé Bellegarde, *who hath writ a Treatiſe on this Subject, tho' he ſhews us many Species of it, once trace it to its Fountain.*

The only Source of the true Ridiculous (as it appears to me) is Affectation. But tho' it ariſes from one Spring only; when we conſider the infinite Streams into which this one branches, we ſhall preſently ceaſe to admire at the copious Field

it

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it affords to an Obſerver. Now Affectation proceeds from one of theſe two Cauſes; Vanity or Hypocriſy: For as Vanity puts us on affecting falſe Characters, in order to purchaſe Applauſe; ſo Hypocriſy ſets us on an Endeavour to avoid Cenſure, by concealing our Vices under an Appearance of their oppoſite Virtues. And tho' theſe two Cauſes are often confounded, (for there is ſome Difficulty in diſtinguiſhing them) yet, as they proceed from very different Motives; ſo they are as clearly diſtinct in their Operations: For indeed, the Affectation which ariſes from Vanity is nearer to Truth than the other; as it hath not that violent Repugnancy of Nature to ſtruggle with, which that of the Hypocrite hath. It may be likewiſe noted, that Affectation doth not imply an abſolute Negation of thoſe Qualities which are affected: and therefore, tho' when it proceeds from Hypocriſy, it be nearly allied to Deceit; yet when it comes from Vanity only, it partakes of the Nature of Oſtentation: for inſtance, the Affectation of Liberality in a vain Man differs viſibly from the ſame Affectation in the Avaricious; for tho' the vain Man is not what he would appear, or hath not the Virtue he affects, to the Degree he would be thought to have it; yet it ſits leſs awkwardly on him than on the avaricious Man, who is the very Reverſe of what he would ſeem *to be.*

From the Diſcovery of this Affectation ariſes the Ridiculous — which always ſtrikes the Reader with

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with Surprize and Pleaſure; and that in a higher and ſtronger Degree when the Affectation ariſes from Hypocriſy, than when from Vanity: for to diſcover any one to be the exact Reverſe of what he affects, is more ſurprizing, and conſequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the Quality he deſires the Reputation of. I might obſerve, that our Ben Johnſon, *who of all Men underſtood the* Ridiculous *the beſt, hath chiefly uſed the hypocritical Affectation.*

Now from Affectation only, the Misfortunes and Calamities of Life, or the Imperfections of Nature, may become the Objects of Ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed Mind, who can look on Uglineſs, Infirmity, or Poverty, as ridiculous in themſelves: nor do I believe any Man living who meets a dirty Fellow riding through the Streets in a Cart, is ſtruck with an Idea of the Ridiculous from it; but if he ſhould ſee the ſame Figure deſcend from his Coach and Six, or bolt from his Chair with his Hat under his Arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with Juſtice. In the ſame manner, were we to enter a poor Houſe, and behold a wretched Family ſhivering with Cold and languiſhing with Hunger, it would not incline us to Laughter, (at leaſt we muſt have very diabolical Natures, if it would:) but ſhould we diſcover there a Grate, inſtead of Coals, adorned with Flowers, empty Plate or China Diſhes on the Sideboard,

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board, or any other Affectation of Riches and Finery either on their Perſons or in their Furniture; we might then indeed be excuſed for ridiculing ſo fantaſtical an Appearance. Much leſs are natural Imperfections the Object of Deriſion: but when Ugline ſs aims at the Applauſe of Beauty, or Lameneſs endeavours to diſplay Agility; it is then that theſe unfortunate Circumſtances, which at firſt moved our Compaſſion, tend only to raiſe our Mirth.

The Poet carries this very far;

None are for being what they are in Fault,
But for not being what they would be thought.

Where if the Metre would ſuffer the Word Ridiculous *to cloſe the firſt Line, the Thought would be rather more proper. Great Vices are the proper Objects of our Deteſtation, ſmaller Faults of our Pity: but Affectation appears to me the only true Source of the Ridiculous.*

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have againſt my own Rules introduced Vices, and of a very black Kind into this Work. To which I ſhall anſwer: Firſt, that it is very difficult to purſue a Series of human Actions and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the Vices to be found here, are rather the accidental Conſequences of ſome human Frailty or Foible, than Cauſes habitually exiſting

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exiſting in the Mind. Thirdly, That they are never ſet forth as the Objects of Ridicule but Deteſtation. Fourthly, That they are never the principal Figure at that Time on the Scene; and laſtly, They never produce the intended Evil.

Having thus diſtinguiſhed Joſeph Andrews *from the Productions of Romance Writers on the one Hand, and Burleſque Writers on the other, and given ſome few very ſhort Hints (for I intended no more) of this Species of Writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our Language; I ſhall leave to my good-natur'd Reader to apply my Piece to my Obſervations, and will detain him no longer than with a Word concerning the Characters in this Work.*

And here I ſolemnly proteſt, I have no Intention to vilify or aſperſe any one: for tho' every thing is copied from the Book of Nature, and ſcarce a Character or Action produced which I have not taken from my own Obſervations and Experience; yet I have uſed the utmoſt Care to obſcure the Perſons by ſuch different Circumſtances, Degrees, and Colours, that it will be impoſſible to gueſs at them with any Degree of Certainty; and if it ever happens otherwiſe, it is only where the Failure characterized is ſo minute, that it is a Foible only which the Party himſelf may laugh at as well as any other.

As

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As to the Character of Adams, *as it is the moſt glaring in the whole, ſo I conceive it is not to be found in any Book now extant. It is deſigned a Character of perfect Simplicity; and as the Goodneſs of his Heart will recommend him to the Good-natured; ſo I hope it will excuſe me to the Gentlemen of his Cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their ſacred Order, no Man can poſſibly have a greater Reſpect. They will therefore excuſe me, notwithſtanding the low Adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a Clergyman; ſince no other Office could have given him ſo many Opportunities of diſplaying his worthy Inclinations.*

THE

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THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF *Joſeph Andrews*, and his Friend Mr. *Abraham Adams*.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of writing Lives in general, and particularly of Pamela; *with a Word by the bye of* Colley Cibber *and others.*

IT is a trite but true Obſervation, that Examples work more forcibly on the Mind than Precepts: And if this be juſt in what is odious and blameable, it is more ſtrongly ſo in what is amiable and praiſe-worthy. Here Emulation moſt effectually operates upon us, and inſpires our Imitation in an irreſiſtible manner. A good Man therefore is a ſtanding Leſſon to all his

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Acquaintance, and of far greater Uſe in that narrow Circle than a good Book.

But as it often happens that the beſt Men are but little known, and conſequently cannot extend the Uſefulneſs of their Examples a great way; the Writer may be called in aid to ſpread their Hiſtory farther, and to preſent the amiable Pictures to thoſe who have not the Happineſs of knowing the Originals; and ſo, by communicating ſuch valuable Patterns to the World, he may perhaps do a more extenſive Service to Mankind than the Perſon whoſe Life originally afforded the Pattern.

In this Light I have always regarded thoſe Biographers who have recorded the Actions of great and worthy Perſons of both Sexes. Not to mention thoſe antient Writers which of late days are little read, being written in obſolete, and as they are generally thought, unintelligible Languages, ſuch as *Plutarch*, *Nepos*, and others which I heard of in my Youth; our own Language affords many of excellent Uſe and Inſtruction, finely calculated to ſow the Seeds of Virtue in Youth, and very eaſy to be comprehended by Perſons of moderate Capacity. Such are the Hiſtory of *John the Great*, who, by his brave and heroic Actions againſt Men of large and athletic Bodies, obtained the glorious Appellation of *the Giant-killer*; that of an Earl of *Warwick*, whoſe Chriſtian Name was *Guy*; the Lives of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, and above all, the Hiſtory of thoſe ſeven worthy Perſonages, *the Champions of Chriſtendom*. In all theſe, Delight is mixed with Inſtruction, and the Reader is almoſt as much improved as entertained.

But I paſs by theſe and many others, to mention two Books lately publiſhed, which repreſent an admirable Pattern of the Amiable in either Sex.

The

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The former of these which deals in Male-virtue, was written by the great Person himself, who lived the Life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a Life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an Historian who borrows his Lights, as the common Method is, from authentic Papers and Records. The Reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean the Lives of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, and of Mrs. *Pamela Andrews*. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he *escaped* being promoted to the highest Stations in Church and State, teach us a Contempt of worldly Grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute Submission to our Superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a Passion as the Fear of Shame! how clearly doth he expose the Emptiness and Vanity of that Fantom, Reputation!

What the Female Readers are taught by the Memoirs of Mrs. *Andrews*, is so well set forth in the excellent Essays or Letters prefixed to the second and subsequent Editions of that Work, that it would be here a needless Repetition. The authentic History with which I now present the Public, is an Instance of the great Good that Book is likely to do, and of the Prevalence of Example which I have just observed: Since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent Pattern of his Sister's Virtues before his Eyes, that Mr. *Joseph Andrews* was chiefly enabled to preserve his Purity in the midst of such great Temptations. I shall only add, that this Character of Male-chastity, tho' doubtless as desirable and becoming in one Part of the human Species, as in the other, is almost the only Virtue which the great Apolo-

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gift hath not given himſelf for the ſake of giving the Example to his Readers.

CHAP. II.

Of Mr. Joſeph Andrews *his Birth, Parentage, Education, and great Endowments; with a Word or two concerning Anceſtors.*

MR. *Joſeph Andrews*, the Hero of our enſuing Hiſtory, was eſteemed to be the only Son of Gaffar and Gammer *Andrews*, and Brother to the illuſtrious *Pamela*, whoſe Virtue is at preſent ſo famous. As to his Anceſtors, we have ſearched with great Diligence, but little Succeſs; being unable to trace them farther than his Great Grandfather, who, as an elderly Perſon in the Pariſh remembers to have heard his Father ſay, was an excellent Cudgel-player. Whether he had any Anceſtors before this, we muſt leave to the Opinion of our curious Reader, finding nothing of ſufficient Certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inſerting an Epitaph which an ingenious Friend of ours hath communicated:

Stay Traveller, for underneath this Pew
Lies faſt aſleep that merry Man Andrew;
When the laſt Day's great Sun ſhall gild the Skies,
Then he ſhall from his Tomb get up and riſe.
Be merry while thou canſt: For ſurely thou
Shall ſhortly be as ſad as he is now.

The Words are almoſt out of the Stone with Antiquity. But it is needleſs to obſerve, that *Andrew* here is writ without an *s*, and is beſides a Chriſtian

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ſtian Name. My Friend moreover conjecture* this to have been the Founder of that Sect of laughing Philoſophers, ſince called *Merry Andrews.*

To wave therefore a Circumſtance, which, tho' mentioned in conformity to the exact Rules of Biography, is not greatly material; I proceed to things of more conſequence. Indeed it is ſufficiently certain, that he had as many Anceſtors as the beſt Man living; and perhaps, if we look five or ſix hundred Years backwards, might be related to ſome Perſons of very great Figure at preſent, whoſe Anceſtors within half the laſt Century are buried in as great Obſcurity. But ſuppoſe for Argument's ſake we ſhould admit that he had no Anceſtors at all, but had ſprung up, according to the modern Phraſe, out of a Dunghil, as the *Athenians* pretended they themſelves did from the Earth, would not this * *Autokopros* have been juſtly entitled to all the Praiſe ariſing from his own Virtues? Would it not be hard, that a Man who hath no Anceſtors, ſhould therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring Honour; when we ſee ſo many who have no Virtues, enjoying the Honour of their Forefathers? At ten Years old (by which time his Education was advanced to Writing and Reading) he was bound an Apprentice, according to the Statute, to Sir *Thomas Booby* an Uncle of Mr. *Booby*'s by the Father's Side. Sir *Thomas* having then an Eſtate in his own Hands, the young *Andrews* was at firſt employed in what in the Country they call *keeping Birds.* His Office was to perform the Part the Antients aſſigned to the God *Priapus*, which Deity the Moderns call by the Name of *Jack-o' Lent:* But his Voice being

* In *Engliſh*, ſprung from a Dunghil.

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ſo extremely muſical, that it rather allured the Birds than terrified them, he was ſoon tranſplanted from the Fields into the Dog-kennel, where he was placed under the Huntſman, and made what Sportſmen term a *Whipper-in*. For this Place likewiſe the Sweetneſs of his Voice diſqualified him; the Dogs preferring the Melody of his chiding to all the alluring Notes of the Huntſman, who ſoon became ſo incenſed at it, that he deſired Sir *Thomas* to provide otherwiſe for him; and conſtantly laid every Fault the Dogs were at, to the Account of the poor Boy, who was now tranſplanted to the Stable. Here he ſoon gave Proofs of Strength and Agility, beyond his Years, and conſtantly rode the moſt ſpirited and vicious Horſes to water with an Intrepidity which ſurprized every one. While he was in this Station, he rode ſeveral Races for Sir *Thomas*, and this with ſuch Expertneſs and Succeſs, that the neighbouring Gentlemen frequently ſolicited the Knight, to permit little *Joey* (for ſo he was called) to ride their Matches. The beſt Gameſters, before they laid their Money, always enquired which Horſe little *Joey* was to ride; and the Betts were rather proportioned by the Rider than by the Horſe himſelf; eſpecially after he had ſcornfully refuſed a conſiderable Bribe to play booty on ſuch an Occaſion. This extremely raiſed his Character, and ſo pleaſed the Lady *Booby*, that ſhe deſired to have him, (being now ſeventeen Years of Age) for her own Foot-boy.

Joey was now preferred from the Stable to attend on his Lady, to go on her Errands, ſtand behind her Chair, wait at her Tea-table, and carry her Prayer-Book to Church; at which Place, his Voice gave him an Opportunity of diſtinguiſhing

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ing himſelf by ſinging Pſalms: he behaved likewiſe in every other reſpect ſo well at divine Service, that it recommended him to the Notice of Mr. *Abraham Adams* the Curate, who took an Opportunity one Day, as he was drinking a Cup of Ale in Sir *Thomas*'s Kitchin, to aſk the young Man ſeveral Queſtions concerning Religion; with his Anſwers to which he was wonderfully pleaſed.

CHAP. III.

Of Mr. Abraham Adams *the Curate, Mrs.* Slipſlop *the Chambermaid, and others.*

MR. *Abraham Adams* was an excellent Scholar. He was a perfect Maſter of the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages; to which he added a great Share of Knowledge in the Oriental Tongues, and could read and tranſlate *French*, *Italian* and *Spaniſh*. He had applied many Years to the moſt ſevere Study, and had treaſured up a Fund of Learning rarely to be met with in a Univerſity. He was beſides a Man of good Senſe, good Parts, and good Nature; but was at the ſame time as entirely ignorant of the Ways of this World, as an Infant juſt entered into it could poſſibly be. As he had never any Intention to deceive, ſo he never ſuſpected ſuch a Deſign in others. He was generous, friendly and brave to an Exceſs; but Simplicity was his Characteriſtick: he did, no more than Mr. *Colley Cibber*, apprehend any ſuch Paſſions as Malice and Envy to exiſt in Mankind, which was indeed leſs remarkable in a Country Parſon than in a Gentleman who hath paſt his Life behind the Scenes, a Place which hath been ſeldom thought the School of Innocence; and where a very little

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Obſervation would have convinced the great Apologiſt, that thoſe Paſſions have a real Exiſtence in the human Mind.

His Virtue and his other Qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his Office; ſo they made him an agreeable and valuable Companion, and had ſo much endeared and well recommended him to a Biſhop; that at the Age of Fifty, he was provided with a handſome Income of twenty-three Pounds a Year; which however, he could not make any great Figure with: becauſe he lived in a dear Country, and was a little incumbered with a Wife and ſix Children.

It was this Gentleman, who having, as I have ſaid, obſerved the ſingular Devotion of young *Andrews*, had found means to queſtion him concerning ſeveral Particulars; as how many Books there were in the New Teſtament? which were they? how many Chapters they contained? and ſuch like; to all which Mr. *Adams* privately ſaid, he anſwered much better than Sir *Thomas*, or two other neighbouring Juſtices of the Peace could probably have done.

Mr. *Adams* was wonderfully ſolicitous to know at what Time, and by what Opportunity the Youth became acquainted with theſe Matters: *Joey* told him, that he had very early learnt to read and write by the Goodneſs of his Father, who, though he had not Intereſt enough to get him into a Charity School, becauſe a Couſin of his Father's Landlord did not vote on the right Side for a Church-warden in a Borough-Town, yet had been himſelf at the Expence of Sixpence a Week for his Learning. He told him likewiſe, that ever ſince he was in Sir *Thomas*'s Family, he had employed all his Hours of Leiſure in reading good Books;

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Books; that he had read the Bible, the whole Duty of Man, and *Thomas à Kempis*; and that as often as he could, without being perceived, he had ſtudied a great good Book which lay open in the Hall Window, where he had read, *as how the Devil carried away half a Church in Sermon-time, without hurting one of the Congregation*; and *as how a Field of Corn ran away down a Hill with all the Trees upon it, and covered another Man's Meadow.* This ſufficiently aſſured Mr. *Adams*, that the good Book meant could be no other than *Baker*'s *Chronicle*.

The Curate, ſurprized to find ſuch Inſtances of Induſtry and Application in a young Man, who had never met with the leaſt Encouragement, aſked him, if he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal Education, and the not having been born of Parents, who might have indulged his Talents and Deſire of Knowledge? To which he anſwered, 'He hoped he had profited ſomewhat better from the Books he had read, than to lament his Condition in this World. That for his part, he was perfectly content with the State to which he was called, that he ſhould endeavour to improve his Talent, which was all required of him, but not repine at his own Lot, nor envy thoſe of his Betters.' 'Well ſaid, my Lad, replied the Curate, and I wiſh ſome who have read many more good Books, nay, and ſome who have written good Books themſelves, had profited ſo much by them.'

Adams had no nearer Acceſs to Sir *Thomas* or my Lady, than through the Waiting-Gentlewoman: For Sir *Thomas* was too apt to eſtimate Men merely by their Dreſs, or Fortune; and my

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Lady was a Woman of Gaiety, who had been bleſs'd with a Town-Education, and never ſpoke of any of her Country Neighbours by any other Appellation than that of *The Brutes*. They both regarded the Curate as a kind of Domeſtic only, belonging to the Parſon of the Pariſh, who was at this time at variance with the Knight; for the Parſon had for many Years lived in a conſtant State of Civil War, or, which is perhaps as bad, of Civil Law, with Sir *Thomas* himſelf and the Tenants of his Manor. The Foundation of this Quarrel was a Modus, by ſetting which aſide, an Advantage of ſeveral Shillings *per Annum* would have accrued to the Rector: but he had not yet been able to accompliſh his Purpoſe; and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the Suits than the Pleaſure (which he uſed indeed frequently to ſay was no ſmall one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many of the poor Tenants, tho' he had at the ſame time greatly impoveriſhed himſelf.

Mrs. *Slipſlop* the Waiting-Gentlewoman, being herſelf the Daughter of a Curate, preſerved ſome Reſpect for *Adams*; ſhe profeſſed great Regard for his Learning, and would frequently diſpute with him on Points of Theology; but always inſiſted on a Deference to be paid to her Underſtanding, as ſhe had been frequently at *London*, and knew more of the World than a Country Parſon could pretend to.

She had in theſe Diſputes a particular Advantage over *Adams*: for ſhe was a mighty Affecter of hard Words, which ſhe uſed in ſuch a manner, that the Parſon, who durſt not offend her by calling her Words in queſtion, was frequently at ſome Loſs to gueſs her Meaning, and would have been much leſs puzzled by an *Arabian* Manuſcript.

Ad-ms

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Adams therefore took an Opportunity one Day, after a pretty long Diſcourſe with her on the *Eſſence*, (or, as ſhe pleaſed to term it, the *Incence*) of Matter, to mention the Caſe of young *Andrews*; deſiring her to recommend him to her Lady as a Youth very ſuſceptible of Learning, and one whoſe Inſtruction in *Latin* he would himſelf undertake; by which means he might be qualified for a higher Station than that of a Footman: and added, ſhe knew it was in his Maſter's Power eaſily to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore deſired, that the Boy might be left behind under his Care.

'La, Mr. *Adams*, ſaid Mrs. *Slipſlop*, do you 'think my Lady will ſuffer any *Preambles* about 'any ſuch Matter? She is going to *London* very '*conciſely*, and I am *confidous* would not leave '*Joey* behind her on any account; for he is one 'of the genteeleſt young Fellows you may ſee in 'a Summer's Day, and I am *confidous* ſhe would 'as ſoon think of parting with a Pair of her Grey-'Mares; for ſhe values herſelf as much on one 'as the other.' *Adams* would have interrupted, but ſhe proceeded: 'And why is *Latin* more *ne-'ceſſitous* for a Footman than a Gentleman? It 'is very proper that you Clergymen muſt learn 'it, becauſe you can't preach without it: but I 'have heard Gentlemen ſay in *London*, that it is 'fit for nobody elſe. I am *confidous* my Lady 'would be angry with me for mentioning it; and 'I ſhall draw myſelf into no ſuch *Delemy*.' At which Words her Lady's Bell rung, and Mr. *Adams* was forced to retire; nor could he gain a ſecond Opportunity with her before their *London* Journey, which happened a few Days afterwards. However, *Andrews* behaved very thankfully and

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gratefully to him for his intended Kindneſs, which he told him he never would forget, and at the ſame time received from the good Man many Admonitions concerning the Regulation of his future Conduct, and his Perſeverance in Innocence and Induſtry.

CHAP IV.

What happened after their Journey to London.

NO ſooner was young *Andrews* arrived at *London*, than he began to ſcrape an Acquaintance with his party-colour'd Brethren, who endeavour'd to make him deſpiſe his former Courſe of Life. His Hair was cut after the neweſt Faſhion, and became his chief Care; He went abroad with it all the Morning in Papers, and dreſt it out in the Afternoon. They could not however teach him to game, ſwear, drink, nor any other genteel Vice the Town abounded with. He applied moſt of his leiſure Hours to Muſic, in which he greatly improved himſelf; and became ſo perfect a Connoiſſeur in that Art, that he led the Opinion of all the other Footmen at an Opera, and they never condemned or applauded a ſingle Song contrary to his Approbation, or Diſlike. He was a little too forward in Riots at the Play-Houſes and Aſſemblies; and when he attended his Lady at Church (which was but ſeldom) he behaved with leſs ſeeming Devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty Fellow, his Morals remained entirely uncorrupted, tho' he was at the ſame time ſmarter and genteeler,

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than any of the Beaus in Town, either in or out of Livery.

His Lady, who had often ſaid of him that *Joey* was the handſomeſt and genteeleſt Footman in the Kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted Spirit, began now to find that Fault no longer; on the contrary, ſhe was frequently heard to cry out, *Aye there is ſome Life in this Fellow.* She plainly ſaw the Effects which the Town-Air hath on the ſobereſt Conſtitutions. She would now walk out with him into *Hyde-Park* in a Morning, and when tired, which happened almoſt every Minute, would lean on his Arm, and converſe with him in great Familiarity. Whenever ſhe ſtept out of her Coach, ſhe would take him by the Hand, and ſometimes, for fear of ſtumbling, preſs it very hard; ſhe admitted him to deliver Meſſages at her Bed-ſide in a Morning, lee's'd at him at Table, and indulged him in all thoſe innocent Freedoms which Women of Figure may permit without the leaſt Sully of their Virtue.

But tho' their Virtue remains unſullied; yet now and then ſome ſmall Arrows will glance on the Shadow of it, their Reputation; and ſo it fell out to Lady *Booby*, who happened to be walking Arm-in-Arm with *Joey* one Morning in *Hyde-Park*, when Lady *Tittle* and Lady *Tattle* came accidentally by in their Coach, *Bleſs me*, ſays Lady *Tittle*, *can I believe my Eyes? Is that Lady* Booby? *Surely*, ſays *Tattle. But what makes you ſurprized? Why, is not that her Footman*, reply'd *Tittle?* At which *Tattle* laughed and cryed, *An old Buſineſs, I aſſure you, is it poſſible you ſhould not have heard it? The whole Town hath known it this half Year.* The Conſequence of this Interview was a Whiſper through a hundred Viſits,

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fits, which were ſeparately performed by the two Ladies * the ſame Afternoon, and might have had a miſchievous Effect, had it not been ſtopt by two freſh Reputations which were publiſhed the Day afterwards, and engroſſed the whole Talk of the Town.

But whatever Opinion or Suſpicion the ſcandalous Inclination of Defamers might entertain of Lady *Booby*'s innocent Freedoms, it is certain they made no Impreſſion on young *Andrews*, who never offered to encroach beyond the Liberties which his Lady allowed him. A Behaviour which ſhe imputed to the violent Reſpect he preſerved for her, and which ſerved only to heighten a ſomething ſhe began to conceive, and which the next Chapter will open a little farther.

CHAP. V.

The Death of Sir Thomas Booby, *with the affectionate and mournful Behaviour of his Widow, and the great Purity of* Joſeph Andrews.

AT this Time, an Accident happened which put a ſtop to thoſe agreeable Walks, which probably would have ſoon puffed up the Cheeks of Fame, and cauſed her to blow her brazen Trumpet through the Town; and this was no other than the Death of Sir *Thomas Booby*, who, departing this Life, left his diſconſolate Lady confined to her Houſe, as cloſely as if ſhe herſelf had been

* It may ſeem an Abſurdity that *Tattle* ſhould viſit, as ſhe actually did, to ſpread a known Scandal: but the Reader may reconcile this, by ſuppoſing with me, that, notwithſtanding what ſhe ſays, this was her firſt Acquaintance with it.

attacked

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attacked by ſome violent Diſeaſe. During the firſt ſix Days the poor Lady admitted none but Mrs. *Slipſlop*, and three Female Friends, who made a Party at Cards: but on the ſeventh ſhe ordered *Joey*, whom for a good Reaſon we ſhall hereafter call JOSEPH, to bring up her Tea-kettle. The Lady being in Bed, called *Joſeph* to her, bade him ſit down, and having accidentally laid her Hand on his, ſhe aſked him, *if he had ever been in Love? Joſeph* anſwered, with ſome Confuſion, it was time enough for one ſo young as himſelf to think on ſuch Things. As young as you are, reply'd the Lady, I am convinced you are no Stranger to that Paſſion; 'Come *Joey*,' ſays ſhe, 'tell me truly, who is the happy Girl whoſe Eyes 'have made a Conqueſt of you?' *Joſeph* returned, that all the Women he had ever ſeen, were equally indifferent to him. 'O then,' ſaid the Lady, 'you are a general Lover. Indeed you handſome 'Fellows, like handſome Women, are very long 'and difficult in fixing: but yet you ſhall never 'perſwade me that your Heart is ſo inſuſceptible 'of Affection; I rather impute what you ſay to 'your Secrecy, a very commendable Quality, 'and what I am far from being angry with you 'for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young 'Man than to betray any Intimacies with the La-'dies.' *Ladies! Madam*, ſaid *Joſeph*, *I am ſure I never had the Impudence to think of any that deſerve that Name.* 'Don't pretend to too much 'Modeſty, ſaid ſhe; for that ſometimes may be 'impertinent: but pray, anſwer me this Queſti-'on. Suppoſe a Lady ſhould happen to like you; 'ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould prefer you to all your Sex, 'and admit you to the ſame Familiarities as you 'might have hoped for, if you had been born

'her

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'her Equal, are you certain that no Vanity could 'tempt you to diſcover her? Anſwer me honeſt-'ly, *Joſeph*; Have you ſo much more Senſe and 'ſo much more Virtue than you handſome young 'Fellows generally have, who make no Scruple 'of ſacrificing our dear Reputation to your Pride, 'without conſidering the great Obligation we lay 'on you, by our Condeſcenſion and Confidence? 'Can you keep a Secret, my *Joey*?' Madam, ſays he, 'I hope your Ladyſhip can't tax me with 'ever betraying the Secrets of the Family; and 'I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might 'have that Character of you.' 'I don't intend to 'turn you away, *Joey*,' ſaid ſhe, and ſighed, 'I 'am afraid it is not in my Power.' She then raiſed herſelf a little in her Bed, and diſcovered one of the whiteſt Necks that ever was ſeen; at which *Joſeph* bluſhed, La! ſays ſhe, in an affected Surprize, 'what am I doing? I have truſted myſelf 'with a Man alone, naked in Bed; ſuppoſe you 'ſhould have any wicked Intentions upon my Ho-'nour, how ſhould I defend myſelf?' *Joſeph* proteſted that he never had the leaſt evil Deſign againſt her. 'No, ſays ſhe, perhaps you may 'not call your Deſigns wicked; and perhaps they 'are not ſo.'—He ſwore they were not. 'You 'miſunderſtand me, ſays ſhe; I mean if they were 'againſt my Honour, they may not be wicked; 'but the World calls them ſo. But then, ſay 'you, the World will never know any thing of 'the Matter; yet would not that be truſting to 'your Secrecy? Muſt not my Reputation be 'then in your Power? Would you not then be 'my Maſter?' *Joſeph* begged her Ladyſhip to be comforted; for that he would never imagine the leaſt wicked thing againſt her, and that he had

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had rather die a thouſand Deaths than give her any Reaſon to ſuſpect him. 'Yes, ſaid ſhe, I 'muſt have Reaſon to ſuſpect you. Are you not 'a Man? and without Vanity I may pretend to 'ſome Charms. But perhaps you may fear I 'ſhould proſecute you; indeed I hope you do; 'and yet Heaven knows I ſhould never have the 'Confidence to appear before a Court of Juſtice; 'and you know, *Joey*, I am of a forgiving Tem-'per. Tell me, *Joey*, don't you think I ſhould 'forgive you?' 'Indeed, Madam, ſays *Joſeph*, 'I will never do any thing to diſoblige your La-'dyſhip.' 'How, ſays ſhe, do you think it 'would not diſoblige me then? Do you think I 'would willingly ſuffer you?' 'I don't under-'ſtand you, Madam,' ſays *Joſeph*. 'Don't 'you?' ſaid ſhe, 'then you either are a Fool, 'or pretend to be ſo; I find I was miſtaken in 'you. So get you down Stairs, and never let me 'ſee your Face again: your pretended Innocence 'cannot impoſe on me,' 'Madam, ſaid *Joſeph*, 'I would not have your Ladyſhip think any Evil 'of me. I have always endeavoured to be a duti-'ful Servant both to you and my Maſter.' 'O 'thou Villain! anſwered my Lady, Why didſt 'thou mention the Name of that dear Man, un-'leſs to torment me, to bring his precious Me-'mory to my Mind,' (*and then ſhe burſt into a Fit of Tears.*) 'Get thee from my Sight, I ſhall 'never endure thee more.' At which Words ſhe turned away from him; and *Joſeph* retreated from the Room in a moſt diſconſolate Condition, and writ that Letter which the Reader will find in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

How Joſeph Andrews *writ a Letter to his Siſter* Pamela.

To Mrs. *Pamela Andrews*, living with Squire *Booby*.

Dear Siſter,

SINCE I received your Letter of your good Lady's Death, we have had a Misfortune of the ſame kind in our Family. My worthy Maſter Sir Thomas *died about four Days ago; and what is worſe, my poor Lady is certainly gone diſtracted. None of the Servants expected her to take it ſo to heart, becauſe they quarrelled almoſt every Day of their Lives: but no more of that, becauſe you know,* Pamela, *I never loved to tell the Secrets of my Maſter's Family; but to be ſure you muſt have known they never loved one another; and I have heard her Ladyſhip wiſh his Honour dead above a thouſand times: but no body knows what it is to loſe a Friend 'till they have loſt him.*

Don't tell any body what I write, becauſe I ſhould not care to have Folks ſay I diſcover what paſſes in our Family: but if it had not been ſo great a Lady, I ſhould have thought ſhe had had a-mind to me. Dear Pamela, *don't tell any body: but ſhe ordered me to ſit down by her Bed-ſide, when ſhe was in naked Bed; and ſhe held my Hand, and talked exactly as a Lady does to her Sweet-heart in a Stage-Play, which I have ſeen in* Covent-Garden, *while ſhe wanted him to be no better than he ſhould be.*

If Madam be mad, I ſhall not care for ſtaying long

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long in the Family: ſo I heartily wiſh you could get me a Place either at the Squire's, or ſome other neighbouring Gentleman's, unleſs it be true that you are going to be married to Parſon Williams, *as Folks talk, and then I ſhould be very willing to be his Clerk: for which you know I am qualified, being able to read, and to ſet a Pſalm.*

I fancy I ſhall be diſcharged very ſoon; and the Moment I am, unleſs I hear from you, I ſhall return to my old Maſter's Country-Seat, if it be only to ſee Parſon Adams, *who is the beſt Man in the World.* London *is a bad Place, and there is ſo little good Fellowſhip, that the next-door Neighbours don't know one another. Pray give my Service to all Friends that enquire for me; ſo I reſt*

Your Loving Brother,

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

As ſoon as *Joſeph* had ſealed and directed this Letter he walked down Stairs, where he met Mrs. *Slipſlop*, with whom we ſhall take this Opportunity to bring the Reader a little better acquainted. She was a maiden Gentlewoman of about Forty-five Years of Age, who having made a ſmall Slip in her Youth, had continued a good Maid ever ſince. She was not at this Time remarkably handſome; being very ſhort, and rather too corpulent in Body, and ſomewhat red, with the Addition of Pimples in the Face. Her Noſe was likewiſe rather too large, and her Eyes too little; nor did ſhe reſemble a Cow ſo much in her Breath, as in two brown Globes which ſhe carried before her; one of her Legs was alſo a little ſhorter than the other, which occaſioned her to

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to limp as she walked. This fair Creature had long cast the Eyes of Affection on *Joseph*, in which she had not met with quite so good Success as she probably wished, tho' besides the Allurements of her native Charms, she had given him Tea, Sweetmeats, Wine, and many other Delicacies, of which, by keeping the Keys, she had the absolute Command. *Joseph* however, had not returned the least Gratitude to all these Favours, not even so much as a Kiss; tho' I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied: for surely then he would have been highly blameable. The truth is, she was arrived at an Age when she thought she might indulge herself in any Liberties with a Man, without the Danger of bringing a third Person into the World to betray them. She imagined, that by so long a Self-denial, she had not only made amends for the small Slip of her Youth above hinted at: but had likewise laid up a Quantity of Merit to excuse any future Failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous Inclinations, and to pay off the Debt of Pleasure which she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these Charms of Person, and in this Disposition of Mind, she encountred poor *Joseph* at the Bottom of the Stairs, and asked him if he would drink a Glass of something good this Morning. *Joseph*, whose Spirits were not a little cast down, very readily and thankfully accepted the Offer; and together they went into a Closet, where having delivered him a full Glass of Ratifia, and desired him to sit down, Mrs. *Slipslop* thus began:

'Sure nothing can be a more simple *Contract* 'in a Woman, than to place her Affections on a 'Boy. If I had ever thought it would have been

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'my Fate, I should have wished to die a thou-
'sand Deaths rather than live to see that Day. If
'we like a Man, the lightest Hint *sophisticates*.
'Whereas a Boy *proposes* upon us to break through
'all the *Regulations* of Modesty, before we can
'make any *Oppression* upon him.' *Joseph*, who did not understand a Word she said, answered, 'Yes *Madam*;—' 'Yes Madam!' replied Mrs. *Slipslop* with some Warmth, 'Do you intend to 'result my Passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful 'as you are, to make no Return to all the Fa-'vours I have done you: but you must treat me 'with *Ironing*? Barbarous Monster! how have 'I deserved that my Passion should be *resulted* and 'treated with *Ironing*?' 'Madam,' answered *Joseph*, 'I don't understand your hard Words: 'but I am certain, you have no Occasion to call 'me ungrateful: for so far from intending you 'any Wrong, I have always loved you as well as if 'you had been my own Mother.' 'How, Sirrah!' says Mrs. *Slipslop* in a Rage: 'Your own Mo-'ther? Do you *assinuate* that I am old enough to 'be your Mother? I don't know what a Stripling 'may think: but I believe a Man would *refer* me 'to any Green-Sickness silly Girl *whatsomdever*: 'but I ought to despise you rather than be angry 'with you, for *referring* the Conversation of 'Girls to that of a Woman of Sense.' 'Ma-'dam,' says *Joseph*, 'I am sure I have always 'valued the Honour you did me by your Conver-'sation; for I know you are a Woman of Learn-'ing.' 'Yes but, *Joseph*,' said she, a little soft-ened by the Compliment to her Learning, 'If 'you had a Value for me, you certainly would 'have found some Method of shewing it me; for 'I am *convicted* you must see the Value I have for 'you.

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'you. Yes, *Joseph*, my Eyes, whether I would 'or no, must have declared a Passion I cannot 'conquer.—Oh! *Joseph!*

As when a hungry Tigress, who long has traversed the Woods in fruitless Search, sees within the Reach of her Claws a Lamb, she prepares to leap on her Prey; or as a voracious Pike, of immense Size, surveys through the liquid Element a Roach or Gudgeon, which cannot escape her Jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little Fish; so did Mrs. *Slipslop* prepare to lay her violent amorous Hands on the poor *Joseph*, when luckily her Mistress's Bell rung, and delivered the intended Martyr from her Clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and to defer the Execution of her Purpose till some other Time. We shall therefore return to the Lady *Booby*, and give our Reader some Account of her Behaviour, after she was left by *Joseph* in a Temper of Mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed *Slipslop*.

CHAP. VII.

Sayings of wise Men. A Dialogue between the Lady and her Maid; and a Panegyric, or rather Satire on the Passion of Love, in the sublime Style.

IT is the Observation of some ancient Sage, whose Name I have forgot, that Passions operate differently on the human Mind, as Diseases on the Body, in proportion to the Strength or Weakness, Soundness or Rottenness of the one and the other.

We hope therefore a judicious Reader will give himself

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himself some Pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different Operations of this Passion of Love, in the gentle and cultivated Mind of the Lady *Booby*, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser Disposition of Mrs. *Slipslop*.

Another Philosopher, whose Name also at present escapes my Memory, hath somewhere said, that Resolutions taken in the Absence of the beloved Object are very apt to vanish in its Presence; on both which wise Sayings the following Chapter may serve as a Comment.

No sooner had *Joseph* left the Room in the Manner we had before related, than the Lady, enraged at her Disappointment, began to reflect with Severity on her Conduct. Her Love was now changed to Disdain, which Pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the Meanness of her Passion, and *Joseph* for its ill Success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own Opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the Object. After much tossing and turning in her Bed, and many Soliloquies, which, if we had no better Matter for our Reader, we would give him; she at last rung the Bell as above-mentioned, and was presently attended by Mrs. *Slipslop*, who was not much better pleased with *Joseph* than the Lady herself.

Slipslop, said Lady *Booby*, *when did you see* Joseph? The poor Woman was so surprized at the unexpected Sound of his Name, at so critical a time, that she had the greatest Difficulty to conceal the Confusion she was under, from her Mistress; whom she answered, nevertheless, with pretty good Confidence, though not entirely void of Fear of Suspicion, that she had not seen him

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that Morning. 'I am afraid,' said Lady *Booby*, 'he is a wild young Fellow.' 'That he is, said *Slipslop*, 'and a wicked one too. To my 'Knowledge he games, drinks, swears, and 'fights eternally: besides, he is horribly *indicted* to 'Wenching.' 'Ay!' said the Lady! 'I never 'heard that of him.' 'O Madam, answered 'the other, he is so lewd a Rascal, that if your 'Ladyship keeps him much longer, you will not 'have one Virgin in your House except myself. 'And yet I can't conceive what the Wenches 'see in him, to be so foolishly fond as they are: 'in my Eyes he is as ugly a Scarecrow as I ever '*upheld*.' 'Nay, said the Lady, the Boy is well 'enough. — 'La Ma'am,' cries *Slipslop*, 'I 'think him the *ragmaticallest* Fellow in the Family.' 'Sure, *Slipslop*,' says she, 'you are 'mistaken: but which of the Women do you 'most suspect?' 'Madam,' says *Slipslop*, 'there 'is *Betty* the Chamber-Maid, I am almost *con-* 'victed, is with Child by him.' 'Ay!' says the Lady, 'then pray pay her her Wages instantly. I will keep no such Sluts in my Family. 'And as for *Joseph*, you may discard him too.' 'Would your Ladyship have him paid off immediately?' cries *Slipslop*, 'for perhaps, when '*Betty* is gone, he may mend; and really the 'Boy is a good Servant, and a strong healthy '*luscious* Boy enough.' 'This Morning,' answered the Lady with some Vehemence. 'I wish 'Madam,' cries *Slipslop*, 'your Ladyship would 'be so good as to try him a little longer.' 'I 'will not have my Commands disputed,' said the Lady; 'sure you are not fond of him yourself.' 'I Madam?' cries *Slipslop*, reddening, if not blushing, 'I should be sorry to think your Lady-'ship

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'ſhip had any Reaſon to *reſpect* me of Fondneſs 'for a Fellow; and if it be your Pleaſure, I ſhall 'fulfil it with as much *reluctance* as poſſible.' 'As little, I ſuppoſe you mean.' ſaid the Lady; 'and ſo about it inſtantly.' Mrs. *Slipſlop* went out, and the Lady had ſcarce taken two turns, before ſhe fell to knocking and ringing with great Violence. *Slipſlop*, who did not travel poſt-haſte, ſoon returned, and was countermanded as to *Joſeph*, but ordered to ſend *Betty* about her Buſineſs without Delay. She went out a ſecond time with much greater Alacrity than before; when the Lady began immediately to accuſe herſelf of want of Reſolution, and to apprehend the Return of her Affection with its pernicious Conſequences: ſhe therefore applied herſelf again to the Bell, and reſummoned Mrs. *Slipſlop* into her Preſence; who again returned, and was told by her Miſtreſs, that ſhe had conſidered better of the Matter, and was abſolutely reſolved to turn away *Joſeph*; which ſhe ordered her to do immediately. *Slipſlop*, who knew the Violence of her Lady's Temper, and would not venture her Place for any *Adonis* or *Hercules* in the Univerſe, left her a third time; which ſhe had no ſooner done, than the little God *Cupid*, fearing he had not yet done the Lady's Buſineſs, took a freſh Arrow with the ſharpeſt Point out of his Quiver, and ſhot it directly into her Heart: in other and plainer Language, the Lady's Paſſion got the better of her Reaſon. She called back *Slipſlop* once more, and told her, ſhe had reſolved to ſee the Boy, and examine him herſelf; therefore bid her ſend him up. This wavering in her Miſtreſs's Temper probably put ſomething into the Waiting-Gentlewoman's Head, not neceſſary to mention to the ſagacious Reader.

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Lady *Booby* was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herſelf. The next Conſideration therefore was, how ſhe ſhould behave to *Joſeph* when he came in. She reſolved to preſerve all the Dignity of the Woman of Faſhion to her Servant, and to indulge herſelf in this laſt View of *Joſeph* (for that ſhe was moſt certainly reſolved it ſhould be) at his own Expence, by firſt inſulting, and then diſcarding him.

O Love, what monſtrous Tricks doſt thou play with thy Votaries of both Sexes! How doſt thou deceive them, and make them deceive themſelves! Their Follies are thy Delight! Their Sighs make thee laugh, and their Pangs are thy Merriment!

Not the Great *Rich*, who turns Men into Monkeys, Wheelbarrows, and whatever elſe beſt humours his Fancy, hath ſo ſtrangely metamorphoſed the human Shape; nor the Great *Cibber*, who confounds all Number, Gender, and breaks through every Rule of Grammar at his Will, hath ſo diſtorted the *Engliſh* Language, as thou doſt metamorphoſe and diſtort the human Senſes.

Thou putteſt out our Eyes, ſtoppeſt up our Ears, and takeſt away the Power of our Noſtrils; ſo that we can neither ſee the largeſt Object, hear the loudeſt Noiſe, nor ſmell the moſt poignant Perfume. Again, when thou pleaſeſt, thou canſt make a Mole-hill appear as a Mountain; a *Jew*'s-Harp ſound like a Trumpet; and a Daſy ſmell like a Violet. Thou canſt make Cowardice brave, Avarice generous, Pride humble, and Cruelty tender-hearted. In ſhort, thou turneſt the Heart of Man inſide out, as a Juggler doth a Petticoat, and bringeſt whatſoever pleaſeth thee out from it.

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If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

In which, after ſome very fine Writing, the Hiſtory goes on, and relates the Interview between the Lady and Joſeph ; *where the latter hath ſet an Example, which we deſpair of ſeeing followed by his Sex, in this vicious Age.*

NOW the Rake *Heſperus* had called for his Breeches, and having well rubbed his drowſy Eyes, prepared to dreſs himſelf for all Night; by whoſe Example his Brother Rakes on Earth likewiſe leave thoſe Beds, in which they had ſlept away the Day. Now *Thetis* the good Houſewife began to put on the Pot in order to regale the good Man *Phœbus*, after his daily Labours were over. In vulgar Language, it was in the Evening when *Joſeph* attended his Lady's Orders.

But as it becomes us to preſerve the Character of this Lady, who is the Heroine of our Tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful Tenderneſs for that beautiful Part of the human Species, called the Fair Sex; before we diſcover too much of her Frailty to our Reader, it will be proper to give him a lively Idea of the vaſt Temptation, which overcame all the Efforts of a modeſt and virtuous Mind; and then we humbly hope his Good-nature will rather pity than condemn the Imperfection of human Virtue.

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Nay, the Ladies themſelves will, we hope, be induced, by conſidering the uncommon Variety of Charms, which united in this young Man's Perſon, to bridle their rampant Paſſion for Chaſtity, and be at leaſt as mild as their violent Modeſty and Virtue will permit them, in cenſuring the Conduct of a Woman, who, perhaps, was in her own Diſpoſition as chaſte as thoſe pure and ſanctified Virgins, who, after a Life innocently ſpent in the Gaieties of the Town, begin about Fifty to attend twice *per diem* at the polite Churches and Chapels, to return Thanks for the Grace which preſerved them formerly amongſt Beaus, from Temptations perhaps leſs powerful than what now attacked the Lady *Booby*.

Mr. *Joſeph Andrews* was now in the one and twentieth Year of his Age. He was of the higheſt Degree of middle Stature. His Limbs were put together with great Elegance and no leſs Strength. His Legs and Thighs were formed in the exacteſt Proportion. His Shoulders were broad and brawny; but yet his Arms hung ſo eaſily, that he had all the Symptoms of Strength without the leaſt Clumſineſs. His Hair was of a nut-brown Colour, and was diſplayed in wanton Ringlets down his Back. His Forehead was high, his Eyes dark, and as full of Sweetneſs as of Fire. His Noſe a little inclined to the Roman. His Teeth white and even. His Lips full, red, and ſoft. His Beard was only rough on his Chin and upper Lip; but his Cheeks, in which his Blood glowed, were overſpread with a thick Down. His Countenance had a Tenderneſs joined with a Senſibility inexpreſſible. Add to this the moſt perfect Neatneſs in his Dreſs, and an Air, which to thoſe who have

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have not seen many Noblemen, would give an Idea of Nobility.

Such was the Person who now appeared before the Lady. She viewed him some time in Silence, and twice or thrice before she spake, changed her Mind as to the manner in which she should begin. At length, she said to him, 'Joseph, I am sorry 'to hear such Complaints against you; I am told 'you behave so rudely to the Maids, that they 'cannot do their Business in quiet; I mean those 'who are not wicked enough to hearken to your 'Solicitations. As to others, they may perhaps 'not call you rude: for there are wicked Sluts 'who make one ashamed of one's own Sex; and 'are as ready to admit any nauseous Familiarity 'as Fellows to offer it; nay, there are such in 'my Family; but they shall not stay in it; that 'impudent Trollop, who is with Child by you, 'is discharged by this time.'

As a Person who is struck through the Heart with a Thunderbolt, looks extremely surprised, nay, and perhaps is so too—Thus the poor Joseph received the false Accusation of his Mistress; he blushed and looked confounded, which she misinterpreted to be Symptoms of his Guilt, and thus went on:

'Come hither, Joseph: another Mistress might 'discard you for these Offences; but I have a 'Compassion for your Youth, and if I could be 'certain you would be no more guilty—Consider, 'Child, (*laying her Hand carelessly upon his*) you 'are a handsome young Fellow, and might do 'better; you might make your Fortune—.' 'Madam, said Joseph, I do assure your Ladyship, 'I don't know whether any Maid in the House is

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'Man or Woman—'. 'Oh fie! *Joseph*, an-'swer'd the Lady, don't commit another Crime 'in denying the Truth. I could pardon the 'first; but I hate a Lyar.' Madam, cries *Jo-'seph*, I hope your Ladyship will not be offend-'ed at my asserting my Innocence: for by all 'that is sacred, I have never offered more than 'Kissing.' 'Kissing!' said the Lady with great Discomposure of Countenance, and more Redness in her Cheeks, than Anger in her Eyes, 'do you 'call that no Crime? Kissing, *Joseph*, is as a 'Prologue to a Play. Can I believe a young 'Fellow of your Age and Complexion will be con-'tent with Kissing? No, *Joseph*, there is no 'Woman who grants that, but will grant more; 'and I am deceived greatly in you, if you would 'not put her closely to it. What would you 'think *Joseph*, if I admitted you to kiss me?' *Joseph* reply'd, 'he would sooner die than have 'any such Thought.' And yet, *Joseph*, re-'turned she, Ladies have admitted their Foot-'men to such Familiarities; and Footmen, I 'confess to you, much less deserving them; 'Fellows without half your Charms: for such 'might almost excuse the Crime. Tell me 'therefore, *Joseph*, if I should admit you to 'such Freedom, what would you think of me?— 'tell me freely.' 'Madam, said *Joseph*, I should 'think your Ladyship condescended a great deal 'below yourself.' Pugh! said she, that I am 'to answer to myself: but would not you insist 'on more? Would you be contented with a 'Kiss? Would not your Inclinations be all on 'fire rather by such a Favour?' Madam, said 'Joseph, if they were, I hope I should be able

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'to controul them, without ſuffering them to get 'the better of my Virtue.'—You have heard, Reader, Poets talk of the *Statue of Surprize*; you have heard likewiſe, or elſe you have heard very little, how Surprize made one of the Sons of *Crœſus* ſpeak tho' he was dumb. You have ſeen the Faces, in the Eighteen-penny Gallery, when through the Trap-Door, to ſoft or no Muſick, Mr. *Bridgwater*, Mr. *William Mills*, or ſome other of ghoſtly Appearance, hath aſcended with a Face all pale with Powder, and a Shirt all bloody with Ribbons; but from none of theſe, nor from *Phidias*, or *Praxiteles*, if they ſhould return to Life—no, not from the inimitable Pencil of my Friend *Hogarth*, could you receive ſuch an Idea of Surprize, as would have entered in at your Eyes, had they beheld the Lady *Booby*, when thoſe laſt Words iſſued out from the Lips of *Joſeph*.—'Your Virtue! (ſaid the Lady recovering after a 'Silence of two Minutes) I ſhall never ſurvive it. 'Your Virtue! Intolerable Confidence! Have 'you the Aſſurance to pretend, that when a Lady 'demeans herſelf to throw aſide the Rules of De-'cency, in order to honour you with the high-'eſt Favour in her Power, your Virtue ſhould 'reſiſt her Inclination? That when ſhe had con-'quered her own Virtue, ſhe ſhould find an Ob-'ſtruction in yours?' 'Madam, ſaid *Joſeph*, I 'can't ſee why her having no Virtue ſhould be 'a Reaſon againſt my having any: Or why, be-'cauſe I am a Man, or becauſe I am poor, my 'Virtue muſt be ſubſervient to her Pleaſures.' 'I am out of Patience,' cries the Lady: 'Did 'ever Mortal hear of a Man's Virtue! Did ever 'the greateſt, or the graveſt Men pretend to any of

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'this Kind! Will Magiſtrates who puniſh Lewdneſs, or Parſons, who preach againſt it, make any ſcruple of committing it? And can a Boy, a Stripling, have the Confidence to talk of his Virtue?' 'Madam, ſays *Joſeph*, that Boy is the Brother of *Pamela*, and would be aſhamed, that the Chaſtity of his Family, which is preſerved in her, ſhould be ſtained in him. If there are ſuch Men as your Ladyſhip mentions, I am ſorry for it; and I wiſh they had an Opportunity of reading over thoſe Letters, which my Father hath ſent me of my Siſter *Pamela*'s; nor do I doubt but ſuch an Example would amend them.' 'You impudent Villain, cries the Lady in a Rage, do you inſult me with the Follies of my Relation, who hath expoſed himſelf all over the Country upon your Siſter's account? a little Vixen, whom I have always wondered my late Lady *John Booby* ever kept in her Houſe. Sirrah! get out of my Sight, and prepare to ſet out this Night; for I will order you your Wages immediately, and you ſhall be ſtripped and turned away.' — 'Madam, ſays *Joſeph*, I am ſorry I have offended your Ladyſhip, I am ſure I never intended it.' 'Yes, Sirrah, cries ſhe, you have had the Vanity to miſconſtrue the little innocent Freedom I took in order to try, whether what I had heard was true. O' my Conſcience, you have had the Aſſurance to imagine, I was fond of you myſelf.' *Joſeph* anſwered, he had only ſpoke out of Tenderneſs for his Virtue; at which Words ſhe flew into a violent Paſſion, and, refuſing to hear more, ordered him inſtantly to leave the Room.

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He was no ſooner gone, than ſhe burſt forth into the following Exclamation: 'Whither doth 'this violent Paſſion hurry us? What Meanneſſes do we ſubmit to from its Impulſe? Wiſely 'we reſiſt its firſt and leaſt Approaches; for it is 'then only we can aſſure ourſelves the Victory. 'No Woman could ever ſafely ſay, *ſo far only 'will I go.* Have I not expoſed myſelf to the 'Refuſal of my Footman? I cannot bear the Re'flection.' Upon which ſhe applied herſelf to the Bell, and rung it with infinite more Violence than was neceſſary; the faithful *Slipſlop* attending near at hand: To ſay the truth, ſhe had conceived a Suſpicion at her laſt Interview with her Miſtreſs; and had waited ever ſince in the Antichamber, having carefully applied her Ears to the Key-Hole during the whole time that the preceding Converſation paſſed between *Joſeph* and the Lady.

CHAP. IX.

What paſſed between the Lady and Mrs. Slipſlop, *in which we propheſy there are ſome Strokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the firſt Reading.*

'SLIPSLOP, ſaid the Lady, I find too much 'Reaſon to believe all thou haſt told me of 'this wicked *Joſeph*; I have determined to part 'with him inſtantly; ſo go you to the Steward, 'and bid him pay him his Wages.' *Slipſlop*, who had preſerved hitherto a Diſtance to her Lady, rather out of Neceſſity than Inclination, and who

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thought the Knowledge of this Secret had thrown down all Diſtinction between them, anſwered her Miſtreſs very pertly, 'She wiſhed ſhe knew her 'own Mind; and that ſhe was certain ſhe would 'call her back again, before ſhe was got half way 'down Stairs.' The Lady replied, 'ſhe had taken 'a Reſolution, and was reſolved to keep it.' 'I 'am ſorry for it, cries *Slipſlop*; 'and if I had 'known you would have puniſhed the poor Lad 'ſo ſeverely, you ſhould never have heard a *Par-* '*ticle* of the Matter. Here's a Fuſs indeed, about 'nothing.' 'Nothing!' returned my Lady; 'Do you think I will countenance Lewdneſs in 'my Houſe?' 'If you will turn away every 'Footman,' ſaid *Slipſlop*, 'that is a Lover of the 'Sport, you muſt ſoon open the Coach-Door 'yourſelf, or get a Sett of *Mophrodites* to wait 'upon you; and I am ſure I hated the Sight of 'them even ſinging in an Opera.' Do as I bid 'you,' ſays my Lady, 'and don't ſhock my Ears 'with your beaſtly Language.' 'Marry-come-'up,' cries *Slipſlop*, 'People's Ears are ſome-'times the niceſt Part about them.'

The Lady, who began to admire the new Style in which her Waiting-Gentlewoman delivered herſelf, and by the Concluſion of her Speech, ſuſpected ſomewhat of the Truth, called her back, and deſired to know what ſhe meant by the extraordinary Degree of Freedom in which ſhe thought proper to indulge her Tongue. 'Freedom! ſays *Slipſlop*, I don't know 'what you call Freedom, Madam; Servants have 'Tongues as well as their Miſtreſſes.' 'Yes, 'and ſaucy ones too, anſwered the Lady: but 'I aſſure you I ſhall bear no ſuch Impertinence.' 'Impertinence! I don't know that I am impertinent,

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'tinent,' says *Slipslop*. 'Yes indeed you are,' 'cries my Lady; 'and unless you mend your 'Manners, this House is no Place for you.' 'Manners! cries *Slipslop*, I never was thought 'to want Manners *nor Modesty neither*; and for 'Places, there are more Places than one; and I 'know what I know.' 'What do you know, 'Mistress?' answered the Lady. 'I am not ob-'liged to tell that to every Body, says *Slipslop*, any 'more than I am obliged to keep it a Secret.' 'I 'desire you would provide yourself,' answered the Lady. 'With all my Heart,' replied the Wait-ing-Gentlewoman; and so departed in a Passion, and slapped the Door after her.

The Lady too plainly perceived that her Waiting-Gentlewoman knew more than she would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this she imputed to *Joseph*'s having discovered to her what past at the first Interview. This therefore blew up her Rage against him, and confirmed her in a Resolution of parting with him.

But the dismissing Mrs. *Slipslop* was a Point not so easily to be resolved upon: she had the utmost Tenderness for her Reputation, as she knew on that depended many of the most valuable Blessings of Life; particularly Cards, making Curt'sies in public Places, and above all, the Pleasure of demolishing the Reputations of others, in which innocent Amusement she had an extraordinary Delight. She therefore determined to submit to any Insult from a Servant, rather than run a Risque of losing the Title to so many great Privileges.

She therefore sent for her Steward, Mr. *Peter Pounce*; and ordered him to pay *Joseph* his Wages, to strip off his Livery, and turn him out of the House that Evening.

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She then called *Slipslop* up, and after refreshing her Spirits with a small Cordial which she kept in her Closet, she began in the following manner:

'*Slipslop*, why will you, who know my passionate Temper, attempt to provoke me by your Answers? I am convinced you are an honest Servant, and should be very unwilling to part with you. I believe likewise you have found me an indulgent Mistress on many Occasions, and have as little Reason on your side to desire a Change. I can't help being surprized therefore, that you will take the surest Method to offend me. I mean repeating my Words, which you know I have always detested.'

The prudent Waiting-Gentlewoman had duly weighed the whole Matter, and found on mature Deliberation, that a good Place in Possession was better than one in Expectation. As she found her Mistress therefore inclined to relent, she thought proper also to put on some small Condescension; which was as readily accepted: and so the Affair was reconciled, all Offences forgiven, and a Present of a Gown and Petticoat made her as an Instance of her Lady's future Favour.

She offered once or twice to speak in favour of *Joseph*: but found her Lady's Heart so obdurate, that she prudently dropt all such Efforts. She considered there were more Footmen in the House, and some as stout Fellows, tho' not quite so handsome as *Joseph*: besides, the Reader hath already seen her tender Advances had not met with the Encouragemet she might have reasonably expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of Sack and Sweat-meats on an ungrateful Rascal;

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and being a little inclined to the Opinion of that female Sect, who hold one lusty young Fellow to be near as good as another lusty young Fellow, she at last gave up *Joseph* and his Cause, and with a Triumph over her Passion highly commendable, walked off with her Present, and with great Tranquility paid a Visit to a Stone-Bottle, which is of sovereign Use to a Philosophical Temper.

She left not her Mistress so easy. The poor Lady could not reflect, without Agony, that her dear Reputation was in the Power of her Servants. All her Comfort, as to *Joseph*, was, that she hoped he did not understand her Meaning; at least, she could say for herself, she had not plainly express'd any thing to him; and as to Mrs. *Slipslop*, she imagined she could bribe her to Secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her Passion; the little God lay lurking in her Heart, tho' Anger and Disdain so hoodwinked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the very Brink of revoking the Sentence she had passed against the poor Youth. Love became his Advocate, and whispered many things in his Favour. Honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his Crime, and Pity to mitigate his Punishment; on the other side, Pride and Revenge spoke as loudly against him; and thus the poor Lady was tortured with Perplexity, opposite Passions distracting and tearing her Mind different Ways.

So have I seen, in the Hall of *Westminster*, where Serjeant *Bramble* hath been retained on the right Side, and Serjeant *Puzzle* on the left, the Balance of Opinion (so equal were their Fees) alternately incline to either Scale. Now *Bramble* throws

throws in an Argument; and *Puzzle*'s Scale ſtrikes the Beam; again, *Bramble* ſhares the like Fate, overpowered by the Weight of *Puzzle*. Here *Bramble* hits, there *Puzzle* ſtrikes; here one has you, there't'other has you; 'till at laſt all becomes one Scene of Confuſion in the tortured Minds of the Hearers; equal Wagers are laid on the Succeſs, and neither Judge nor Jury can poſſibly make any thing of the Matter; all Things are ſo enveloped by the careful Serjeants in Doubt and Obſcurity.

Or as it happens in the Conſcience, where Honour and Honeſty pull one way, and a Bribe and Neceſſity another.—If it was our preſent Buſineſs only to make Similies, we could produce many more to this Purpoſe: but a Similie (as well as a Word) to the Wiſe. We ſhall therefore ſee a little after our Hero, for whom the Reader is doubtleſs in ſome Pain.

CHAP. X.

Joſeph *writes another Letter: His Tranſactions with Mr.* Peter Pounce, *&c. with his Departure from Lady* Booby.

THE diſconſolate *Joſeph* would not have had an Underſtanding ſufficient for the principal Subject of ſuch a Book as this; if he had any longer miſunderſtood the Drift of his Miſtreſs; and indeed that he did not diſcern it ſooner, the Reader will be pleaſed to apply to an Unwillingneſs in him to diſcover what he muſt condemn in her as a Fault. Having therefore quitted her Preſence, he retired into his own Garret, and entered himſelf

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ſelf into an Ejaculation on the numberleſs Calamities which attended Beauty, and the Misfortune it was to be handſomer than one's Neighbours.

He then ſat down and addreſſed himſelf to his Siſter *Pamela*, in the following Words:

Dear Siſter Pamela,

HOPING you are well, what News have I to tell you! O Pamela, *my Miſtreſs is fallen in love with me—That is, what great Folks call falling in love, ſhe has a mind to ruin me; but I hope, I ſhall have more Reſolution and more Grace than to part with my Virtue to any Lady upon Earth.*

Mr. Adams *hath often told me, that Chaſtity is as great a Virtue in a Man as in a Woman. He ſays he never knew any more than his Wife, and I ſhall endeavour to follow his Example. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent Sermons and Advice, together with your Letters, that I have been able to reſiſt a Temptation, which he ſays no Man complies with, but he repents in this World, or is damned for it in the next; and why ſhould I truſt to Repentance on my Death bed, ſince I may die in my Sleep? What fine things are good Advice and good Examples! But I am glad ſhe turned me out of the Chamber as ſhe did: for I had once almoſt forgotten every Word Parſon* Adams *had ever ſaid to me.*

I don't doubt, dear Siſter, but you will have Grace to preſerve your Virtue againſt all Trials; and I beg you earneſtly to pray, I may be enabled to preſerve mine: for truly it is very ſeverely attacked by more than one: but, I hope I ſhall copy your Example, and that of Joſeph, *my Name ſake; and maintain my Virtue againſt all Temptations.*

Joſeph

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Joseph had not finished his Letter, when he was summoned down stairs by Mr. *Peter Pounce*, to receive his Wages: for, besides that out of eight Pounds a Year he allowed his Father and Mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical Instruments, to apply to the Generosity of the aforesaid *Peter*, who, on urgent Occasions, used to advance the Servants their Wages: not before they were due, but before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a Year after they were due, and this at the moderate *Præmium* of fifty *per Cent.* or a little more; by which charitable Methods, together with lending Money to other People, and even to his own Master and Mistress, the honest Man had, from nothing, in a few Years amassed a small Sum of twenty thousand Pounds or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little Remainder of Wages, and having stript off his Livery, was forced to borrow a Frock and Breeches of one of the Servants: (for he was so beloved in the Family, that they would all have lent him any thing) and being told by *Peter*, that he must not stay a Moment longer in the House than was necessary to pack up his Linnen, which he easily did in a very narrow Compass; he took a melancholy Leave of his Fellow-Servants, and set out at seven in the Evening.

He had proceeded the Length of two or three Streets, before he absolutely determined with himself, whether he should leave the Town that Night, or procuring a Lodging, wait till the Morning. At last, the Moon shining very bright helped him to come to a Resolution of beginning his Journey immediately, to which likewise he had

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had some other Inducements; which the Reader, without being a Conjurer, cannot possibly guess, till we have given him those Hints, which it may be now proper to open.

CHAP. XI.

Of several new Matters not expected.

IT is an Observation sometimes made, that to indicate our Idea of a simple Fellow, we say, *He is easily to be seen through*: Nor do I believe it a more improper Denotation of a simple Book. Instead of applying this to any particular Performance, we chuse rather to remark the contrary in this History, where the Scene opens itself by small Degrees; and he is a sagacious Reader who can see two Chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto hinted a Matter which now seems necessary to be explained; since it may be wondered at, first, that *Joseph* made such extraordinary haste out of Town, which hath been already shewn; and secondly, which will be now shewn, that instead of proceeding to the Habitation of his Father and Mother, or to his beloved Sister *Pamela*, he chose rather to set out full speed to the Lady *Booby*'s Country Seat, which he had left on his Journey to *London*.

Be it known then, that in the same Parish where this Seat stood, there lived a young Girl whom *Joseph* (tho' the best of Sons and Brothers) longed more impatiently to see than his Parents or his Sister. She was a poor Girl, who had formerly been bred up in Sir *John*'s Family; whence, a little before the Journey to *London*, she

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she had been discarded by Mrs. *Slipslop* on account of her extraordinary Beauty: for I never could find any other Reason.

This young Creature (who now lived with a Farmer in the Parish) had been always beloved by *Joseph*, and returned his Affection. She was two Years only younger than our Hero. They had been acquainted from their Infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other, which had grown to such a Degree of Affection, that Mr. *Adams* had with much ado prevented them from marrying; and persuaded them to wait, till a few Years Service and Thrift had a little improved their Experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good Man's Advice, as indeed his Word was little less than a Law in his Parish: for as he had shewn his Parishioners by an uniform Behaviour of thirty-five Years duration, that he had their Good entirely at heart; so they consulted him on every Occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his Opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the Parting between these two Lovers. A thousand Sighs heaved the Bosom of *Joseph*; a thousand Tears distilled from the lovely Eyes of *Fanny*, (for that was her Name) tho' her Modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager Kisses; her violent Love made her more than passive in his Embraces; and she often pulled him to her Breast with a soft Pressure, which, tho' perhaps it would not have squeezed an Insect to Death, caused more Emotion in the Heart of *Joseph*, than the closest *Cornish* Hug could have done.

The Reader may perhaps wonder, that so fond a Pair should during a Twelve-month's Absence never

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never converſe with one another; indeed there was but one Reaſon which did, or could have prevented them; and this was, that poor *Fanny* could neither write nor read; nor could ſhe be prevailed upon to tranſmit the Delicacies of her tender and chaſte Paſſion, by the Hands of an *Amanuenſis*.

They contented themſelves therefore with frequent Enquiries after each other's Health, with a mutual Confidence in each other's Fidelity, and the Proſpect of their future Happineſs.

Having explained theſe Mattters to our Reader, and, as far as poſſible, ſatisfied all his Doubts, we return to honeſt *Joſeph*, whom we left juſt ſet out on his Travels by the Light of the Moon.

Thoſe who have read any Romance or Poetry antient or modern, muſt have been informed, that Love hath Wings; by which they are not to underſtand, as ſome young Ladies by Miſtake have done, that a Lover can fly; the Writers, by this ingenious Allegory, intending to inſinuate no more, than that Lovers do not march like Horſe-Guards; in ſhort, that they put the beſt Leg foremoſt; which our luſty Youth, who could walk with any Man, did ſo heartily on this Occaſion, that within four Hours, he reached a famous Houſe of Hoſpitality well known to the Weſtern Traveller. It preſents you a Lion on the Sign-Poſt: and the Maſter, who was chriſtened *Timotheus*, is commonly called plain *Tim*. Some have conceived that he hath particularly choſen the Lion for his Sign; as he doth in Countenance greatly reſemble that magnanimous Beaſt, tho' his Diſpoſition favours more of the Sweetneſs of the Lamb. He is a Perſon well received among all ſorts of Men, being qualified to render

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der himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in History and Politics, hath a smattering in Law and Divinity, cracks a good Jest, and plays wonderfully well on the *French* Horn.

A violent Storm of Hail forced *Joseph* to take Shelter in this Inn, where he remembered Sir *Thomas* had dined in his way to Town. *Joseph* had no sooner seated himself by the Kitchen-Fire, than *Timotheus*, observing his Livery, began to condole the Loss of his late Master; who was, he said, his very particular and intimate Acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry Bottle, aye many a dozen in his Time. He then remarked, that all those Things were over now, all past, and just as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent Observation on the Certainty of Death, which his Wife said was indeed very true. A Fellow now arrived at the same Inn with two Horses, one of which he was leading farther down into the Country to meet his Master; these he put into the Stable, and came and took his Place by *Joseph*'s Side, who immediately knew him to be the Servant of a neighbouring Gentleman, who used to visit at their House.

This Fellow was likewise forced in by the Storm; for he had Orders to go twenty Miles farther that Evening, and luckily on the same Road which *Joseph* himself intended to take. He therefore embraced this Opportunity of complimenting his Friend with his Master's Horses, (notwithstanding he had received express Commands to the contrary) which was readily accepted; and so after they had drank a loving Pot, and the Storm was over, they set out together.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

Containing many surprizing Adventures which Joseph Andrews *met with on the Road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a Stage-Coach.*

NOthing remarkable happened on the Road, till their Arrival at the Inn to which the Horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the Morning. The Moon then shone very bright; and *Joseph* making his Friend a Present of a Pint of Wine, and thanking him for the Favour of his Horse, notwithstanding all Entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his Journey on Foot.

He had not gone above two Miles, charmed with the Hopes of shortly seeing his beloved *Fanny*, when he was met by two Fellows in a narrow Lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the Money he had, which was somewhat less than two Pounds; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few Shillings, to defray his Charges on his Way home.

One of the Ruffians answered with an Oath, *Yes, we'll give you something presently: but first strip and be d—n'd to you.—Strip*, cry'd the other, *or I'll blow your Brains to the Devil. Joseph*, remembering that he had borrowed his Coat and Breeches of a Friend, and that he should be ashamed of making any Excuse for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not insist on his Clothes, which were not worth much,

but

conſider the Coldneſs of the Night. *You are cold, are you, you Raſcal!* ſays one of the Robbers, *I'll warm you with a Vengeance*; and, damning his Eyes, ſnapt a Piſtol at his Head: which he had no ſooner done, than the other levell'd a Blow at him with his Stick, which *Joſeph*, who was expert at Cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the Favour ſo ſucceſsfully on his Adverſary, that he laid him ſprawling at his Feet, and at the ſame Inſtant received a Blow from behind, with the Butt-end of a Piſtol from the other Villain, which felled him to the Ground, and totally deprived him of his Senſes.

The Thief, who had been knocked down, had now recovered himſelf; and both together fell to belabouring poor *Joſeph* with their Sticks, till they were convinced they had put an End to his miſerable Being: They then ſtript him entirely naked, threw him into a Ditch, and departed with their Booty.

The poor Wretch, who lay motionleſs a long time, juſt began to recover his Senſes as a Stage-Coach came by. The Poſtilion hearing a Man's Groans, ſtopt his Horſes, and told the Coachman, He was certain there was a *dead* Man lying in the Ditch; for he heard him groan. 'Go on, Sir-'rah, ſays the Coachman, we are confounded late, 'and have no time to look after dead Men.' A Lady, who heard what the Poſtilion ſaid, and likewiſe heard the Groan, called eagerly to the Coachman, To ſtop and ſee what was the Matter. Upon which he bid the Poſtilion alight, and look into the Ditch. He did ſo, and returned, 'That 'there was a Man ſitting upright as naked as ever 'he was born.—O *J—ſus*, cry'd the Lady, A 'naked Man! Dear Coachman, drive on and 'leave

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'leave him.' Upon this the Gentlemen got out of the Coach; and *Joſeph* begged them to have Mercy upon him: For that he had been robbed, and almoſt beaten to Death. 'Robbed,' cries an old Gentleman; 'Let us make all the haſte imaginable, or we ſhall be robbed too. A young 'Man, who belonged to the Law anſwered, 'He 'wiſhed they had paſſed by without taking any 'Notice: But that now they might be proved to 'have been *laſt in his Company*; if he ſhould die, 'they might be called to ſome account for his Murder. He therefore thought it adviſable to ſave 'the poor Creature's Life, for their own ſakes, 'if poſſible; at leaſt, if he died, to prevent the 'Jury's finding *that they fled for it*. He was therefore *of Opinion*, to take the Man into the Coach, 'and carry him to the next Inn.' The Lady inſiſted, 'That he ſhould not come into the Coach. 'That if they lifted him in, ſhe would herſelf 'alight: for ſhe had rather ſtay in that Place to 'all Eternity, than ride with a naked Man.' The Coachman objected, 'That he could not ſuffer 'him to be taken in, unleſs ſomebody would pay 'a Shilling for his Carriage the four Miles. Which the two Gentlemen refuſed to do. But the Lawyer, who was afraid of ſome Miſchief happening to himſelf if the Wretch was left behind in that Condition, ſaying, no Man could be too cautious in theſe Matters, and that he remembred very extraordinary Caſes in the Books, threatened the Coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his Peril; for that if he died, he ſhould be indicted for his Murder; and if he lived, and brought an Action againſt him, he would willingly take a Brief in it. Theſe Words had a ſenſible Effect on the Coachman, who was well acquainted with

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with the Perſon who ſpoke them; and the old Gentleman abovementioned, thinking the naked Man would afford him frequent Opportunities of ſhewing his Wit to the Lady, offered to join with the Company in giving a Mug of Beer for his Fare; till partly alarmed by the Threats of the one, and partly by the Promiſes of the other, and being perhaps *a little* moved with Compaſſion at the poor Creature's Condition, who ſtood bleeding and ſhivering with the Cold, he at length agreed; and *Joſeph* was now advancing to the Coach, where ſeeing the Lady, who held the Sticks of her Fan before her Eyes, he abſolutely refuſed, miſerable as he was, to enter, unleſs he was furniſhed with ſufficient Covering, to prevent giving the leaſt Offence to Decency. So perfectly modeſt was this young Man; ſuch mighty Effects had the ſpotleſs Example of the amiable *Pamela*, and the excellent Sermons of Mr. *Adams* wrought upon him.

Though there were ſeveral Great Coats about the Coach, it was not eaſy to get over this Difficulty which *Joſeph* had ſtarted. The two Gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not ſpare a Rag; the Man of Wit ſaying, with a Laugh, *that Charity began at home*; and the Coachman, who had two great Coats ſpread under him, refuſed to lend either, leſt they ſhould be made bloody; the Lady's Footman deſired to be excuſed for the ſame Reaſon, which the Lady herſelf, notwithſtanding her Abhorrence of a naked Man, approved: and it is more than probable, poor *Joſeph*, who obſtinately adhered to his modeſt Reſolution, muſt have periſhed, unleſs the Poſtilion, (a Lad who hath been ſince tranſported for robbing a Hen-rooſt) had voluntarily ſtript off a great Coat, his

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his only Garment, at the ſame time ſwearing a great Oath (for which he was rebuked by the Paſſengers) 'That he would rather ride in his Shirt 'all his Life, than ſuffer a Fellow-Creature to 'lie in ſo miſerable a Condition.'

Joſeph, having put on the great Coat, was lifted into the Coach, which now proceeded on its Journey. He declared himſelf almoſt dead with the Cold, which gave the Man of Wit an occaſion to aſk the Lady, if ſhe could not accommodate him with a Dram. She anſwered with ſome Reſentment, 'She wondered at his aſking her ſuch 'a Queſtion; but aſſured him ſhe never taſted 'any ſuch thing.'

The Lawyer was enquiring into the Circumſtances of the Robbery, when the Coach ſtopt, and one of the Ruffians putting a Piſtol in, demanded their Money of the Paſſengers; who readily gave it them; and the Lady, in her Fright, delivered up a little ſilver Bottle, of about a half-pint Size, which the Rogue, clapping it to his Mouth, and drinking her Health, declared held ſome of the beſt *Nantes* he had ever taſted: this the Lady afterwards aſſured the Company was the Miſtake of her Maid; for that ſhe had ordered her to fill the Bottle with *Hungary* Water.

As ſoon as the Fellows were departed, the Lawyer, who had, it ſeems, a Caſe of Piſtols in the Seat of the Coach, informed the Company, that if it had been Day-light, and he could have come at his Piſtols, he would not have ſubmitted to the Robbery; he likewiſe ſet forth, that he had often met Highwaymen when he travelled on Horſeback, but none ever durſt attack him; concluding, that if he had not been

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more afraid for the Lady than for himſelf, he ſhould not have now parted with his Money ſo eaſily.

As Wit is generally obſerved to love to reſide in empty Pockets; ſo the Gentleman, whoſe Ingenuity we have above remark'd, as ſoon as he had parted with his Money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent Alluſions to *Adam* and *Eve*, and ſaid many excellent Things on Figs and Fig-Leaves; which perhaps gave more Offence to *Joſeph* than to any other in the Company.

The Lawyer likewiſe made ſeveral very pretty Jeſts, without departing from his Profeſſion. He ſaid, 'If *Joſeph* and the Lady were alone, 'he would be more capable of making a *Convey-* 'ance to her, as his *Affairs* were not *fettered* 'with any *Incumbrance*; he'd warrant, he ſoon 'ſuffered a *Recovery* by a Writ of *Entry*, which 'was the proper Way to create *Heirs in Tail*; 'that for his own part, he would engage to make 'ſo *firm a Settlement* in a Coach, that there 'ſhould be no Danger of an *Ejectment*;' with an Inundation of the like Gibberiſh, which he continued to vent till the Coach arrived at an Inn, where one Servant-Maid only was up in readineſs to attend the Coachman, and furniſh him with cold Meat and a Dram. *Joſeph* deſired to alight, and that he might have a Bed prepared for him, which the Maid readily promiſed to perform; and being a good-natur'd Wench, and not ſo ſqueamiſh as the Lady had been, ſhe clapt a large Faggot on the Fire, and furniſhing *Joſeph* with a great Coat belonging to one of the Hoſtlers, deſired him to ſit down and warm himſelf, whilſt ſhe made his Bed. The Coachman, in the mean time,

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time, took an Opportunity to call up a Surgeon, who lived within a few Doors: after which, he reminded his Paſſengers how late they were, and after they had taken Leave of *Joſeph*, hurried them off as faſt as he could.

The Wench ſoon got *Joſeph* to Bed, and promiſed to uſe her Intereſt to borrow him a Shirt; but imagined, as ſhe afterwards ſaid, by his being ſo bloody, that he muſt be a dead Man: ſhe ran with all ſpeed to haſten the Surgeon, who was more than half dreſt, apprehending that the Coach had been overturned and ſome Gentleman or Lady hurt. As ſoon as the Wench had informed him at his Window, that it was a poor Foot Paſſenger who had been ſtripped of all he had, and almoſt murdered; he chid her for diſturbing him ſo early, ſlipped off his Clothes again, and very quietly returned to Bed and to ſleep.

Aurora now began to ſhew her blooming Cheeks over the Hills, whilſt ten Millions of feathered Songſters, in jocund Chorus, repeated Odes a thouſand times ſweeter than thoſe of our *Laureat*, and ſung both *the Day and the Song*; when the Maſter of the Inn, Mr. *Tow-wouſe*, aroſe, and learning from his Maid an Account of the Robbery, and the Situation of his poor naked Gueſt, he ſhook his Head, and cried, *Good-lack-a-day!* and then ordered the Girl to carry him one of his own Shirts.

Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* was juſt awake, and had ſtretched out her Arms in vain to fold her departed Huſband, when the Maid entered the Room. 'Who's there? *Betty*?' 'Yes Madam.' 'Where's 'your Maſter?' 'He's without, Madam; he 'hath ſent me for a Shirt to lend a poor naked

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'Man, who hath been robbed and murdered.' 'Touch one, if you dare, you Slut,' ſaid Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*; 'your Maſter is a pretty ſort of a 'Man to take in naked Vagabonds, and clothe 'them with his own Clothes. I ſhall have no 'ſuch Doings.—If you offer to touch any thing, 'I will throw the Chamber-Pot at your Head. 'Go, ſend your Maſter to me.' 'Yes Madam,' anſwered *Betty*. As ſoon as he came in, ſhe thus began: 'What the Devil do you mean by this, 'Mr. *Tow-wouſe*? Am I to buy Shirts to lend 'to a Set of ſcabby Raſcals?' 'My Dear, ſaid 'Mr. *Tow-wouſe*, this is a poor Wretch.' 'Yes, 'ſays ſhe, I know it is a poor Wretch; but what 'the Devil have we to do with poor Wretches? 'The Law makes us provide for too many al- 'ready. We ſhall have thirty or forty poor 'Wretches in red Coats ſhortly.' 'My Dear, 'cries *Tow-wouſe*, this Man hath been robbed 'of all he hath.' 'Well then, ſays ſhe, where's 'his Money to pay his Reckoning? Why doth 'not ſuch a Fellow go to an Ale-houſe? I ſhall 'ſend him packing as ſoon as I am up, I aſſure 'you.' 'My Dear, ſaid he, common Charity 'won't ſuffer you to do that.' 'Common Cha- 'rity, a F—t! ſays ſhe, Common Charity teaches 'us to provide for ourſelves, and our Families; 'and I and mine wont be ruined by your Cha- 'rity, I aſſure you.' 'Well, ſays he, my Dear, 'Do as you will when you are up; you know I 'never contradict you.' No, ſays ſhe, if the 'Devil was to contradict me, I would make the 'Houſe too hot to hold him.'

With ſuch like Diſcourſes they conſumed near half an Hour, whilſt *Betty* provided a Shirt from the Hoſtler, who was one of her Sweethearts, and

and put it on poor *Joseph*. The surgeon had likewise at last visited him, and washed and dress't his Wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr. *Tow-wouse*, that his Guest was in such extreme Danger of his Life, that he scarce saw any Hopes of his Recovery.—'Here's a pretty Kettle 'of Fish, cries Mrs. *Tow-wouse*, you have 'brought upon us! We are like to have a Funeral at our own Expence.' *Tow-wouse*, (who notwithstanding his Charity, would have given his Vote as freely as ever he did at an Election, that any other House in the Kingdom should have quiet Possession of his Guest) answered, 'My Dear, I am not to blame: he was brought 'hither by the Stage-Coach; and *Betty* had put 'him to Bed before I was stirring.' 'I'll *Betty* 'her,' says she—At which, with half her Garments on, the other half under her Arm, she sallied out in quest of the unfortunate *Betty*, whilst *Tow-wouse* and the Surgeon went to pay a Visit to poor *Joseph*, and enquire into the Circumstances of this melancholy Affair.

CHAP. XIII.

What happened to Joseph *during his Sickness at the Inn, with the curious Discourse between him and Mr.* Barnabas *the Parson of the Parish.*

AS soon as *Joseph* had communicated a particular History of the Robbery, together with a short Account of himself and his intended Journey, he asked the Surgeon, if he apprehended him to be in any Danger: To which

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the Surgeon very honeſtly anſwered, 'He feared 'he was; for that his Pulſe was very exalted 'and feveriſh, and if his Fever ſhould prove 'more than *Symptomatic*, it would be impoſ-'ſible to ſave him.' *Joſeph* fetching a deep Sigh, cried, 'Poor Fanny, *I would I could have* 'lived to ſee thee! but God's Will be done.'

The Surgeon then adviſed him, If he had any worldly Affairs to ſettle, that he would do it as ſoon as poſſible; for tho' he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himſelf obliged to acquaint him he was in great Danger; and if the malign Concoction of his Humours ſhould cauſe a Suſcitation of his Fever, he might ſoon grow delirious and incapable to make his Will. *Joſeph* anſwered, 'That it was impoſſible for any 'Creature in the Univerſe to be in a poorer Con-'dition than himſelf: for ſince the Robbery, he 'had not one thing of any Kind whatever, which 'he could call his own.' *I had*, ſaid he, *a poor little Piece of Gold which they took away, that would have been a Comfort to me in all my Afflictions; but ſurely*, Fanny, *I want nothing to remind me of thee. I have thy dear Image in my Heart, and no Villain can ever tear it thence.*

Joſeph deſired Paper and Pens to write a Letter, but they were refuſed him; and he was adviſed to uſe all his Endeavours to compoſe himſelf. They then left him; and Mr. *Tow-wouſe* ſent to a Clergyman to come and adminiſter his good Offices to the Soul of poor *Joſeph*, ſince the Surgeon deſpaired of making any ſucceſsful Applications to his Body.

Mr. *Barnabas* (for that was the Clergyman's Name) came as ſoon as ſent for; and having firſt drank a Diſh of Tea with the Landlady, and after-

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afterwards a Bowl of Punch with the Landlord, he walked up to the Room where *Joſeph* lay: but, finding him aſleep, returned to take the other Sneaker; which when he had finiſhed, he again crept ſoftly up to the Chamber-Door, and, having opened it, heard the ſick Man talking to himſelf in the following Manner:

'O moſt adorable *Pamela!* moſt virtuous Si-'ſter! whoſe Example could alone enable me to 'withſtand all the Temptations of Riches and 'Beauty, and to preſerve my Virtue pure and 'chaſte, for the Arms of my dear *Fanny*, if it 'had pleaſed Heaven that I ſhould ever have come 'unto them. What Riches, or Honours, or Plea-'ſures can make us amends for the Loſs of Inno-'cence? Doth not that alone afford us more Con-'ſolation, than all worldly Acquiſitions? What 'but Innocence and Virtue could give any Com-'fort to ſuch a miſerable Wretch as I am? Yet 'theſe can make me prefer this ſick and painful 'Bed to all the Pleaſures I ſhould have found in 'my Lady's. Theſe can make me face Death 'without Fear; and though I love my *Fanny* 'more than ever Man loved a Woman, theſe 'can teach me to reſign myſelf to the Divine 'Will without repining. O, thou delightful 'charming Creature! if Heaven had indulged 'thee to my Arms, the pooreſt, humbleſt State, 'would have been a Paradiſe; I could have lived 'with thee in the loweſt Cottage, without envy-'ing the Palaces, the Dainties, or the Riches of 'any Man breathing. But I muſt leave thee, leave 'thee for ever, my deareſt Angel! I muſt think 'of another World; and I heartily pray thou 'may'ſt meet Comfort in this.'--*Barnabas* thought he had heard enough; ſo down ſtairs he went,

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and told *Tow-wouſe* he could do his Gueſt no Service: for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a Rhapſody of Nonſenſe all the time he ſtayed in the Room.

The Surgeon returned in the Afternoon, and found his Patient in a higher Fever, as he ſaid, than when he left him, though not delirious: for notwithſtanding Mr. *Barnabas*'s Opinion, he had not been once out of his Senſes ſince his Arrival at the Inn.

Mr. *Barnabas* was again ſent for, and with much Difficulty prevailed on to make another Viſit. As ſoon as he entered the Room, he told *Joſeph*, 'He was come to pray by him, and to 'prepare him for another World: In the firſt 'place therefore, he hoped he had repented of all 'his Sins.' *Joſeph* anſwered, 'He hoped he had: 'but there was one thing which he knew not whe-'ther he ſhould call a Sin; if it was, he feared he 'ſhould die in the Commiſſion of it; and that 'was the Regret of parting with a young Woman, 'whom he loved as tenderly as he did his Heart-'ſtrings.' *Barnabas* bad him be aſſured, that 'any Repining at the Divine Will was one of 'the greateſt Sins he could commit; that he ought 'to forget all carnal Affections, and think of bet-'ter things.' *Joſeph* ſaid, 'That neither in this 'World nor the next, he could forget his *Fanny*; 'and that the Thought, however grievous, of 'parting from her for ever, was not half ſo 'tormenting, as the Fear of what ſhe would ſuf-'fer, when ſhe knew his Misfortune.' *Barnabas* ſaid, 'That ſuch Fears argued a Diffidence and 'Deſpondence very criminal; that he muſt diveſt 'himſelf of all human Paſſions, and fix his Heart 'above.' *Joſeph* anſwered, 'That was what he 'deſired

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'desired to do, and should be obliged to him, if 'he would enable him to accomplish it.' *Barnabas* replied, 'That must be done by Grace.' *Joseph* besought him to discover how he might attain it. *Barnabas* answered, 'By Prayer and Faith.' He then questioned him concerning his Forgiveness of the Thieves. *Joseph* answered, 'He feared 'that was more than he could do: for nothing 'would give him more Pleasure than to hear they 'were taken.' 'That,' cries *Barnabas*, 'is for 'the sake of Justice.' 'Yes,' said *Joseph*, 'but 'if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I 'should attack them, and kill them too, if I 'could.' 'Doubtless,' answered *Barnabas*, 'it 'is lawful to kill a Thief: but can you say, you 'forgive them as a Christian ought?' *Joseph* desired to know what that Forgiveness was. 'That 'is,' answered *Barnabas*, 'to forgive them as— 'as—it is to forgive them as—in short it is to 'forgive them as a Christian.' *Joseph* replied, 'He forgave them as much as he could. 'Well, 'well,' said *Barnabas*, 'that will do.' 'He then 'demanded of him, if he remembered any more 'Sins unrepented of; and if he did, he desired him to make haste and repent of them 'as fast as he could: that they might repeat over 'a few Prayers together. *Joseph* answered, 'He 'could not recollect any great Crimes he had been 'guilty of, and that those he had committed he 'was sincerely sorry for.' *Barnabas* said that was enough, and then proceeded to Prayer with all the Expedition he was Master of; some Company then waiting for him below in the Parlour, where the Ingredients for Punch were all in Readiness; but no one would squeeze the Oranges till he came.

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Joſeph complained he was dry, and deſired a little Tea; which *Barnabas* reported to Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*, who anſwered, 'She had juſt done 'drinking it, and could not be ſtopping all day;' but ordered *Betty* to carry him up ſome ſmall Beer.

Betty obeyed her Miſtreſs's Commands; but *Joſeph*, as ſoon as he had taſted it, ſaid, he feared it would increaſe his Fever, and that he longed very much for Tea: To which the good-natured *Betty* anſwered, he ſhould have Tea, if there was any in the Land; ſhe accordingly went and bought him ſome herſelf, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and *Joſeph* together for ſome time, to entertain the Reader with other Matters.

CHAP. XIV.

Being very full of Adventures, which ſucceeded each other at the Inn.

IT was now the Duſk of the Evening, when a grave Perſon rode into the Inn, and committing his Horſe to the Hoſtler went directly into the Kitchin, and having called for a Pipe of Tobacco took his Place by the Fire-ſide; where ſeveral other Perſons were likewiſe aſſembled.

The Diſcourſe ran altogether on the Robbery which was committed the Night before, and on the poor Wretch, who lay above in the dreadful Condition, in which we have already ſeen him. Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* ſaid, 'She wondered what the 'devil *Tom Whipwell* meant by bringing ſuch 'Gueſts to her Houſe, when there were ſo many Ale-

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'Ale-houſes on the Road proper for their Recep-
'tion. But ſhe aſſured him, if he died, the Pa-
'riſh ſhould be at the Expence of the Funeral.'
She added, 'Nothing would ſerve the Fellow's
'Turn but Tea, ſhe would aſſure him.' *Betty*,
who was juſt returned from her charitable Office,
anſwered, ſhe believed he was a Gentleman, for
ſhe never ſaw a finer Skin in her Life. 'Pox on
'his Skin!' replied Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*, 'I ſuppoſe,
'that is all we are like to have for the Reckon-
'ing. I deſire no ſuch Gentlemen ſhould ever call
'at the *Dragon*,' (which it ſeems was the Sign
of the Inn.)

The Gentleman lately arrived diſcovered a great deal of Emotion at the Diſtreſs of this poor Creature, whom he obſerved to be fallen not into the moſt compaſſionate Hands. And indeed, if Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* had given no Utterance to the Sweetneſs of her Temper, Nature had taken ſuch Pains in her Countenance, that *Hogarth* himſelf never gave more Expreſſion to a Picture.

Her Perſon was ſhort, thin, and crooked. Her Forehead projected in the middle, and thence deſcended in a Declivity to the Top of her Noſe, which was ſharp and red, and would have hung over her Lips, had not Nature turned up the end of it. Her Lips were two Bits of Skin, which, whenever ſhe ſpoke, ſhe drew together in a Purſe. Her Chin was picked; and at the upper end of that Skin, which compoſed her Cheeks, ſtood two Bones, that almoſt hid a Pair of ſmall red Eyes. Add to this a Voice moſt wonderfully adapted to the Sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarſe.

It is not eaſy to ſay, whether the Gentleman had conceived a greater Diſlike for his Landlady,

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or Compaſſion for her unhappy Gueſt. He enquired very earneſtly of the Surgeon, who was now come into the Kitchin, Whether he had any Hopes of his Recovery? he begged him to uſe all poſſible means towards it, telling him, 'it was the 'Duty of Men of all Profeſſions, to apply their 'Skill *gratis* for the Relief of the Poor and Ne-'ceſſitous.' The Surgeon anſwered, 'he ſhould 'take proper Care: but he defied all the Sur-'geons in *London* to do him any good.' 'Pray, 'Sir,' ſaid the Gentleman, 'What are his 'Wounds?'—'Why, do you know any thing of 'Wounds?' ſays the Surgeon (winking upon Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*) 'Sir, I have a ſmall ſmattering 'in Surgery;' anſwered the Gentleman. 'A ſmat-'tering,—ho, ho, ho!' ſaid the Surgeon, 'I 'believe it is a ſmattering indeed.'

The Company were all attentive, expecting to hear the Doctor, who was what they call a dry Fellow, expoſe the Gentleman.

He began therefore with an Air of Triumph: 'I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have travelled.' 'No really 'Sir,' ſaid the Gentleman. 'Ho! then you 'have practiſed in the Hoſpitals perhaps.'—'No, 'Sir,' Hum! not that neither? 'Whence, Sir, 'then, if I may be ſo bold to enquire, have you 'got your Knowledge in Surgery?' 'Sir,' anſwered the Gentleman, 'I do not pretend to 'much; but, the little I know I have from 'Books.' 'Books!' cries the Doctor,—'What 'I ſuppoſe you have read *Galen* and *Hippocrates!*' 'No, Sir,' ſaid the Gentleman. 'How! you 'underſtand Surgery,' anſwers the Doctor, 'and 'not read *Galen* and *Hippocrates!*' 'Sir,' cries the other, 'I believe there are many Surgeons 'who have never read theſe Authors.' 'I be-

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'lieve ſo too,' ſays the Doctor, 'more ſhame 'for them: but thanks to my Education, I have 'them by heart, and very ſeldom go without them 'both in my Pocket.' 'They are pretty large 'Books,' ſaid the Gentleman. 'Aye, ſaid the Doctor, 'I believe I know how large they are 'better than you.' (At which he fell a winking, and the whole Company burſt into a Laugh.)

The Doctor purſuing his Triumph aſked the Gentleman, 'if he did not underſtand Phyſic as 'well as Surgery.' Rather better,' anſwered the 'Gentleman. 'Aye, like enough,' cries the Doctor, with a Wink. 'Why, I know a little 'of Phyſic too.' 'I wiſh I knew half ſo much,' ſaid *Tow-wouſe*, 'I'd never wear an Apron again.' 'Why, I believe, Landlord,' cries the Doctor, 'there are few Men, tho' I ſay it, within twelve 'Miles of the Place, that handle a Fever bet-'ter.—*Veniente accurrite morbo:* That is my Me-'thod.—I ſuppoſe, Brother, you underſtand *La-'tin?*' 'A little,' ſays the Gentleman. 'Aye, 'and *Greek* now I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibo-'minos poluflosboio Thalaſſes.* But I have almoſt 'forgot theſe things, I could have repeated *Homer* 'by heart once.'—Ifags! the Gentleman has 'caught a *Traytor*,' ſays Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*; at which they all fell a laughing.

The Gentleman, who had not the leaſt Affection for joking, very contentedly ſuffered the Doctor to enjoy his Victory; which he did with no ſmall Satisfaction: and having ſufficiently ſounded his Depth, told him, 'he was thoroughly 'convinced of his great Learning and Abilities; 'and that he would be obliged to him, if he 'would let him know his Opinion of his Patient's 'Caſe above Stairs.' 'Sir,' ſays the Doctor, 'his

'Caſe

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'Caſe is that of a dead Man—The Contuſion on 'his Head has *perforated* the *internal Membrane* of 'the *Occiput*, and *divellicated* that *radical* ſmall 'minute inviſible *Nerve*, which *coheres* to the *Pe-* 'ricranium; and this was attended with a Fever 'at firſt *ſymptomatic*, then *pneumatic*; and he is 'at length grown *deliruus*, or delirious, as the 'Vulgar expreſs it.'

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty Noiſe interrupted him. Some young Fellows in the Neighbourhood had taken one of the Thieves, and were bringing him into the Inn. *Betty* ran up Stairs with this News to *Joſeph*; who begged they might ſearch for a little Piece of broken Gold, which had a Ribband tied to it, and which he could ſwear to amongſt all the Hoards of the richeſt Men in the Univerſe.

Notwithſtanding the Fellow's perſiſting in his Innocence, the Mob were very buſy in ſearching him, and preſently among other things pulled out the Piece of Gold juſt mentioned; which *Betty* no ſooner ſaw than ſhe laid violent Hands on it, and conveyed it up to *Joſeph*, who received it with Raptures of Joy, and hugging it in his Boſom declared, *he could now die contented.*

Within a few Minutes afterwards, came in ſome other Fellows, with a Bundle which they had found in a Ditch, and which was indeed the Clothes which had been ſtripped off from *Joſeph*, and the other things they had taken from him.

The Gentleman no ſooner ſaw the Coat, than he declared he knew the Livery; and, if it had been taken from the poor Creature above Stairs, deſired he might ſee him: for that he was very well

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well acquainted with the Family to whom that Livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by *Betty*: But what, Reader, was the Surprize on both ſides, when he ſaw *Joſeph* was the Perſon in Bed; and when *Joſeph* diſcovered the Face of his good Friend Mr. *Abraham Adams!*

It would be impertinent to inſert a Diſcourſe which chiefly turned on the relation of Matters already well known to the Reader: for as ſoon as the Curate had ſatisfied *Joſeph* concerning the perfect Health of his *Fanny*, he was on his ſide very inquiſitive into all the Particulars which had produced this unfortunate Accident.

To return therefore to the Kitchin, where a great Variety of Company were now aſſembled from all the Rooms of the Houſe, as well as the Neighbourhood: ſo much Delight do Men take in contemplating the Countenance of a Thief:

Mr. *Tow-wouſe* began to rub his Hands with pleaſure, at ſeeing ſo large an Aſſembly; who would, he hoped, ſhortly adjourn into ſeveral Apartments, in order to diſcourſe over the Robbery, and drink a Health to all honeſt Men. But Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*, whoſe Misfortune it was commonly to ſee Things a little perverſely, began to rail at thoſe who brought the Fellow into her Houſe; telling her Huſband, 'they were very 'likely to thrive, who kept a Houſe of Entertain-'ment for Beggars and Thieves.'

The Mob had now finiſhed their Search; and could find nothing about the Captive likely to prove any Evidence: for as to the Clothes, tho' the Mob were very well ſatisfied with that Proof; yet, as the Surgeon obſerved, they could not convict him, becauſe they were not found in his Cuſtody;

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Cuſtody; to which *Barnabas* agreed, and added, that theſe were *Bona Waviata*, and belonged to the Lord of the Manor.

'How, ſays the Surgeon, do you ſay theſe 'Goods belong to the Lord of the Manor?' 'I do,' cried *Barnabas*. 'Then I deny it,' ſays the Surgeon. 'What can the Lord of the 'Manor have to do in the Caſe? Will any one 'attempt to perſuade me that what a Man finds 'is not his own?' 'I have heard, (ſays an old 'Fellow in the Corner) Juſtice *Wiſe-one* ſay, 'that if every Man had his Right, whatever is 'found belongs to the King of *London*.' 'That 'may be true, ſays *Barnabas*, in ſome ſenſe: 'for the Law makes a difference between Things 'ſtolen, and things found: for a thing may be 'ſtolen that never is found; and a thing may be 'found that never was ſtolen. Now Goods that 'are both ſtolen and found are *Waviata*; and 'they belong to the Lord of the Manor.' 'So 'the Lord of the Manor is the Receiver of ſtolen 'Goods,' (ſays the Doctor); at which there was a univerſal Laugh, being firſt begun by himſelf.

While the Priſoner, by perſiſting in his Innocence, had almoſt (as there was no Evidence againſt him) brought over *Barnabas*, the Surgeon, *Tow-wouſe*, and ſeveral others to his Side; *Betty* informed them, that they had over-looked a little Piece of Gold, which ſhe had carried up to the Man in bed; and which he offered to ſwear to amongſt a Million, aye, amongſt ten Thouſand. This immediately turned the Scale againſt the Priſoner; and every one now concluded him guilty. It was reſolved therefore, to keep him ſecured that Night, and early in the Morning to carry him before a Juſtice.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XV.

Shewing how Mrs. Tow-wouſe *was a little mollified; and how officious Mr.* Barnabas *and the Surgeon were to proſecute the Thief: With a Diſſertation accounting for their Zeal, and that of many other Perſons not mentioned in this Hiſtory.*

BETTY told her Miſtreſs, ſhe believed the Man in Bed was a greater Man than they took him for: for, beſides the extreme Whiteneſs of his Skin, and the Softneſs of his Hands, ſhe obſerved a very great Familiarity between the Gentleman and him; and added, ſhe was certain they were intimate Acquaintance, if not Relations.

This ſomewhat abated the Severity of Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*'s Countenance. She ſaid, 'God for-'bid ſhe ſhould not diſcharge the Duty of a 'Chriſtian, ſince the poor Gentleman was 'brought to her Houſe. She had a natural An-'tipathy to Vagabonds: but could pity the Mis-'fortunes of a Chriſtian as ſoon as another.' *Tow-wouſe* ſaid, 'If the Traveller be a Gentle-'man, tho' he hath no Money about him now, 'we ſhall moſt likely be paid hereafter; ſo you 'may begin to ſcore whenever you will.' Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* anſwered, Hold your ſimple Tongue, 'and don't inſtruct me in my Buſineſs. I am 'ſure I am ſorry for the Gentleman's Misfor-'tune with all my Heart; and I hope the Vil-'lain who hath uſed him ſo barbarouſly, will be 'hanged

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'hanged. *Betty*, go, ſee what he wants. God 'forbid he ſhould want any thing in my Houſe.'

Barnabas and the Surgeon went up to *Joſeph*, to ſatisfy themſelves concerning the Piece of Gold. *Joſeph* was with Difficulty prevailed upon to ſhew it them; but would by no Entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own Poſſeſſion. He however atteſted this to be the ſame which had been taken from him; and *Betty* was ready to ſwear to the finding it on the Thief.

The only Difficulty that remained, was how to produce this Gold before the Juſtice: for as to carrying *Joſeph* himſelf, it ſeemed impoſſible; nor was there any great likelihood of obtaining it from him: for he had faſtened it with a Ribband to his Arm, and ſolemnly vowed, that nothing but irreſiſtible Force ſhould ever ſeparate them; in which Reſolution, Mr. *Adams*, clenching a Fiſt rather leſs than the Knuckle of an Ox, declared he would ſupport him.

A Diſpute aroſe on this Occaſion concerning Evidence, not very neceſſary to be related here; after which the Surgeon dreſs'd Mr. *Joſeph*'s Head; ſtill perſiſting in the imminent Danger in which his Patient lay; but concluding with a very important Look, 'that he began to have 'ſome Hopes; that he ſhould ſend him a *Sana-* '*tive ſoporiferous* Draught, and would ſee him in 'the Morning.' After which *Barnabas* and he departed, and left Mr. *Joſeph* and Mr. *Adams* together.

Adams informed *Joſeph* of the occaſion of this Journey which he was making to *London*, namely to publiſh three Volumes of Sermons; being encouraged, he ſaid, by an Advertiſement lately ſet forth by a Society of Bookſellers, who propoſed

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poſed to purchaſe any Copies offered to them, at a Price to be ſettled by two Perſons: but tho' he imagined he ſhould get a conſiderable Sum of Money on this occaſion, which his Family were in urgent need of, he proteſted he would not leave *Joſeph* in his preſent Condition: finally, he told him, 'he had nine Shillings and three-pence 'half-penny in his Pocket, which he was welcome 'to uſe as he pleaſed.'

This Goodneſs of Parſon *Adams* brought Tears into *Joſeph*'s Eyes; he declared, he had now a 'ſecond Reaſon to deſire Life, that he might 'ſhew his Gratitude to ſuch a Friend.' *Adams* bade him 'be chearful; for that he plainly ſaw 'the Surgeon, beſides his Ignorance, deſired to 'make a Merit of curing him, tho' the Wounds 'in his Head, he perceived, were by no means 'dangerous; that he was convinced he had no 'Fever, and doubted not but he would be able 'to travel in a Day or two.'

Theſe Words infuſed a Spirit into *Joſeph*; he ſaid, 'he found himſelf very ſore from the Bruiſes, 'but had no reaſon to think any of his Bones in-'jured, or that he had received any Harm in 'his Inſide; unleſs that he felt ſomething very 'odd in his Stomach: but he knew not whe-'ther that might not ariſe from not having eaten 'one Morſel for above twenty-four Hours.' Being then aſked if he had any Inclination to eat, he anſwered in the affirmative. Then Parſon *Adams* deſired him to name what he had the greateſt Fancy for; whether a poached Egg, or Chicken-broth: he anſwered, 'he could eat both very 'well; but that he ſeemed to have the greateſt 'Appetite for a piece of boiled Beef and Cab-'bage.'

Adams

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Adams was pleaſed with ſo perfect a Confirmation that he had not the leaſt Fever: but adviſed him to a lighter Diet, for that Evening. He accordingly eat either a Rabbit or a Fowl, I never could with any tolerable Certainty diſcover which; after this he was by Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*'s Order conveyed into a better Bed, and equipped with one of her Huſband's Shirts.

In the Morning early, *Barnabas* and the Surgeon came to the Inn, in order to ſee the Thief conveyed before the Juſtice. They had conſumed the whole Night in debating what Meaſures they ſhould take to produce the piece of Gold in Evidence againſt him: for they were both extremely zealous in the Buſineſs, tho' neither of them were in the leaſt intereſted in the Proſecution; neither of them had ever received any private Injury from the Fellow, nor had either of them ever been ſuſpected of loving the Public well enough, to give them a Sermon or a Doſe of Phyſic for nothing.

To help our Reader therefore as much as poſſible to account for this Zeal, we muſt inform him, that, as this Pariſh was ſo unfortunate as to have no Lawyer in it; there had been a conſtant Contention between the two Doctors, ſpiritual and phyſical, concerning their Abilities in a Science, in which, as neither of them profeſſed it, they had equal Pretenſions to diſpute each other's Opinions. Theſe Diſputes were carried on with great Contempt on both Sides, and had almoſt divided the Pariſh; Mr. *Tow-wouſe* and one half of the Neighbours inclining to the Surgeon, and Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* with the other half to the Parſon. The Surgeon drew his Knowledge from thoſe ineſtimable Fountains, called the *Attorney's Pocket-*

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Pocket-Companion, and Mr. *Jacob's Law-Tables*; *Barnabas* truſted entirely to *Wood's Inſtitutes*. It happened on this Occaſion, as was pretty frequently the Caſe, that theſe two learned Men differed about the Sufficiency of Evidence: the Doctor being of Opinion, that the Maid's Oath would convict the Priſoner without producing the Gold; the Parſon, *è contra, totis viribus*. To diſplay their Parts therefore before the Juſtice and the Pariſh was the ſole Motive, which we can diſcover, to this Zeal, which both of them pretended to have for public Juſtice.

O Vanity! how little is thy Force acknowledged, or thy Operations diſcerned! How wantonly doſt thou deceive Mankind under different Diſguiſes! Sometimes thou doſt wear the Face of Pity, ſometimes of Generoſity: nay, thou haſt the Aſſurance even to put on thoſe glorious Ornaments which belong only to heroic Virtue. Thou odious, deformed Monſter! whom Prieſts have railed at, Philoſophers deſpiſed, and Poets ridiculed: Is there a Wretch ſo abandon'd as to own thee for an Acquaintance in public? yet, how few will refuſe to enjoy thee in private? nay, thou art the Purſuit of moſt Men through their Lives. The greateſt Villainies are daily practiced to pleaſe thee: nor is the meaneſt Thief below, or the greateſt Hero above thy Notice. Thy Embraces are often the ſole Aim and ſole Reward of the private Robbery, and the plundered Province. It is to pamper up thee, thou Harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to with-hold from them what they do. All our Paſſions are thy Slaves. Avarice itſelf is often no more than thy Hand-maid, and even Luſt thy Pimp. The Bully Fear,

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Fear, like a Coward, flies before thee, and Joy and Grief hide their Heads in thy Preſence.

I know thou wilt think, that whilſt I abuſe thee, I court thee; and that thy Love hath inſpired me to write this ſarcaſtical Panegyric on thee: but thou are deceived, I value thee not of a Farthing; nor will it give me any Pain, if thou ſhouldſt prevail on the Reader to cenſure this Digreſſion as arrant Nonſenſe: for know to thy Confuſion, that I have introduced thee for no other Purpoſe than to lengthen out a ſhort Chapter; and ſo I return to my Hiſtory.

CHAP. XVI.

The Eſcape of the Thief. Mr. Adams's *Diſappointment. The Arrival of two very extraordinary Perſonages, and the Introduction of Parſon* Adams *to Parſon* Barnabas.

Barnabas and the Surgeon being returned, as we have ſaid, to the Inn, in order to convey the Thief before the Juſtice, were greatly concerned to find a ſmall Accident had happened, which ſomewhat diſconcerted them; and this was no other than the Thief's Eſcape, who had modeſtly withdrawn himſelf by Night, declining all Oſtentation, and not chuſing, in imitation of ſome great Men, to diſtinguiſh himſelf at the Expence of being pointed at.

When the Company had retired the Evening before, the Thief was detained in a Room where the Conſtable, and one of the young Fellows who

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who took him, were planted as his Guard. About the ſecond Watch, a general Complaint of Drowth was made both by the Priſoner and his Keepers. Among whom it was at laſt agreed, that the Conſtable ſhould remain on Duty, and the young Fellow call up the Tapſter; in which Diſpoſition the latter apprehended not the leaſt Danger, as the Conſtable was well armed, and could beſides eaſily ſummon him back to his Aſſiſtance, if the Priſoner made the leaſt Attempt to gain his Liberty.

The young Fellow had not long left the Room, before it came into the Conſtable's Head, that the Priſoner might leap on him by ſurprize, and thereby, preventing him of the uſe of his Weapons, eſpecially the long Staff in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the Succeſs of a Struggle to an equal Chance. He wiſely therefore, to prevent this Inconvenience, ſlipt out of the Room himſelf and locked the Door, waiting without with his Staff in his Hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy Priſoner, if by ill Fortune he ſhould attempt to break out.

But human Life, as hath been diſcovered by ſome great Man or other, (for I would by no means be underſtood to affect the Honour of making any ſuch Diſcovery) very much reſembles a Game at *Cheſs*: for as in the latter, while a Gameſter is too attentive to ſecure himſelf very ſtrongly on one ſide the Board, he is apt to leave an unguarded Opening on the other; ſo doth it often happen in Life; and ſo did it happen on this Occaſion: for whilſt the cautious Conſtable with ſuch wonderful Sagacity had poſſeſſed himſelf of the Door, he moſt unhappily forgot the Window.

The

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The Thief, who played on the other ſide, no ſooner perceived this Opening, than he began to move that way; and finding the Paſſage eaſy, he took with him the young Fellow's Hat; and without any Ceremony ſtepped into the Street, and made the beſt of his Way.

The young Fellow returning with a double Mug of ſtrong Beer, was a little ſurprized to find the Conſtable at the Door; but much more ſo, when, the Door being opened, he perceived the Priſoner had made his Eſcape, and which way. He threw down the Beer, and without uttering any thing to the Conſtable, except a hearty Curſe or two, he nimbly leapt out at the Window, and went again in purſuit of his Prey; being very unwilling to loſe the Reward which he had aſſured himſelf of.

The Conſtable hath not been diſcharged of Suſpicion on this account: It hath been ſaid, that not being concerned in the taking the Thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the Reward, if he had been convicted; that the Thief had ſeveral Guineas in his Pocket; that it was very unlikely he ſhould have been guilty of ſuch an Overſight; that his Pretence for leaving the Room was abſurd; that it was his conſtant Maxim, that a wiſe Man never refuſed Money on any Conditions; that at every Election he always had ſold his Vote to both Parties, *&c.*

But notwithſtanding theſe and many other ſuch Allegations, I am ſufficiently convinced of his Innocence; having been poſitively aſſured of it, by thoſe who received their Informations from his own Mouth; which, in the Opinion of ſome Moderns, is the beſt and indeed only Evidence.

All

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All the Family were now up, and with many others aſſembled in the Kitchin, where Mr. *Tow-wouſe* was in ſome Tribulation; the Surgeon having declared, that by Law, he was liable to be indicted for the Thief's Eſcape, as it was out of his Houſe: He was a little comforted however by Mr. *Barnabas*'s Opinion, that as the Eſcape was by Night, the Indictment would not lie.

Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* delivered herſelf in the following Words: 'Sure never was ſuch a Fool as my 'Huſband! would any other Perſon living have 'left a Man in the Cuſtody of ſuch a drunken, 'drowſy Blockhead as *Tom Suckbribe*;' (which was the Conſtable's Name) 'and if he could 'be indicted without any Harm to his Wife and 'Children, I ſhould be glad of it.' (Then the Bell rung in *Joſeph*'s Room) Why *Betty*, *John*, '*Chamberlain*, where the Devil are you all? 'Have you no Ears, or no Conſcience, not to 'tend the Sick better?—See what the Gentle-'man wants; why don't you go yourſelf, Mr. '*Tow-wouſe*? but any one may die for you; 'you have no more feeling than a Deal-Board. 'If a Man lived a Fortnight in your Houſe with-'out ſpending a Penny, you would never put him 'in mind of it. See whether he drinks Tea or 'Coffee for Breakfaſt.' 'Yes, my Dear,' cry'd *Tow-wouſe*. She then aſked the Doctor and Mr. *Barnabas* what Morning's Draught they choſe, who anſwered, they had a Pot of *Syder-and* at the Fire; which we will leave them merry over, and return to *Joſeph*.

He had roſe pretty early this Morning: but tho' his Wounds were far from threatening any Danger, he was ſo ſore with the Bruiſes, that it was impoſſible for him to think of undertaking a

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Journey yet; Mr. *Adams* therefore, whoſe Stock was viſibly decreaſed with the Expences of Supper and Breakfaſt, and which could not ſurvive that Day's Scoring, began to conſider how it was poſſible to recruit it. At laſt he cry'd, 'He had 'luckily hit on a ſure Method, and though it 'would oblige him to return himſelf home toge-'ther with *Joſeph*, it mattered not much.' He then ſent for *Tow-wouſe*, and taking him into another Room, told him, 'He wanted to borrow 'three Guineas, for which he would put ample 'Security into his Hands.' *Tow-wouſe*, who expected a Watch, or Ring, or ſomething of double the Value, anſwered, 'He believed he could fur-'niſh him.' Upon which *Adams*, pointing to his Saddle-Bag, told him with a Face and Voice full of Solemnity, 'that there were in that Bag no 'leſs than nine Volumes of Manuſcript Sermons, 'as well worth a hundred Pound as a Shilling was 'worth twelve Pence, and that he would depoſite 'one of the Volumes in his Hands by way of 'Pledge; not doubting but that he would have 'the Honeſty to return it on his Repayment of 'the Money: for otherwiſe he muſt be a very 'great Loſer, ſeeing that every Volume would at 'leaſt bring him ten Pounds, as he had been in-'formed by a neighbouring Clergyman in the 'Country: for, ſaid he, as to my own Part, 'having never yet dealt in Printing, I do not 'pretend to aſcertain the exact Value of ſuch 'things.'

Tow-wouſe, who was a little ſurprized at the Pawn, ſaid (and not without ſome Truth) 'That 'he was no Judge of the Price of ſuch kind of 'Goods: and as for Money, he really was very 'ſhort.' *Adams* anſwered, 'Certainly he would 'not

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'not ſcruple to lend him three Guineas, on what 'was undoubtedly worth at leaſt ten.' The Landlord replied, 'He did not believe he had ſo 'much Money in the Houſe, and beſides he was 'to make up a Sum. He was very confident the 'Books were of much higher Value, and hear-'tily ſorry it did not ſuit him.' He then cryed out, *Coming Sir!* though no body called; and ran down Stairs without any Fear of breaking his Neck.

Poor *Adams* was extremely dejected at this Diſappointment, nor knew he what farther Stratagem to try. He immediately applied to his Pipe, his conſtant Friend and Comfort in his Afflictions; and leaning over the Rails, he devoted himſelf to Meditation, aſſiſted by the inſpiring Fumes of Tobacco.

He had on a Night-Cap drawn over his Wig, and a ſhort great Coat, which half-covered his Caſſock; a Dreſs which, added to ſomething comical enough in his Countenance, compoſed a Figure likely to attract the Eyes of thoſe who were not over-given to Obſervation.

Whilſt he was ſmoaking his Pipe in this Poſture, a Coach and Six, with a numerous Attendance, drove into the Inn. There alighted from the Coach a young Fellow, and a Brace of Pointers, after which another young Fellow leapt from the Box, and ſhook the former by the Hand; and both, together with the Dogs, were inſtantly conducted by Mr. *Tow-wouſe* into an Apartment; whither as they paſſed, they entertained themſelves with the following ſhort facetious Dialogue.

'You are a pretty Fellow for a Coachman, '*Jack!*' ſays he from the Coach, 'you had al-'moſt overturned us juſt now.' 'Pox take you,'

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ſays the Coachmam, 'If I had only broke your 'Neck, it would have been ſaving ſomebody elſe 'the trouble: but I ſhould have been ſorry for 'the Pointers.' 'Why you Son of a B—,' anſwered the other, 'if nobody could ſhoot better 'than you, the Pointers would be of no uſe.' 'D--n me,' ſays the Coachman, 'I will ſhoot 'with you, five Guineas a Shot.' 'You be 'hang'd,' ſays the other, 'for five Guineas you 'ſhall ſhoot at my A—.' 'Done,' ſays the Coachman, 'I'll pepper you better than ever you 'was peppered by *Jenny Bouncer*.' 'Pepper your 'Grandmother,' ſays the other, 'here's *Tow-wouſe* will let you ſhoot at him for a Shilling a 'time.' 'I know his Honour better,' cries *Tow-wouſe*, 'I never ſaw a ſurer ſhoot at a Partridge. 'Every Man miſſes now and then; but if I could 'ſhoot half as well as his Honour, I would deſire 'no better Livelihood than I could get by my 'Gun.' 'Pox on you,' ſaid the Coachman, 'you demoliſh more Game now than your Head's 'worth. There's a Bitch, *Tow-wouſe*, by G— 'ſhe never *blinked* * a Bird in her Life. 'I have 'a Puppy, not a Year old, ſhall hunt with her 'for a hundred,' cries the other Gentleman. 'Done,' ſays the Coachman, 'but you will be 'pox'd before you make the Bett.' 'If you have 'a Mind for a Bett, cries the Coachman, I will 'match my ſpotted Dog with your white Bitch 'for a hundred, play or pay.' 'Done,' ſays the other, 'and I'll run *Baldface* againſt *Slouch* with 'you for another.' 'No,' cries he from the Box, 'but I'll venture *Miſs Jenny* againſt *Bald-*

* To *blink* is a Term uſed to ſignify the Dog's paſſing by a Bird without pointing at it.

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A. Hulett inv.t et sculp. Published March 1. 1742/3 by A. Millar.

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'*face*, or *Hannibal* either.' 'Go to the Devil,' cries he from the Coach, 'I will make every Bett 'your own way, to be ſure! I will match *Han-* 'nibal with *Slouch* for a thouſand, if you dare, 'and I ſay done firſt.'

They were now arrived, and the Reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the Kitchin, where *Barnabas*, the Surgeon, and an Exciſeman were ſmoaking their Pipes over ſome *Syder-and*, and where the Servants, who attended the two noble Gentlemen we have juſt ſeen alight, were now arrived.

'*Tom*,' cries one of the Footmen, 'there's 'Parſon *Adams* ſmoaking his Pipe in the Gallery.' 'Yes,' ſays *Tom*, I pulled off my Hat to him, 'and the Parſon ſpoke to me.'

'Is the Gentleman a Clergyman then?' ſays *Barnabas*, (for his Caſſock had been tied up when firſt he arrived.) 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered the Footman, 'and one there be but few like.' 'Aye,' ſaid *Barnabas*, 'if I had known it ſooner, I 'ſhould have deſired his Company; I would al- 'ways ſhew a proper Reſpect for the Cloth; but 'what ſay you, Doctor, ſhall we adjourn into a 'Room, and invite him to take part of a Bowl of 'Punch?'

This Propoſal was immediately agreed to, and executed; and Parſon *Adams* accepting the Invitation, much Civility paſſed between the two Clergymen, who both declared the great Honour they had for the Cloth. They had not been long together, before they entered into a Diſcourſe on ſmall Tithes, which continued a full Hour, without the Doctor or Exciſeman's having one Opportunity to offer a Word.

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It was then propoſed to begin a general Converſation, and the Exciſeman opened on Foreign Affairs: but a Word unluckily dropping from one of them introduced a Diſſertation on the Hardſhips ſuffered by the inferior Clergy; which after a long Duration, concluded with bringing the nine Volumes of Sermons on the Carpet.

Barnabas greatly diſcouraged poor *Adams*; he ſaid, 'The Age was ſo wicked, that nobody read 'Sermons: Would you think it, Mr. *Adams*, '(ſaid he) I once intended to print a Volume of 'Sermons myſelf, and they had the Approbation 'of two or three Biſhops: but what do you think 'a Bookſeller offered me?' 'Twelve Guineas 'perhaps (cried *Adams.*)' 'Not Twelve Pence, 'I aſſure you,' anſwered *Barnabas*; nay, the 'Dog refuſed me a Concordance in Exchange.— 'At laſt I offered to give him the printing them, 'for the ſake of dedicating them to that very 'Gentleman who juſt now drove his own Coach 'into the Inn; and I aſſure you he had the Impudence to refuſe my Offer: by which means I 'loſt a good Living, that was afterwards given 'away in Exchange for a Pointer, to one who— 'but I will not ſay any thing againſt the Cloth. 'So you may gueſs, Mr. *Adams*, what you are 'to expect; for if Sermons would have gone 'down, I believe—I will not be vain: but to be 'conciſe with you, three Biſhops ſaid, they were 'the beſt that ever were writ: but indeed there 'are a pretty moderate Number printed already, 'and not all ſold yet.'—'Pray Sir, 'ſaid *Adams*, 'to what do you think the Numbers may a'mount to?' 'Sir,' anſwered *Barnabas*, 'a Book'ſeller told me, he believed five thouſand Volumes 'at leaſt.' 'Five thouſand! quoth the Surgeon, 'what

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'what can they be writ upon? I remember, 'when I was a Boy, I uſed to read one *Tillotſon*'s 'Sermons; and I am ſure, if a Man practiſed 'half ſo much as is in one of thoſe Sermons, he 'will go to Heaven.' 'Doctor,' cried *Barnabas*, 'you have a prophane way of talking, for 'which I muſt reprove you. A Man can never 'have his Duty too frequently inculcated into 'him. And as for *Tillotſon*, to be ſure he was 'a good Writer, and ſaid things very well: but 'Compariſons are odious; another Man may 'write as well as he.—I believe there are ſome of 'my Sermons,'—and then he applied the Candle to his Pipe.—'And I believe, there are ſome of 'my Diſcourſes,' cries *Adams*, 'which the Bi-'ſhops would not think totally unworthy of being 'printed; and I have been informed, I might 'procure a very large Sum (indeed an immenſe 'one) on them.' 'I doubt that;' anſwered *Barnabas*: 'however, if you deſire to make ſome 'Money of them, perhaps you may ſell them by 'advertiſing *the Manuſcript Sermons of a Clergy-'man lately deceaſed, all warranted Originals, and 'never printed.* And now I think of it, I ſhould 'be obliged to you, if there be ever a Funeral 'one among them, to lend it me: for I am this 'very Day to preach a Funeral Sermon; for which 'I have not penned a Line, though I am to have 'a double Price.' *Adams* anſwered, 'He had 'but one, which he feared would not ſerve his 'Purpoſe, being ſacred to the Memory of a Ma-'giſtrate, who had exerted himſelf very ſingu-'larly in the Preſervation of the Morality of his 'Neighbours, inſomuch that he had neither Ale-'houſe, nor lewd Woman in the Pariſh where he 'lived.'—'No,' replied *Barnabas*, 'that will

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'not do quite ſo well; for the Deceaſed upon 'whoſe Virtues I am to harangue, was a little 'too much addicted to Liquor, and publickly kept 'a Miſtreſs. —I believe I muſt take a common 'Sermon, and truſt to my Memory to introduce 'ſomething handſome on him.' --'To your In- 'vention rather,' (ſaid the Doctor) 'your Me- 'mory will be apter to put you out: for no Man 'living remembers any thing good of him.

With ſuch kind of ſpiritual Diſcourſe, they emptied the Bowl of Punch, paid their Reckoning, and ſeparated: *Adams* and the Doctor went up to *Joſeph*; Parſon *Barnabas* departed to celebrate the aforeſaid Deceaſed, and the Exciſeman deſcended into the Cellar to gage the Veſſels.

Joſeph was now ready to ſit down to a Loin of Mutton, and waited for Mr. *Adams*, when he and the Doctor came in. The Doctor having felt his Pulſe, and examined his Wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to *that ſanative ſoporiferous Draught*, a Medicine, 'whoſe Virtues,' he ſaid, 'were never to be ſuf- 'ficiently extolled:' And great indeed they muſt be, if *Joſeph* was ſo much indebted to them as the Doctor imagined; ſince nothing more than thoſe Effluvia, which eſcaped the Cork, could have contributed to his Recovery: for the Medicine had ſtood untouched in the Window ever ſince its Arrival.

Joſeph paſſed that Day and the three following with his Friend *Adams*, in which nothing ſo remarkable happened as the ſwift Progreſs of his Recovery. As he had an excellent Habit of Body, his Wounds were now almoſt healed; and his Bruiſes gave him ſo little Uneaſineſs, that he preſſed Mr. *Adams* to let him depart, told him he ſhould

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ſhould never be able to return ſufficient Thanks for all his Favours; but begged that he might no longer delay his Journey to *London*.

Adams, notwithſtanding the Ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr. *Tow-wouſe*, and the Envy (for ſuch he thought it) of Mr. *Barnabas*, had great Expectations from his Sermons: ſeeing therefore *Joſeph* in ſo good a way, he told him he would agree to his ſetting out the next Morning in the Stage-Coach, that he believed he ſhould have ſufficient after the Reckoning paid, to procure him one Day's Conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to get on, on Foot, or might be favoured with a lift in ſome Neighbour's Waggon, eſpecially as there was then to be a Fair in the Town whither the Coach would carry him, to which Numbers from his Pariſh reſorted.—And as to himſelf, he agreed to proceed to the great City.

They were now walking in the Inn-Yard, when a fat, fair, ſhort Perſon rode in, and alighting from his Horſe, went directly up to *Barnabas*, who was ſmoaking his Pipe on a Bench. The Parſon and the Stranger ſhook one another very lovingly by the Hand, and went into a Room together.

The Evening now coming on, *Joſeph* retired to his Chamber, whither the good *Adams* accompanied him; and took this Opportunity to expatiate on the great Mercies God had lately ſhewn him, of which he ought not only to have the deepeſt inward Senſe; but likewiſe to expreſs outward Thankfulneſs for them. They therefore fell both on their Knees, and ſpent a conſiderable Time in Prayer and Thankſgiving.

They had juſt finiſhed, when *Betty* came in and told Mr. *Adams*, Mr. *Barnabas* deſired to

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ſpeak to him on ſome Buſineſs of Conſequence below Stairs. *Joſeph* deſired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed, which *Adams* promiſed, and in that Caſe, they wiſhed one another good Night.

CHAP. XVII.

A pleaſant Diſcourſe between the two Parſons and the Bookſeller, which was broke off by an unlucky Accident happening in the Inn, which produced a Dialogue between Mrs. Tow-wouſe *and her Maid of no gentle kind.*

AS ſoon as *Adams* came into the Room, Mr. *Barnabas* introduced him to the Stranger, who was, he told him, a Bookſeller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his Sermons as any Man whatever. *Adams*, ſaluting the Stranger, anſwered *Barnabas*, that he was very much obliged to him, that nothing could be more convenient; for he had no other Buſineſs to the great City, and was heartily deſirous of returning with the young Man who was juſt recovered of his Misfortune. He then ſnapt his Fingers (as was uſual with him) and took two or three Turns about the Room in an Extaſy.— And to induce the Bookſeller to be as expeditious as poſſible, as likewiſe to offer him a better Price for his Commodity, he aſſured them their Meeting was extremely lucky to himſelf: for that he had the moſt preſſing Occaſion for Money at that time, his own being almoſt ſpent, and having a Friend then

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then in the ſame Inn who was juſt recovered from ſome Wounds he had received from Robbers, and was in a moſt indigent Condition. 'So that nothing,' ſays he, 'could be ſo opportune, for the ſupplying both our Neceſſities, as my making an immediate Bargain with you.'

As ſoon as he had ſeated himſelf, the Stranger began in theſe Words; 'Sir, I do not care abſolutely to deny engaging in what my Friend Mr. *Barnabas* recommends: but Sermons are mere Drugs. The Trade is ſo vaſtly ſtocked with them, that really unleſs they come out with the Name of *Whitefield* or *Weſtly*, or ſome other ſuch great Man, as a Biſhop, or thoſe ſort of People, I don't care to touch, unleſs now it was a Sermon preached on the 30*th of January*, or we could ſay in the Title Page, publiſhed at the *earneſt Requeſt* of the Congregation, or the Inhabitants: but truly for a dry Piece of Sermons, I had rather be excuſed; eſpecially as my Hands are ſo full at preſent. However, Sir, as Mr. *Barnabas* mentioned them to me, I will, if you pleaſe, take the Manuſcript with me to Town, and ſend you my Opinion of it in a very ſhort time.'

O, ſaid *Adams*, if you deſire it, I will read two or three Diſcourſes as a Specimen. This *Barnabas*, who loved Sermons no better than a Grocer doth Figs, immediately objected to, and adviſed *Adams* to let the Bookſeller have his Sermons; telling him, if he gave him a Direction, he might be certain of a ſpeedy Anſwer: Adding, he need not ſcruple truſting them in his Poſſeſſion. No, ſaid the Bookſeller, if it was a Play that had been acted twenty Nights together, I believe it would be ſafe.

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Adams did not at all reliſh the laſt Expreſſion; he ſaid, he was ſorry to hear Sermons compared to Plays. 'Not by me, I aſſure you, cry'd the 'Bookſeller, tho' I don't know whether the li-'cenſing Act may not ſhortly bring them to the 'ſame Footing: but I have formerly known a 'hundred Guineas given for a Play—.' 'More 'ſhame for thoſe who gave it,' cry'd *Barnabas*. 'Why ſo?' ſaid the Bookſeller, 'for they got 'hundreds by it.' 'But is there no Difference 'between conveying good or ill Inſtructions to 'Mankind?' ſaid *Adams*; 'would not an ho-'neſt Mind rather loſe Money by the one, than 'gain it by the other?' If you can find any 'ſuch, I will not be their Hinderance,' anſwer-ed the Bookſeller, 'but I think thoſe Perſons 'who get by preaching Sermons, are the proper-'eſt to loſe by printing them: for my part, the 'Copy that ſells beſt, will be always the beſt 'Copy in my Opinion; I am no Enemy to 'Sermons but becauſe they don't ſell: for I 'would as ſoon print one of *Whitefield*'s, as any 'Farce whatever.'

'Whoever prints ſuch heterodox Stuff ought 'to be hanged,' ſays *Barnabas*. 'Sir, ſaid he, 'turning to *Adams*, this Fellow's Writings (I 'know not whether you have ſeen them) are le-'velled at the Clergy. He would reduce us to 'the Example of the primitive Ages, forſooth! 'and would inſinuate to the People, that a Cler-'gyman ought to be always preaching and pray-'ing. He pretends to underſtand the Scripture 'literally, and would make Mankind believe, 'that the Poverty and low Eſtate, which was 'recommended to the Church in its Infancy, 'and was only temporary Doctrine adapted to 'her

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'her under Perſecution, was to be preſerved in 'her flouriſhing and eſtabliſhed State. Sir, the 'Principles of *Toland*, *Woolſton*, and all the 'Free-Thinkers, are not calculated to do half 'the Miſchief, as thoſe profeſſed by this Fellow 'and his Followers.'

'Sir, anſwered *Adams*, if Mr. *Whitefield* had 'carried his Doctrine no farther than you men- 'tion, I ſhould have remained, as I once was, 'his Well-wiſher. I am myſelf as great an Ene- 'my to the Luxury and Splendor of the Clergy 'as he can be. I do not, more than he, by the 'flouriſhing Eſtate of the Church, underſtand 'the Palaces, Equipages, Dreſs, Furniture, rich 'Dainties, and vaſt Fortunes of her Miniſters. 'Surely thoſe things, which ſavour ſo ſtrongly of 'this World, become not the Servants of one who 'profeſſed his Kingdom was not of it: but when 'he began to call Nonſenſe and Enthuſiaſm to 'his Aid, and ſet up the deteſtable Doctrine of 'Faith againſt Good Works, I was his Friend no 'longer; for ſurely, that Doctrine was coined 'in Hell, and one would think none but the 'Devil himſelf could have the Confidence to 'preach it. For can any thing be more dero- 'gatory to the Honour of God, than for Men 'to imagine that the All-wiſe Being will here- 'after ſay to the Good and Virtuous, *Notwith- 'ſtanding the Purity of thy Life, notwithſtand- 'ing that conſtant Rule of Virtue and Goodneſs 'in which you walked upon Earth, ſtill as thou 'didſt not believe every thing in the true Ortho- 'dox manner, thy want of Faith ſhall condemn 'thee?* Or on the other ſide, can any Doctrine 'have a more pernicious Influence on Society, 'than a Perſuaſion, that it will be a good Plea

'for

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'for the Villain at the laſt Day; *Lord, it is true, I never obeyed one of thy Commandments, yet puniſh me not, for I believe them all?*' 'I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſaid the Bookſeller, your Sermons are of a different Kind.' Ay, Sir, ſaid *Adams*, the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated in almoſt every Page, or I ſhould belye my own Opinion, which hath always been, that a virtuous and good *Turk*, or Heathen, are more acceptable in the Sight of their Creator, than a vicious and wicked Chriſtian, tho' his Faith was as perfectly orthodox as St. *Paul*'s himſelf.'—'I wiſh you Succeſs, ſays the Bookſeller, but muſt beg to be excuſed, as my Hands are ſo very full at preſent; and indeed I am afraid, you will find a Backwardneſs in the Trade, to engage in a Book which the Clergy would be certain to cry down.' 'God forbid, ſays *Adams*, any Books ſhould be propagated which the Clergy would cry down: but if you mean by the Clergy, ſome few deſigning factious Men, who have it at heart to eſtabliſh ſome favourite Schemes at the Price of the Liberty of Mankind, and the very Eſſence of Religion, it is not in the Power of ſuch Perſons to decry any Book they pleaſe; witneſs that excellent Book called, *A plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament*; a Book written (if I may venture on the Expreſſion) with the Pen of an Angel, and calculated to reſtore the true Uſe of Chriſtianity, and of that ſacred Inſtitution: for what could tend more to the noble Purpoſes of Religion, than frequent cheerful Meetings among the Members of a Society, in which they ſhould, in the Preſence of one another, and in the Service of the ſupreme Be-

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'ing, make Promiſes of being good, friendly 'and benevolent to each other? Now this ex-'cellent Book was attacked by a Party, but un-'ſucceſsfully.' At theſe Words *Barnabas* fell a ringing with all the Violence imaginable; upon which a Servant attending, he bid him 'bring a 'Bill immediately: for that he was in Compa-'ny, for aught he knew, with the Devil him-'ſelf; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the 'Leviathan, or *Woolſton* commended, if he ſtaid 'a few Minutes longer.' *Adams* deſired, 'as he 'was ſo much moved at his mentioning a Book, 'which he did without apprehending any poſſi-'bility of Offence, that he would be ſo kind 'to propoſe any Objections he had to it, which 'he would endeavour to anſwer.' 'I propoſe 'Objections!' ſaid *Barnabas*, 'I never read a 'Syllable in any ſuch wicked Book; I never 'ſaw it in my Life, I aſſure you.'—*Adams* was going to anſwer, when a moſt hideous Uproar be-gan in the Inn. Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*, Mr. *Tow-wouſe* and *Betty*, all lifting up their Voices toge-ther: but Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*'s Voice, like a Baſs Viol in a Concert, was clearly and diſtinctly di-ſtinguiſhed among the reſt, and was heard to articulate the following Sounds,—'O you damn'd 'Villain, is this the Return to all the Care I 'have taken of your Family? This the Reward 'of my Virtue? Is this the manner in which 'you behave to one who brought you a Fortune, 'and preferred you to ſo many Matches, all your 'Betters? To abuſe my Bed, my own Bed, 'with my own Servant: but I'll maul the Slut, 'I'll tear her naſty Eyes out; was ever ſuch a 'pitiful Dog, to take up with ſuch a mean Trol-'lop? If ſhe had been a Gentlewoman like my-'ſelf,

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'ſelf, it had been ſome excuſe; but a beggarly 'ſaucy dirty Servant-maid.—Get you out of my 'Houſe, you Whore.' To which, ſhe added another Name, which we do not care to ſtain our Paper with. It was a Monoſyllable beginning with a B—, and indeed was the ſame, as if ſhe had pronounced the Words, *She Dog*. Which Term, we ſhall, to avoid Offence, uſe on this Occaſion, tho' indeed both the Miſtreſs and Maid uttered the above-mentioned B—, a Word extremely diſguſtful to Females of the lower ſort. *Betty* had borne all hitherto with Patience, and had uttered only Lamentations: but the laſt Appellation ſtung her to the Quick, 'I am a Wo-'man as well as yourſelf,' ſhe roared out, 'and 'no She Dog, and if I have been a little naugh-'ty, I am not the firſt; if I have been no bet-'ter than I ſhould be,' cries ſhe ſobbing, 'that's 'no Reaſon you ſhould call me out of my Name; 'my Be-Betters are wo--worſe than me.' 'Huz-'zy, huzzy,' ſays Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*, 'have you 'the Impudence to anſwer me? Did I not catch 'you, you ſaucy—' and then again repeated the terrible Word ſo odious to female Ears. 'I can't 'bear that Name,' anſwered *Betty*, 'if I have 'been wicked, I am to anſwer for it myſelf in 'the other World; but I have done nothing 'that's unnatural; and I will go out of your 'Houſe this Moment: for I will never be cal-'led *She Dog*, by any Miſtreſs in *England*.' Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* then armed herſelf with the Spit; but was prevented from executing any dreadful Purpoſe by Mr. *Adams*, who confined her Arms with the Strength of a Wriſt which *Hercules* would not have been aſhamed of. Mr. *Tow-wouſe* being caught, as our Lawyers expreſs it,

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it, with the Manner, and having no Defence to make, very prudently withdrew himſelf, and *Betty* committed herſelf to the Protection of the Hoſtler, who, tho' ſhe could not conceive him pleaſed with what had happened, was in her Opinion rather a gentler Beaſt than her Miſtreſs.

Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*, at the Interceſſion of Mr. *Adams*, and finding the Enemy vaniſhed, began to compoſe herſelf, and at length recovered the uſual Serenity of her Temper, in which we will leave her, to open to the Reader the Steps which led to a Cataſtrophe, common enough, and comical enough too, perhaps in modern Hiſtory, yet often fatal to the Repoſe and Well-being of Families, and the Subject of many Tragedies, both in Life and on the Stage.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Hiſtory of Betty *the Chamber-maid, and an Account of what occaſioned the violent Scene in the preceding Chapter.*

Betty, who was the Occaſion of all this Hurry, had ſome good Qualities. She had Good-nature, Generoſity and Compaſſion, but unfortunately her Conſtitution was compoſed of thoſe warm Ingredients, which, though the Purity of Courts or Nunneries might have happily controuled them, were by no means able to endure the tickliſh Situation of a Chamber-maid at an Inn, who is daily liable to the Solicitations of Lovers of all Complexions, to the dangerous Addreſſes of fine Gentlemen of the Army, who ſometimes are obliged to reſide with them a whole Year

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Year together; and above all are expoſed to the Careſſes of Footmen, Stage-Coachmen, and Drawers; all of whom employ the whole Artillery of kiſſing, flattering, bribing, and every other Weapon which is to be found in the whole Armory of Love, againſt them.

Betty, who was but one and twenty, had now lived three Years in this dangerous Situation, during which ſhe had eſcaped pretty well. An Enſign of Foot was the firſt Perſon who made an Impreſſion on her Heart; he did indeed raiſe a Flame in her, which required the Care of a Surgeon to cool.

While ſhe burnt for him, ſeveral others burnt for her. Officers of the Army, young Gentlemen travelling the weſtern Circuit, inoffenſive Squires, and ſome of graver Character were ſet afire by her Charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the Effects of her firſt unhappy Paſſion, ſhe ſeemed to have vowed a State of perpetual Chaſtity. She was long deaf to all the Sufferings of her Lovers, till one Day at a neighbouring Fair, the Rhetoric of *John* the Hoſtler, with a new Straw Hat, and a Pint of Wine, made a ſecond Conqueſt over her.

She did not however feel any of thoſe Flames on this Occaſion, which had been the Conſequence of her former Amour; nor indeed thoſe other ill Effects, which prudent young Women very juſtly apprehend from too abſolute an Indulgence to the preſſing Endearments of their Lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely conſtant to *John*, with whom ſhe permitted *Tom Whipwell* the Stage-Coach-

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Coachman, and now and then a handſome young Traveller, to ſhare her Favours.

Mr. *Tow-wouſe* had for ſome time caſt the languiſhing Eyes of Affection on this young Maiden. He had laid hold on every Opportunity of ſaying tender things to her, ſqueezing her by the Hand, and ſometimes kiſſing her Lips: for as the Violence of his Paſſion had conſiderably abated to Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*; ſo like Water, which is ſtopt from its uſual Current in one Place, it naturally ſought a Vent in another. Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* is thought to have perceived this Abatement, and probably it added very little to the natural Sweetneſs of her Temper; for tho' ſhe was as true to her Huſband, as the Dial to the Sun, ſhe was rather more deſirous of being ſhone on, as being more capable of feeling his Warmth.

Ever ſince *Joſeph*'s Arrival, *Betty* had conceived an extraordinary Liking to him, which diſcovered itſelf more and more, as he grew better and better; 'till that fatal Evening when, as ſhe was warming his Bed, her Paſſion grew to ſuch a Height, and ſo perfectly maſtered both her Modeſty and her Reaſon, that after many fruitleſs Hints and ſly Inſinuations, ſhe at laſt threw down the Warming-Pan, and embracing him with great Eagerneſs ſwore he was the handſomeſt Creature ſhe had ever ſeen.

Joſeph in great Confuſion leapt from her, and told her, he was ſorry to ſee a young Woman caſt off all Regard to Modeſty: but ſhe had gone too far to recede, and grew ſo very indecent, that *Joſeph* was obliged, contrary to his Inclination, to uſe ſome Violence to her, and taking her in his Arms, he ſhut her out of the Room, and locked the Door.

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How ought Man to rejoice, that his Chaſtity is always in his own Power, that if he hath ſufficient Strength of Mind, he hath always a competent Strength of Body to defend himſelf, and cannot, like a poor weak Woman, be raviſhed againſt his Will!

Betty was in the moſt violent Agitation at this Diſappointment. Rage and Luſt pulled her Heart, as with two Strings, two different Ways; one Moment ſhe thought of ſtabbing *Joſeph*, the next, of taking him in her Arms, and devouring him with Kiſſes; but the latter Paſſion was far more prevalent. Then ſhe thought of revenging his Refuſal on herſelf: but whilſt ſhe was engaged in this Meditation, happily Death preſented himſelf to her in ſo many Shapes of drowning, hanging, poiſoning, *&c.* that her diſtracted Mind could reſolve on none. In this Perturbation of Spirit, it accidentally occurred to her Memory, that her Maſter's Bed was not made; ſhe therefore went directly to his Room; where he happened at that time to be engaged at his Bureau. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe attempted to retire: but he called her back, and taking her by the Hand ſqueezed her ſo tenderly, at the ſame time whiſpered ſo many ſoft things into her Ears, and then preſſed her ſo cloſely with his Kiſſes, that the vanquiſhed Fair-One, whoſe Paſſions were already raiſed, and which were not ſo whimſically capricious that one Man only could lay them, though perhaps, ſhe would have rather preferred that one: The vanquiſhed Fair-One quietly ſubmitted, I ſay, to her Maſter's Will, who had juſt attained the Accompliſhment of his Bliſs, when Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* unexpectedly entered the Room, and cauſed all that Confuſion which we have before ſeen, and which

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it is not neceſſary at preſent to take any farther Notice of: Since without the Aſſiſtance of a ſingle Hint from us, every Reader of any Speculation, or Experience, though not married himſelf, may eaſily conjecture, that it concluded with the Diſcharge of *Betty*, the Submiſſion of Mr. *Tow-wouſe*, with ſome things to be performed on his ſide by way of Gratitude for his Wife's Goodneſs in being reconciled to him, with many hearty Promiſes never to offend any more in the like manner: and laſtly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his Tranſgreſſions, as a kind of Penance, once or twice a Day, during the Reſidue of his Life.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE

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THE

HISTORY

OF THE

ADVENTURES

OF

Joſeph Andrews, and his Friend Mr. *Abraham Adams*.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of Diviſions in Authors.

THERE are certain Myſteries or Secrets in all Trades from the higheſt to the loweſt, from that of *Prime miniſtring* to this of *Authoring*, which are ſeldom diſcovered, unleſs to Members of the ſame Calling. Among thoſe uſed by us Gentlemen of the latter Occupation, I take this of dividing our Works

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Works into Books and Chapters to be none of the leaſt conſiderable. Now for want of being truly acquainted with this Secret, common Readers imagine, that by this Art of dividing, we mean only to ſwell our Works to a much larger Bulk than they would otherwiſe be extended to. Theſe ſeveral Places therefore in our Paper, which are filled with our Books and Chapters, are underſtood as ſo much Buckram, Stays, and Stay-tape in a Taylor's Bill, ſerving only to make up the Sum Total, commonly found at the Bottom of our firſt Page, and of his laſt.

But in reality the Caſe is otherwiſe, and in this, as well as all other Inſtances, we conſult the Advantage of our Reader, not our own; and indeed many notable Uſes ariſe to him from this Method: for firſt, thoſe little Spaces between our Chapters may be looked upon as an Inn or Reſting-Place, where he may ſtop and take a Glaſs, or any other Refreſhment, as it pleaſes him. Nay, our fine Readers will, perhaps, be ſcarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a Day. As to thoſe vacant Pages which are placed between our Books, they are to be regarded as thoſe Stages, where, in long Journeys, the Traveller ſtays ſome time to repoſe himſelf, and conſider of what he hath ſeen in the Parts he hath already paſt through; a Conſideration which I take the Liberty to recommend a little to the Reader: for however ſwift his Capacity may be, I would not adviſe him to travel through theſe Pages too faſt: for if he doth, he may probably miſs the ſeeing ſome curious Productions of Nature which will be obſerved by the ſlower and more accurate Reader. A Volume without any ſuch Places of Reſt reſembles the Opening of Wilds or Seas, which

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which tires the Eye and fatigues the Spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, what are the Contents prefixed to every Chapter, but ſo many Inſcriptions over the Gates of Inns (to continue the ſame Metaphor) informing the Reader what Entertainment he is to expect, which if he likes not, he may travel on to the next: for in Biography, as we are not tied down to an exact Concatenation equally with other Hiſtorians; ſo a Chapter or two (for Inſtance this I am now writing) may be often paſſed over without any Injury to the Whole. And in theſe Inſcriptions I have been as faithful as poſſible, not imitating the celebrated *Montaigne*, who promiſes you one thing and gives you another; nor ſome Title-Page Authors, who promiſe a great deal, and produce nothing at all.

There are, beſides theſe more obvious Benefits, ſeveral others which our Readers enjoy from this Art of dividing; tho' perhaps moſt of them too myſterious to be preſently underſtood by any who are not initiated into the Science of *Authoring*. To mention therefore but one which is moſt obvious, it prevents ſpoiling the Beauty of a Book by turning down its Leaves, a Method otherwiſe neceſſary to thoſe Readers, who (tho' they read with great Improvement and Advantage) are apt, when they return to their Study, after half an Hour's Abſence, to forget where they left off.

Theſe Diviſions have the Sanction of great Antiquity. *Homer* not only divided his great Work into twenty-four Books, (in Compliment perhaps to the twenty-four Letters to which he had very particular Obligations) but, according to the Opinion of ſome very ſagacious Critics, hawked them all ſeparately, delivering only one Book at a time, (probably

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(probably by Subſcription.) He was the firſt Inventor of the Art which hath ſo long lain dormant, of publiſhing by Numbers; an Art now brought to ſuch Perfection, that even Dictionaries are divided and exhibited piece-meal to the Publick; nay, one Bookſeller hath (*to encourage Learning and eaſe the Public*) contrived to give them a Dictionary in this divided manner, for only fifteen Shillings more than it would have coſt entire.

Virgil hath given us his Poem in twelve Books, an Argument of his Modeſty; for by that doubtleſs he would inſinuate that he pretends to no more than half the Merit of the *Greek*: for the ſame Reaſon, our *Milton* went originally no farther than ten; 'till being puffed up by the Praiſe of his Friends, he put himſelf on the ſame footing with the *Roman* Poet.

I ſhall not however enter ſo deep into this Matter as ſome very learned Criticks have done; who have with infinite Labour and acute Diſcernment diſcovered what Books are proper for Embelliſhment, and what require Simplicity only, particularly with regard to Similies, which I think are now generally agreed to become any Book but the firſt.

I will diſmiſs this Chapter with the following Obſervation: That it becomes an Author generally to divide a Book, as it does a Butcher to joint his Meat, for ſuch Aſſiſtance is of great Help to both the Reader and the Carver. And now having indulged myſelf a little, I will endeavour to indulge the Curioſity of my Reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the ſubſequent Chapters of this Book.

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CHAP. II.

A surprizing Instance of Mr. Adams's *short Memory, with the unfortunate Consequences which is brought on* Joseph.

MR. *Adams* and *Joseph* were now ready to depart different Ways, when an Accident determined the former to return with his Friend, which *Tow-wouse*, *Barnabas*, and the Bookseller had not been able to do. This Accident was, that those Sermons, which the Parson was travelling to *London* to publish, were, O my good Reader, left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the Saddle-bags being no other than three Shirts, a Pair of Shoes, and some other Necessaries, which Mrs. *Adams*, who thought her Husband would want Shirts more than Sermons on his Journey, had carefully provided him.

This Discovery was now luckily owing to the Presence of *Joseph* at the opening the Saddle-Bags; who having heard his Friend say, he carried with him nine Volumes of Sermons, and not being of that Sect of Philosophers, who can reduce all the Matter of the World into a Nutshell, seeing there was no room for them in the Bags, where the Parson had said they were deposited, had the Curiosity to cry out, 'Bless me, 'Sir, where are your Sermons?' The Parson an-'swer'd, 'There, there, Child, there they are, 'under my Shirts.' Now it happened that he had taken forth his last Shirt, and the Vehicle remained visibly empty. 'Sure, Sir,' says *Joseph*, 'there is nothing in the Bags.' Upon which *Adams*

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Adams ſtarting, and teſtifying ſome Surprize cry'd, 'Hey! fie, fie upon it; they are not 'here ſure enough. Ay, they are certainly left 'behind.'

Joſeph was greatly concerned at the Uneaſineſs which he apprehended his Friend muſt feel from this Diſappointment: He begged him to purſue his Journey, and promiſed he would himſelf return with the Books to him, with the utmoſt Expedition. 'No, thank you, Child,' anſwered *Adams*, 'it ſhall not be ſo. What would it avail 'me, to tarry in the Great City, unleſs I had 'my Diſcourſes with me, which are, *ut ita dicam*, the ſole Cauſe, the *Aitia monotate* of my 'Peregrination. No, Child, as this Accident 'hath happened, I am reſolved to return back to 'my Cure, together with you; which indeed my 'Inclination ſufficiently leads me to. This Diſ-'appointment may perhaps be intended for my 'Good. He concluded with a Verſe out of *Theo-'critus*, which ſignifies no more than, *that ſome-'times it rains, and ſometimes the Sun ſhines.*'

Joſeph bowed with Obedience, and Thankfulneſs for the Inclination which the Parſon expreſs'd of returning with him; and now the Bill was called for, which, on Examination, amounted within a Shilling to the Sum Mr. *Adams* had in his Pocket. Perhaps the Reader may wonder how he was able to produce a ſufficient Sum for ſo many Days: that he may not be ſurprized therefore, it cannot be unneceſſary to acquaint him, that he had borrowed a Guinea of a Servant belonging to the Coach and Six, who had been formerly one of his Pariſhioners, and whoſe Maſter, the Owner of the Coach, then lived within three Miles of him: for ſo good was the

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Credit of Mr. *Adams*, that even Mr. *Peter* the Lady *Booby*'s Steward would have lent him a Guinea with very little Security.

Mr. *Adams* diſcharged the Bill, and they were both ſetting out, having agreed *to ride and tie*: a Method of travelling much uſed by Perſons who have but one Horſe between them, and is thus performed. The two Travellers ſet out together, one on horſeback, the other on foot: Now as it generally happens that he on horſeback outgoes him on foot, the Cuſtom is, that when he arrives at the Diſtance agreed on, he is to diſmount, tie the Horſe to ſome Gate, Tree, Poſt, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the Horſe, he unties him, mounts and gallops on, 'till having paſſed by his Fellow-Traveller, he likewiſe arrives at the Place of tying. And this is that Method of Travelling ſo much in uſe among our prudent Anceſtors, who knew that Horſes had Mouths as well as Legs, and that they could not uſe the latter without being at the Expence of ſuffering the Beaſts themſelves to uſe the former. This was the Method in uſe in thoſe Days: when, inſtead of a Coach and Six, a Member of Parliament's Lady uſed to mount a Pillion behind her Huſband; and a grave Serjeant at Law condeſcended to amble to *Weſtminſter* on an eaſy Pad, with his Clerk kicking his Heels behind him.

Adams was now gone ſome Minutes, having inſiſted on *Joſeph*'s beginning the Journey on horſeback, and *Joſeph* had his Foot in the Stirrup, when the Hoſtler preſented him a Bill for the Horſe's Board during his Reſidence at the Inn. *Joſeph* ſaid Mr. *Adams* had paid all; but this Matter being referred to Mr. *Tow-wouſe*, was by him decided

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decided in favour of the Hoſtler, and indeed with Truth and Juſtice: for this was a freſh Inſtance of that Shortneſs of Memory which did not ariſe from want of Parts, but that continual Hurry in which Parſon *Adams* was always involved.

Joſeph was now reduced to a Dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The Sum due for Horſe-meat was twelve Shillings, (for *Adams*, who had borrowed the Beaſt of his Clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him) and the Caſh in his Pocket amounted to Sixpence, (for *Adams* had divided the laſt Shilling with him.) Now, tho' there have been ſome ingenious Perſons who have contrived to pay twelve Shillings with Sixpence, *Joſeph* was not one of them. He had never contracted a Debt in his Life, and was conſequently the leſs ready at an Expedient to extricate himſelf. *Tow-wouſe* was willing to give him Credit 'till next time, to which Mrs. *Tow-wouſe* would probably have conſented (for ſuch was *Joſeph*'s Beauty, that it had made ſome Impreſſion even on that Piece of Flint which that good Woman wore in her Boſom by way of Heart.) *Joſeph* would have found therefore, very likely, the Paſſage free, had he not, when he honeſtly diſcovered the Nakedneſs of his Pockets, pulled out that little Piece of Gold which we have mentioned before. This cauſed Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*'s Eyes to water; ſhe told *Joſeph*, ſhe did not conceive a Man could want Money whilſt he had Gold in his Pocket. *Joſeph* anſwered, he had ſuch a Value for that little Piece of Gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the Riches which the greateſt Eſquire in the County was worth. 'A pretty Way indeed,' ſaid Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*, 'to run in debt, and then refuſe to part with your

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'Money, becauſe you have a Value for it. I 'never knew any Piece of Gold of more Value 'than as many Shillings as it would change for.' 'Not to preſerve my Life from ſtarving, nor to 'redeem it from a Robber, would I part with this 'dear Piece,' anſwered *Joſeph*. 'What (ſays 'Mrs. *Tow-wouſe*) I ſuppoſe it was given you by 'ſome vile Trollop, ſome Miſs or other; if it had 'been the Preſent of a virtuous Woman, you 'would not have had ſuch a Value for it. My 'Huſband is a Fool if he parts with the Horſe 'without being paid for him.' 'No, no, I can't 'part with the Horſe indeed till I have the Mo-'ney,' cry'd *Tow-wouſe*. A Reſolution highly commended by a Lawyer then in the Yard, who declared Mr. *Tow-wouſe* might juſtify the Detainer.

As we cannot therefore at preſent get Mr. *Joſeph* out of the Inn, we ſhall leave him in it, and carry our Reader on after Parſon *Adams*, who, his Mind being perfectly at Eaſe, fell into a Contemplation on a Paſſage in *Æſchylus*, which entertained him for three Miles together, without ſuffering him once to reflect on his Fellow-Traveller.

At length, having ſpun out his Thread, and being now at the Summit of a Hill, he caſt his Eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not ſee any Sign of *Joſeph*. As he left him ready to mount the Horſe, he could not apprehend any Miſchief had happened, neither could he ſuſpect that he miſs'd his Way, it being ſo broad and plain: the only Reaſon which preſented itſelf to him, was, that he had met with an Acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay ſome time in Diſcourſe.

He

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He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken, and soon came to a large Water, which filling the whole Road, he saw no Method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his Middle; but was no sooner got to the other Side than he perceived, if he had looked over the Hedge, he would have found a Foot-Path capable of conducting him without wetting his Shoes.

His Surprize at *Joseph*'s not coming up grew now very troublesome: he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and, if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a House of public Entertainment where he might dry his Clothes and refresh himself with a Pint: but seeing no such, (for no other Reason than because he did not cast his Eyes a hundred Yards forwards) he sat himself down on a Stile, and pulled out his *Æschylus*.

A Fellow passing presently by, *Adams* asked him, if he could direct him to an Alehouse. The Fellow, who had just left it, and perceived the House and Sign to be within sight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a morose Temper, bade him *follow his Nose and be d—n'd*. *Adams* told him he was a *saucy Jackanapes*; upon which the Fellow turned about angrily: but perceiving *Adams* clench his Fist, he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A Horseman following immediately after, and being asked the same Question, answered, Friend, there is one within a Stone's-Throw; I believe you may see it before you. *Adams*, lifting up his Eyes, cry'd, I protest and so there is; and, thanking his Informer, proceeded directly to it.

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CHAP III.

The Opinion of two Lawyers concerning the ſame Gentleman, with Mr. Adams's *Enquiry into the Religion of his Hoſt.*

HE had juſt entered the Houſe, had called for his Pint and ſeated himſelf, when two Horſemen came to the Door, and faſtening their Horſes to the Rails, alighted. They ſaid there was a violent Shower of Rain coming on, which they intended to weather there, and went into a little Room by themſelves, not perceiving Mr. *Adams*.

One of theſe immediately aſked the other, if he had ſeen a more comical Adventure a great while? Upon which the other ſaid, 'he doubted whether by Law, the Landlord could juſtify 'detaining the Horſe for his Corn and Hay.' But the former anſwered, 'undoubtedly he can; it 'is an adjudged Caſe, and I have known it 'tried.'

Adams, who tho' he was, as the Reader may ſuſpect, a little inclined to Forgetfulneſs, never wanted more than a Hint to remind him, overhearing their Diſcourſe, immediately ſuggeſted to himſelf that this was his own Horſe, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which, upon Enquiry, he was certified of by the Gentlemen; who added, that the Horſe was likely to have more Reſt than Food, unleſs he was paid for.

The poor Parſon reſolved to return preſently to the Inn, tho' he knew no more than *Joſeph*, how

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how to procure his Horſe his Liberty: he was however prevailed on to ſtay under Covert, 'till the Shower, which was now very violent, was over.

The three Travellers then ſat down together over a Mug of good Beer; when *Adams*, who had obſerved a Gentleman's Houſe as he paſſed along the Road, enquired to whom it belonged: one of the Horſemen had no ſooner mentioned the Owner's Name, than the other began to revile him in the moſt opprobrious Terms. The *Engliſh* Language ſcarce affords a ſingle reproachful Word, which he did not vent on this Occaſion. He charged him likewiſe with many particular Facts. He ſaid,—'he no more regarded 'a Field of Wheat when he was hunting, than 'he did the High-way; that he had injured ſe-'veral poor Farmers by trampling their Corn 'under his Horſe's Heels; and if any of them 'begged him with the utmoſt Submiſſion to re-'frain, his Horſe-whip was always ready to do 'them Juſtice.' He ſaid, 'that he was the 'greateſt Tyrant to the Neighbours in every o-'ther Inſtance, and would not ſuffer a Farmer 'to keep a Gun, tho' he might juſtify it by 'Law; and in his own Family ſo cruel a Ma-'ſter, that he never kept a Servant a Twelve-'month. In his Capacity as a Juſtice,' continued he, 'he behaves ſo partially, that he com-'mits or acquits juſt as he is in the Humour, 'without any regard to Truth or Evidence: The 'Devil may carry any one before him for me; 'I would rather be tried before ſome Judges 'than be a Proſecutor before him: If I had an 'Eſtate in the Neighbourhood, I would ſell it for 'half the Value, rather than live near him.'

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Adams shook his Head and said, 'he was sorry, 'such Men were suffered to proceed with Impu-'nity, and that Riches could set any Man above 'Law.' The Reviler a little after retiring into the Yard, the Gentleman who had first mentioned his Name to *Adams*, began to assure him, 'that his Companion was a prejudiced Person. 'It is true, says he, perhaps, that he may have 'sometimes pursued his Game over a Field of 'Corn, but he hath always made the Party 'ample Satisfaction; that so far from tyranizing 'over his Neighbours, or taking away their 'Guns, he himself knew several Farmers not 'qualified, who not only kept Guns, but killed 'Game with them. That he was the best of 'Masters to his Servants, and several of them 'had grown old in his Service. That he was 'the best Justice of Peace in the Kingdom, and 'to his certain Knowledge had decided many dif-'ficult Points, which were referred to him, with 'the greatest Equity, and the highest Wisdom. 'And he verily believed, several Persons would 'give a Year's Purchase more for an Estate near 'him, than under the Wings of any other great 'Man.' He had just finished his Encomium, when his Companion returned and acquainted him the Storm was over. Upon which, they presently mounted their Horses and departed.

Adams, who was in the utmost Anxiety at those different Characters of the same Person, asked his Host if he knew the Gentleman: for he began to imagine they had by Mistake been speaking of two several Gentlemen. 'No, no, 'Master!' answered the Host, a shrewd cunning Fellow, 'I know the Gentleman very 'well of whom they have been speaking, as I do the

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'the Gentlemen who ſpoke of him. As for 'riding over other Men's Corn, to my Know-'ledge he hath not been on Horſeback theſe 'two Years. I never heard he did any Injury 'of that kind; and as to making Reparation, he 'is not ſo free of his Money as that comes to 'neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking 'away any Man's Gun; nay, I know ſeveral 'who have Guns in their Houſes: but as for kil-'ling Game with them, no Man is ſtricter; and 'I believed he would ruin any who did. You 'heard one of the Gentlemen ſay, he was the 'worſt Maſter in the World, and the other that 'he is the beſt: but for my own part, I know 'all his Servants, and never heard from any of 'them that he was either one or the other.—' 'Aye! aye! ſays *Adams*, and how doth he behave 'as a Juſtice, pray?' 'Faith, Friend,' anſwered the Hoſt, 'I queſtion whether he is in 'the Commiſſion: the only Cauſe I have heard 'he hath decided a great while, was one between 'thoſe very two Perſons who juſt went out 'of this Houſe; and I am ſure he determined 'that juſtly, for I heard the whole Matter.' 'Which did he decide it in favour of,' quoth *Adams*? 'I think I need not anſwer that Que-'ſtion,' cried the Hoſt, 'after the different 'Characters you have heard of him. It is not 'my Buſineſs to contradict Gentlemen, while 'they are drinking in my Houſe; but I knew 'neither of them ſpoke a Syllable of Truth.' 'God forbid! (ſaid *Adams*) that Men ſhould 'arrive at ſuch a Pitch of Wickedneſs, to belye 'the Character of their Neighbour from a little 'private Affection, or, what is infinitely worſe, 'a private Spite. I rather believe we have mi-

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'ſtaken them, and they mean two other Perſons: 'for there are many Houſes on the Road.' 'Why prithee, Friend, cries the Hoſt, doſt thou 'pretend never to have told a Lye in thy Life?' 'Never a malicious one, I am certain,' anſwered *Adams*; 'nor with a Deſign to injure the 'Reputation of any Man living.' 'Pugh, malicious! no, no,' replied the Hoſt; 'not malicious with a Deſign to hang a Man, or bring 'him into Trouble: but ſurely out of love to 'one's ſelf, one muſt ſpeak better of a Friend 'than an Enemy.' 'Out of love to yourſelf, 'you ſhould confine yourſelf to Truth,' ſays *Adams*, 'for by doing otherwiſe, you injure the 'nobleſt Part of yourſelf, your immortal Soul. 'I can hardly believe any Man ſuch an Idiot to 'riſque the Loſs of that by any trifling Gain, 'and the greateſt Gain in this World is but Dirt 'in compariſon of what ſhall be revealed here-'after.' Upon which the Hoſt taking up the Cup, with a Smile drank a Health to Hereafter: 'adding, he was for ſomething preſent.' 'Why,' ſays *Adams* very gravely, 'Do not you believe 'another World?' To which the Hoſt anſwered, 'yes, he was no Atheiſt.' 'And you believe 'you have an immortal Soul,' cries *Adams*. He anſwered, 'God forbid he ſhould not.' 'And 'Heaven and Hell?' ſaid the Parſon. The Hoſt then bid him 'not to profane: for thoſe were 'things not to be mentioned nor thought of 'but in Church.' *Adams* aſked him, 'why he 'went to Church, if what he learned there had 'no Influence on his Conduct in Life?' 'I go 'to Church,' anſwered the Hoſt, 'to ſay my 'Prayers and behave godly.' 'And doſt not thou,' cry'd *Adams*, 'believe what thou heareſt at 'Church?'

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'Church?' 'Moſt part of it, Maſter,' returned the Hoſt. 'And doſt not thou then tremble,' cries *Adams*, 'at the Thought of eternal Puniſh-'ment?' 'As for that, Maſter,' ſaid he,' 'I never 'once thought about it: but what ſignifies talk-'ing about Matters ſo far off? The Mug is out, 'ſhall I draw another?'

Whilſt he was gone for that purpoſe, a Stage-Coach drove up to the Door. The Coachman coming into the Houſe, was aſked by the Miſtreſs, what Paſſengers he had in his Coach? A Parcel of *Squinny-gut* B—s, (ſays he) I have a good mind to overturn them; you won't prevail upon them to drink any thing I aſſure you. *Adams* aſked him, if he had not ſeen a young Man on horſeback on the Road, (deſcribing *Joſeph.*) Aye, ſaid the Coachman, a Gentlewoman in my Coach that is his Acquaintance redeemed him and his Horſe; he would have been here before this Time, had not the Storm driven him to ſhelter. God bleſs her, ſaid *Adams* in a Rapture; nor could he delay walking out to ſatisfy himſelf who this charitable Woman was; but what was his Surprize, when he ſaw his old Acquaintance, Madam *Slipſlop*? Her's indeed was not ſo great, becauſe ſhe had been informed by *Joſeph*, that he was on the Road. Very civil were the Salutations on both ſides; and Mrs. *Slipſlop* rebuked the Hoſteſs for denying the Gentleman to be there when ſhe aſked for him: but indeed the poor Woman had not erred deſignedly: for Mrs. *Slipſlop* aſked for a Clergyman; and ſhe had unhappily miſtaken *Adams* for a Perſon travelling to a neighbouring Fair with the Thimble and Button, or ſome other ſuch Operation: for he marched in a ſwinging great, but ſhort,

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ſhort, white Coat with black Buttons, a ſhort Wig, and a Hat, which ſo far from having a black Hatband, had nothing black about it.

Joſeph was now come up, and Mrs. *Slipſlop* would have had him quit his Horſe to the Parſon, and come himſelf into the Coach: but he abſolutely refuſed, ſaying he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride, and added, he hoped he knew his Duty better than to ride in a Coach, while Mr. *Adams* was on horſeback.

Mrs. *Slipſlop* would have perſiſted longer, had not a Lady in the Coach put a ſhort End to the Diſpute, by refuſing to ſuffer a Fellow in a Livery to ride in the ſame Coach with herſelf: ſo it was at length agreed that *Adams* ſhould fill the vacant Place in the Coach, and *Joſeph* ſhould proceed on horſeback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs. *Slipſlop*, addreſſing herſelf to the Parſon, ſpoke thus: 'There hath been a ſtrange Alteration in our 'Family, Mr. *Adams*, ſince Sir *Thomas*'s Death.' 'A ſtrange Alteration indeed!' ſays *Adams*, 'as I 'gather from ſome Hints which have dropped 'from *Joſeph*.' 'Aye,' ſays ſhe, 'I could never 'have believed it, but the longer one lives in 'the World, the more one ſees. So *Joſeph* 'hath given you Hints.' — 'But of what Nature, will always remain a perfect Secret with 'me,' cries the Parſon; 'he forced me to promiſe before he would communicate any thing. 'I am indeed concerned to find her Ladyſhip behave in ſo unbecoming a manner. I always 'thought her in the main, a good Lady, and 'ſhould never have ſuſpected her of Thoughts 'ſo unworthy a Chriſtian, and with a young 'Lad

'Lad her own Servant.' 'These things are no 'Secrets to me, I assure you,' cries *Slipslop*; 'and I believe they will be none any where 'shortly: for ever since the Boy's Departure 'she hath behaved more like a mad Woman 'than any thing else.' Truly, I am heartily 'concerned,' says *Adams*, 'for she was a good 'sort of a Lady; indeed I have often wished she 'had attended a little more constantly at the 'Service, but she hath done a great deal of 'Good in the Parish.' 'O Mr. *Adams!*' says *Slipslop*, 'People that don't see all, often know 'nothing. Many things have been given away 'in our Family, I do assure you, without her 'Knowledge. I have heard you say in the Pul-'pit, we ought not to brag: but indeed I can't 'avoid saying, if she had kept the Keys herself, 'the Poor would have wanted many a Cordial 'which I have let them have. As for my late 'Master, he was as worthy a Man as ever lived, 'and would have done infinite Good if he had 'not been controlled: but he loved a quiet Life, 'Heavens rest his Soul! I am confident he is 'there, and enjoys a quiet Life, which some 'Folks would not allow him here.' *Adams* answered, 'he had never heard this before, and 'was mistaken, if she herself,' (for he remembered she used to commend her Mistress and blame her Master) 'had not formerly been of 'another Opinion.' 'I don't know,' replied she 'what I might once think: but now I am '*confidous* Matters are as I tell you: The World 'will shortly see who hath been deceived; for 'my part I say nothing, but that it is *wonder-'some* how some People can carry all things with 'a grave Face.'

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Thus Mr. *Adams* and ſhe diſcourſed: 'till they came oppoſite to a great Houſe which ſtood at ſome Diſtance from the Road; a Lady in the Coach ſpying it, cry'd, Yonder lives the unfortunate *Leonora*, if one can juſtly call a Woman unfortunate whom we muſt own at the ſame time guilty, and the Author of her own Calamity. This was abundantly ſufficient to awaken the Curioſity of Mr. *Adams*, as indeed it did that of the whole Company, who jointly ſolicited the Lady to acquaint them with *Leonora*'s Hiſtory, ſince it ſeemed, by what ſhe had ſaid, to contain ſomething remarkable.

The Lady, who was perfectly well bred, did not require many Entreaties, and having only wiſhed their Entertainment might make amends for the Company's Attention, ſhe began in the following manner.

CHAP. IV.

The Hiſtory of Leonora, *or the Unfortunate Jilt.*

Leonora was the Daughter of a Gentleman of Fortune; ſhe was tall and well-ſhaped, with a Sprightlineſs in her Countenance, which often attracts beyond more regular Features joined with an inſipid Air; nor is this kind of Beauty leſs apt to deceive than allure; the Good Humour which it indicates, being often miſtaken for Good-Nature, and the Vivacity for true Underſtanding.

Leonora,

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Leonora, who was now at the Age of eighteen, lived with an Aunt of her's in a Town in the North of *England*. She was an extreme Lover of Gaiety, and very rarely miſſed a Ball, or any other public Aſſembly; where ſhe had frequent Opportunities of ſatisfying a greedy Appetite of Vanity with the Preference which was given her by the Men to almoſt every other Woman preſent.

Among many young Fellows who were particular in their Gallantries towards her, *Horatio* ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf in her Eyes beyond all his Competitors; ſhe danced with more than ordinary Gaiety, when he happened to be her Partner; neither the Fairneſs of the Evening, nor the Muſick of the Nightingale, could lengthen her Walk like his Company. She affected no longer to underſtand the Civilities of others: whilſt ſhe inclined ſo attentive an Ear to every Compliment of *Horatio*, that ſhe often ſmiled even when it was too delicate for her Comprehenſion.

'Pray, Madam,' ſays *Adams*, 'who was this 'Squire *Horatio*?'

Horatio, ſays the Lady, was a young Gentleman of a good Family, bred to the Law, and had been ſome few Years called to the Degree of a Barriſter. His Face and Perſon were ſuch as the Generality allowed handſome: but he had a Dignity in his Air very rarely to be ſeen. His Temper was of the ſaturnine Complexion, but without the leaſt Taint of Moroſeneſs. He had Wit and Humour, with an Inclination to Satire, which he indulged rather too much.

This Gentleman, who had contracted the moſt violent Paſſion for *Leonora*, was the laſt Perſon who

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who perceived the Probability of its Succeſs. The whole Town had made the Match for him, before he himſelf had drawn a Confidence from her Actions ſufficient to mention his Paſſion to her; for it was his Opinion, (and perhaps he was there in the right) that it is highly impolitick to talk ſeriouſly of Love to a Woman before you have made ſuch a Progreſs in her Affections, that ſhe herſelf expects and deſires to hear it.

But whatever Diffidence the Fears of a Lover may create, which are apt to magnify every Favour conferred on a Rival, and to ſee the little Advances towards themſelves through the other End of the Perſpective; it was impoſſible that *Horatio*'s Paſſion ſhould ſo blind his Diſcernment, as to prevent his conceiving Hopes from the Behaviour of *Leonora*; whoſe Fondneſs for him was now as viſible to an indifferent Perſon in their Company, as his for her.

'I never knew any of theſe forward Sluts come 'to good,' (ſays the Lady, who refuſed *Joſeph*'s Entrance into the Coach) 'nor ſhall I wonder 'at any thing ſhe doth in the Sequel.'

The Lady proceeded in her Story thus: It was in the Midſt of a gay Converſation in the Walks one Evening, when *Horatio* whiſpered *Leonora*, that he was deſirous to take a Turn or two with her in private; for that he had ſomething to communicate to her of great Conſequence. 'Are you ſure it is of Conſequence?' ſaid ſhe ſmiling,—'I hope, anſwered he, you 'will think ſo too, ſince the whole future Happineſs of my Life muſt depend on the Event.'

Leonora, who very much ſuſpected what was coming, would have deferred it till another Time: but *Horatio*, who had more than half con-

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conquered the Difficulty of ſpeaking, by the firſt Motion, was ſo very importunate, that ſhe at laſt yielded, and leaving the reſt of the Company, they turned aſide into an unfrequented Walk.

They had retired far out of the Sight of the Company, both maintaining a ſtrict Silence. At laſt *Horatio* made a full Stop, and taking *Leonora*, who ſtood pale and trembling, gently by the Hand, he fetched a deep Sigh, and then looking on her Eyes with all the Tenderneſs imaginable, he cried out in a faltering Accent; 'O *Leonora!* is it neceſſary for me to declare to 'you on what the future Happineſs of my Life 'muſt be founded! Muſt I ſay, there is ſome-'thing belonging to you which is a Bar to my 'Happineſs, and which unleſs you will part with, 'I muſt be miſerable?' 'What can that be,' replied *Leonora?*—'No wonder,' ſaid he, 'you 'are ſurprized that I ſhould make an Objection 'to any thing which is yours, yet ſure you may 'gueſs, ſince it is the only one which the Riches 'of the World, if they were mine, ſhould pur-'chaſe of me.—O it is that which you muſt part 'with, to beſtow all the reſt! Can *Leonora*, or 'rather will ſhe, doubt longer?—Let me then 'whiſper it in her Ears,—It is your Name, Ma-'dam. It is by parting with that, by your Con-'deſcenſion to be for ever mine, which muſt at 'once prevent me from being the moſt miſerable, 'and will render me the happieſt of Mankind.'

Leonora, covered with Bluſhes, and with as angry a Look as ſhe could poſſibly put on, told him, 'that had ſhe ſuſpected what his Declara-'tion would have been, he ſhould not have de-'coyed her from her Company; that he had ſo 'ſurprized and frighted her, that ſhe begged him

'to

'to convey her back as quick as poſſible;' which he, trembling very near as much as herſelf, did.

'More Fool he, cried *Slipſlop*, it is a Sign he 'knew very little of our *Sect*.' 'Truly, Ma-'dam,' ſaid *Adams*, 'I think you are in the right, 'I ſhould have inſiſted to know a piece of her 'Mind, when I had carried matters ſo far.' But Mrs. *Grave-airs* deſired the Lady to omit all ſuch fulſome Stuff in her Story; for that it made her ſick.

Well then, Madam, to be as conciſe as poſſible, ſaid the Lady, many Weeks had not paſs'd after this Interview, before *Horatio* and *Leonora* were what they call on a good footing together. All Ceremonies except the laſt were now over; the Writings were now drawn, and every thing was in the utmoſt forwardneſs preparative to the putting *Horatio* in poſſeſſion of all his Wiſhes. I will, if you pleaſe, repeat you a Letter from each of them which I have got by heart, and which will give you no ſmall Idea of their Paſſion on both ſides.

Mrs. *Grave-airs* objected to hearing theſe Letters: but being put to the Vote, it was carried againſt her by all the reſt in the Coach; Parſon *Adams* contending for it with the utmoſt Vehemence.

Horatio *to* Leonora.

How vain, moſt adorable Creature, is the Purſuit of Pleaſure in the Abſence of an Object to which the Mind is entirely devoted, unleſs it have ſome Relation to that Object! I was laſt Night condemned to the Society of Men of Wit and Learning, which, however agreeable it might have formerly

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formerly been to me, now only gave me a Suſpicion that they imputed my Abſence in Converſation to the true Cauſe. For which Reaſon, when your Engagements forbid me the extatic Happineſs of ſeeing you, I am always deſirous to be alone; ſince my Sentiments for Leonora *are ſo delicate, that I cannot bear the Apprehenſion of another's prying into thoſe delightful Endearments with which the warm Imagination of a Lover will ſometimes indulge him, and which I ſuſpect my Eyes then betray. To fear this Diſcovery of our Thoughts, may perhaps appear too ridiculous a Nicety to Minds not ſuſceptible of all the Tenderneſſes of this delicate Paſſion. And ſurely we ſhall ſuſpect there are few ſuch, when we conſider that it requires every human Virtue, to exert itſelf in its full Extent. Since the Beloved, whoſe Happineſs it ultimately reſpects, may give us charming Opportunities of being brave in her Defence, generous to her Wants, compaſſionate to her Afflictions, grateful to her Kindneſs; and, in the ſame manner, of exerciſing every other Virtue, which he who would not do to any Degree, and that with the utmoſt Rapture, can never deſerve the Name of a Lover: It is therefore with a View to the delicate Modeſty of your Mind that I cultivate it ſo purely in my own; and it is that which will ſufficiently ſuggeſt to you the Uneaſineſs I bear from thoſe Liberties, which Men to whom the World allow Politeneſs, will ſometimes give themſelves on theſe Occaſions.*

Can I tell you with what Eagerneſs I expect the Arrival of that bleſt Day, when I ſhall experience the Falſhood of a common Aſſertion, that the greateſt human Happineſs conſiſts in Hope? A Doctrine which no Perſon had ever ſtronger Reaſon to believe than myſelf at preſent, ſince none ever taſted ſuch

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ſuch Bliſs as fires my Boſom with the Thoughts of ſpending my future Days with ſuch a Companion, and that every Action of my Life will have the glorious Satisfaction of conducing to your Happineſs.

* Leonora *to* Horatio.

THE Refinement of your Mind has been ſo evidently proved by every Word and Action ever ſince I had firſt the Pleaſure of knowing you, that I thought it impoſſible my good Opinion of Horatio *could have been heightened to any additional Proof of Merit. This very Thought was my Amuſement when I received your laſt Letter, which, when I opened, I confeſs I was ſurprized to find the delicate Sentiments expreſſed there, ſo far exceeded what I thought could come even from you, (altho' I know all the generous Principles human Nature is capable of, are centered in your Breaſt) that Words cannot paint what I feel on the Reflection, that my Happineſs ſhall be the ultimate End of all your Actions.*

Oh Horatio! *what a Life muſt that be, where the meaneſt domeſtic Cares are ſweetened by the pleaſing Conſideration, that the Man on Earth who beſt deſerves, and to whom you are moſt inclined to give your Affections, is to reap either Profit or Pleaſure from all you do! In ſuch a Caſe, Toils muſt be turned into Diverſions, and nothing but the unavoidable Inconveniencies of Life can make us remember that we are mortal.*

* This Letter was written by a young Lady on reading the former.

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If the ſolitary Turn of your Thoughts, and the Deſire of keeping them undiſcovered, makes even the Converſation of Men of Wit and Learning tedious to you, what anxious Hours muſt I ſpend who am condemned by Cuſtom to the Converſation of Women, whoſe natural Curioſity leads them to pry into all my Thoughts, and whoſe Envy can never ſuffer Horatio's *Heart to be poſſeſſed by any one without forcing them into malicious Deſigns againſt the Perſon who is ſo happy as to poſſeſs it: but indeed, if ever Envy can poſſibly have any Excuſe, or even Alleviation, it is in this Caſe, where the Good is ſo great, and it muſt be equally natural to all to wiſh it for themſelves, nor am I aſhamed to own it: and to your Merit,* Horatio, *I am obliged, that prevents my being in that moſt uneaſy of all the Situations I can figure in my Imagination, of being led by Inclination to love the Perſon whom my own Judgment forces me to condemn.*

Matters were in ſo great forwardneſs between this fond Couple, that the Day was fixed for their Marriage, and was now within a Fortnight, when the Seſſions chanced to be held for that County in a Town about twenty Miles Diſtance from that which is the Scene of our Story. It ſeems it is uſual for the young Gentlemen of the Bar to repair to theſe Seſſions, not ſo much for the ſake of Profit, as to ſhew their Parts, and learn the Law of the Juſtices of Peace: for which Purpoſe one of the wiſeſt and graveſt of all the Juſtices is appointed Speaker or Chairman, as they modeſtly call it, and he reads them a Lecture, and inſtructs them in the true Knowledge of the Law.

'You are here guilty of a little Miſtake, ſays 'Adams, which if you pleaſe I will correct; I 'have

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'have attended at one of these Quarter-Sessions, 'where I observed the Counsel taught the Justices, 'instead of learning any thing of them.'

It is not very material, said the Lady. Hither repaired *Horatio*, who as he hoped by his Profession to advance his Fortune, which was not at present very large, for the sake of his dear *Leonora*, he resolved to spare no Pains, nor lose any Opportunity of improving or advancing himself in it.

The same Afternoon in which he left the Town, as *Leonora* stood at her Window, a Coach and Six passed by: which she declared to be the completest, genteelest, prettiest Equipage she ever saw; adding these remarkable Words, *O I am in love with that Equipage!* which, tho' her Friend *Florella* at that time did not greatly regard, she hath since remembered.

In the Evening an Assembly was held, which *Leonora* honoured with her Company: but intended to pay her dear *Horatio* the Compliment of refusing to dance in his Absence.

O why have not Women as good Resolution to maintain their Vows, as they have often good Inclinations in making them!

The Gentleman who owned the Coach and Six came to the Assembly. His Clothes were as remarkably fine as his Equipage could be. He soon attracted the Eyes of the Company; all the Smarts, all the Silk Waistcoats with Silver and Gold Edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

Madam, said *Adams*, if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this Gentleman was drest.

Sir, answered the Lady, I have been told he had on a Cut-Velvet Coat of a Cinnamon Colour,

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lined with a Pink Satten, embroidered all over with Gold; his Waiſtcoat, which was Cloth of Silver, was embroidered with Gold likewiſe. I cannot be particular as to the reſt of his Dreſs: but it was all in the *French* Faſhion; for *Bellarmine* (that was his Name) was juſt arrived from *Paris*.

This fine Figure did not more entirely engage the Eyes of every Lady in the Aſſembly, than *Leonora* did his. He had ſcarce beheld her, but he ſtood motionleſs and fixed as a Statue, or at leaſt would have done ſo, if Good-Breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it ſo far, before he had Power to correct himſelf, that every Perſon in the Room eaſily diſcovered where his Admiration was ſettled. The other Ladies began to ſingle out their former Partners, all perceiving who would be *Bellarmine*'s Choice; which they however endeavoured, by all poſſible means, to prevent: Many of them ſaying to *Leonora*, 'O 'Madam, I ſuppoſe we ſhan't have the Pleaſure 'of ſeeing you dance To-Night;' and then cry-'ing out in *Bellarmine*'s Hearing, 'O *Leonora* 'will not dance, I aſſure you; her Partner is not 'here.' One maliciouſly attempted to prevent her, by ſending a diſagreeable Fellow to aſk her, that ſo ſhe might be obliged either to dance with him, or ſit down: but this Scheme proved abortive.

Leonora ſaw herſelf admired by the fine Stranger, and envied by every Woman preſent. Her little Heart began to flutter within her, and her Head was agitated with a convulſive Motion; ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe would ſpeak to ſeveral of her Acquaintance, but had nothing to ſay: for as ſhe would not mention her preſent Triumph; ſo

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ſhe could not diſengage her Thoughts one Moment from the Contemplation of it: She had never taſted any thing like this Happineſs. She had before known what it was to torment a ſingle Woman; but to be hated and ſecretly curſed by a whole Aſſembly, was a Joy reſerved for this bleſſed Moment. As this vaſt Profuſion of Ecſtacy had confounded her Underſtanding; ſo there was nothing ſo fooliſh as her Behaviour; ſhe played a thouſand childiſh Tricks, diſtorted her Perſon into ſeveral Shapes, and her Face into ſeveral Laughs, without any Reaſon. In a Word, her Carriage was as abſurd as her Deſires, which were, to affect an Inſenſibility of the Stranger's Admiration, and at the ſame time a Triumph, from that Admiration, over every Woman in the Room.

In this Temper of Mind, *Bellarmine*, having enquired who ſhe was, advanced to her, and with a low Bow, begged the Honour of dancing with her, which ſhe with as low a Curt'ſy immediately granted. She danced with him all Night, and enjoyed perhaps the higheſt Pleaſure, that ſhe was capable of feeling.

At theſe Words, *Adams* fetched a deep Groan, which frighted the Ladies, who told him, 'they 'hoped he was not ill.' He anſwered, 'he 'groaned only for the Folly of *Leonora*.'

Leonora retired (continued the Lady) about ſix in the Morning, but not to Reſt. She tumbled and toſſed in her Bed, with very ſhort Intervals of Sleep, and thoſe entirely filled with Dreams of the Equipage, and fine Clothes ſhe had ſeen, and the Balls, Operas and Ridottos, which had been the Subject of their Converſation.

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In the Afternoon *Bellarmine*, in the dear Coach and Six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her Perſon, and was, on Enquiry, ſo well pleaſed with the Circumſtances of her Father, (for he himſelf, notwithſtanding all his Finery, was not quite ſo rich as a *Cræſus* or an *Attălus*.) 'Attălus, ſays Mr. *Adams:* but pray 'how came you acquainted with theſe Names?' The Lady ſmiled at the Queſtion, and proceeded—He was ſo pleaſed, I ſay, that he reſolved to make his Addreſſes to her directly. He did ſo accordingly, and that with ſo much Warmth and Briſkneſs, that he quickly baffled her weak Repulſes, and obliged the Lady to refer him to her Father, who, ſhe knew, would quickly declare in favour of a Coach and Six.

Thus, what *Horatio* had by Sighs and Tears, Love and Tenderneſs, been ſo long obtaining, the *French-Engliſh Bellarmine* with Gaiety and Gallantry poſſeſſed himſelf of in an inſtant. In other Words, what Modeſty had employed a full Year in raiſing, Impudence demoliſhed in twenty-four Hours.

Here *Adams* groaned a ſecond time; but the Ladies, who began to ſmoke him, took no Notice.

From the Opening of the Aſſembly till the End of *Bellarmine*'s Viſit, *Leonora* had ſcarce once thought of *Horatio:* but he now began, tho' an unwelcome Gueſt, to enter into her Mind. She wiſhed ſhe had ſeen the charming *Bellarmine* and his charming Equipage, before Matters had gone ſo far. 'Yet why (ſays ſhe) ſhould I 'wiſh to have ſeen him before; or what ſignifies it that I have ſeen him now? Is not '*Horatio* my Lover? almoſt my Huſband? Is

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'he not as handſome, nay handſomer, than *Bellarmine*? Aye, but *Bellarmine* is the genteeler and the finer Man; yes, that he muſt be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I no longer ago than Yeſterday love *Horatio* more than all the World? aye, but Yeſterday I had not ſeen *Bellarmine*. But doth not *Horatio* doat on me, and may he not in deſpair break his Heart if I abandon him? Well, and hath not *Bellarmine* a Heart to break too? Yes, but I promiſed *Horatio* firſt; but that was poor *Bellarmine*'s Misfortune; if I had ſeen him firſt, I ſhould certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear Creature prefer me to every Woman in the Aſſembly, when every She was laying out for him? When was it in *Horatio*'s Power to give me ſuch an Inſtance of Affection? Can he give me an Equipage, or any of thoſe Things which *Bellarmine* will make me Miſtreſs of? How vaſt is the Difference between being the Wife of a poor Counſellor, and the Wife of one of *Bellarmine*'s Fortune! If I marry *Horatio*, I ſhall triumph over no more than one Rival: but by marrying *Bellarmine*, I ſhall be the Envy of all my Acquaintance. What Happineſs!—But can I ſuffer *Horatio* to die? for he hath ſworn he cannot ſurvive my Loſs: but perhaps he may not die; if he ſhould, can I prevent it? Muſt I ſacrifice myſelf to him? beſides, *Bellarmine* may be as miſerable for me too.' She was thus arguing with herſelf, when ſome young Ladies called her to the Walks, and a little relieved her Anxiety for the preſent.

The next Morning *Bellarmine* breakfaſted with her in Preſence of her Aunt, whom he ſufficiently

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ently informed of his Paſſion for *Leonora*; he was no ſooner withdrawn, than the old Lady began to adviſe her Niece on this Occaſion—'You ſee, 'Child (ſays ſhe) what Fortune hath thrown in 'your Way; and I hope you will not withſtand 'your own Preferment.' *Leonora* ſighing 'beg-'ged her not to mention any ſuch Thing, when 'ſhe knew her Engagements to *Horatio*.' 'En-'gagements to a Fig, cry'd the Aunt; you ſhould 'thank Heaven on your Knees, that you have it 'yet in your Power to break them. Will any 'Woman heſitate a Moment, whether ſhe ſhall 'ride in a Coach, or walk on Foot all the Days 'of her Life?—But *Bellarmine* drives Six, and '*Horatio* not even a Pair.' 'Yes, but, Madam, 'What will the World ſay?' anſwered *Leonora*; 'will not they condemn me?' 'The World is 'always on the ſide of Prudence, cries the 'Aunt, and would ſurely condemn you, if you ſa-'crificed your Intereſt to any Motive whatever. 'O, I know the World very well; and you 'ſhew your own Ignorance, my Dear, by your 'Objection. O' my Conſcience! the World is 'wiſer. I have lived longer in it than you; and 'I aſſure you there is not any thing worth our 'Regard beſides Money: nor did I ever know 'one Perſon who married from other Conſide-'rations, who did not afterwards heartily repent 'it. Beſides, if we examine the two Men, can 'you prefer a ſneaking Fellow, who hath been 'bred at a Univerſity, to a fine Gentleman juſt 'come from his Travels?—All the World muſt 'allow *Bellarmine* to be a fine Gentleman, po-'ſitively a fine Gentleman, and a handſome 'Man.—' 'Perhaps, Madam, I ſhould not 'doubt, if I knew how to be handſomely off with

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'the other.' 'O leave that to me,' ſays the Aunt. 'You know your Father hath not been 'acquainted with the Affair. Indeed, for my 'Part, I thought it might do well enough, not 'dreaming of ſuch an Offer: but I'll diſengage 'you; leave me to give the Fellow an Anſwer. I 'warrant you ſhall have no farther Trouble.'

Leonora was at length ſatisfied with her Aunt's Reaſoning; and, *Bellarmine* ſupping with her that Evening, it was agreed he ſhould the next Morning go to her Father and propoſe the Match, which ſhe conſented ſhould be conſummated at his Return.

The Aunt retired ſoon after Supper; and the Lovers being left together, *Bellarmine* began in the following manner: 'Yes, Madam, this 'Coat I aſſure you was made at *Paris*, and I 'defy the beſt *Engliſh* Taylor even to imitate it. 'There is not one of them can cut, Madam, 'they can't cut. If you obſerve how this Skirt 'is turned, and this Sleeve, a clumſy *Engliſh* 'Raſcal can do nothing like it.—Pray how do 'you like my Liveries?' *Leonora* anſwered, ſhe 'thought them very pretty.' 'All *French*, ſays 'he, I aſſure you, except the Great Coats; I 'never truſt any thing more than a Great Coat 'to an *Engliſhman*; you know one muſt en-'courage our own People what one can, eſpecial-'ly as, before I had a Place, I was in the Coun-'try Intereſt, he, he, he! but for myſelf, I 'would ſee the dirty Iſland at the Bottom of the 'Sea, rather than wear a ſingle Rag of *Engliſh* 'Work about me; and I am ſure after you have 'made one Tour to *Paris*, you will be of the 'ſame Opinion with regard to your own Clothes. 'You can't conceive what an Addition a *French*

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'Dreſs would be to your Beauty; I poſitively 'aſſure you, at the firſt Opera I ſaw ſince I came 'over, I miſtook the *Engliſh* Ladies for Cham-'ber-maids, he, he, he!'

With ſuch ſort of polite Diſcourſe did the gay *Bellarmine* entertain his beloved *Leonora*, when the Door opened on a ſudden, and *Horatio* entered the Room. Here 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Surprize of *Leonora*.

'Poor Woman,' ſays Mrs. *Slipſlop*, 'what a 'terrible *Quandary* ſhe muſt be in!' 'Not at 'all,' ſays Miſs *Grave-Airs*, 'ſuch Sluts can ne-'ver be confounded.' 'She muſt have then 'more than *Corinthian* Aſſurance,' ſaid *Adams*; 'aye more than *Lais* herſelf.'

A long Silence, continued the Lady, prevailed in the whole Company: If the familiar Entrance of *Horatio* ſtruck the greateſt Aſtoniſhment into *Bellarmine*, the unexpected Preſence of *Bellarmine* no leſs ſurprized *Horatio*. At length *Leonora* collecting all the Spirits ſhe was Miſtreſs of, addreſſed herſelf to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the Reaſon of ſo late a Viſit. 'I 'ſhould, indeed,' anſwered he, 'have made ſome 'Apology for diſturbing you at this Hour, had 'not my finding you in Company aſſured me I 'do not break in on your Repoſe. *Bellarmine* roſe from his Chair, traverſed the Room in a Minuet Step, and humm'd an Opera Tune, while *Horatio* advancing to *Leonora* aſk'd her in a Whiſper, if that Gentleman was not a Relation of hers; to which ſhe anſwered with a Smile, or rather Sneer, 'No, he is no Rela-'tion of mine yet;' adding, 'ſhe could not 'gueſs the Meaning of his Queſtion.' *Horatio* told her ſoftly, 'it did not ariſe from Jealouſy.'

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'Jealouſy!' cries ſhe, 'I aſſure you;—it would 'be very ſtrange in a common Acquaintance to 'give himſelf any of thoſe Airs.' Theſe Words a little ſurprized *Horatio*; but before he had time to anſwer, *Bellarmine* danced up to the Lady, and told her, 'he feared he interrupted ſome Bu-'ſineſs between her and the Gentleman.' 'I 'can have no Buſineſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'with the Gen-'tleman, nor any other, which need be any Se-'cret to you.'

'You'll pardon me,' ſaid *Horatio*, 'if I deſire 'to know who this Gentleman is, who is to be 'intruſted with all our Secrets.' 'You'll know 'ſoon enough,' cries *Leonora*; 'but I can't gueſs 'what Secrets can ever paſs between us of ſuch 'mighty Conſequence.' 'No Madam!' cries *Horatio*, 'I'm ſure you would not have me un-'derſtand you in earneſt.' ''Tis indifferent to 'me,' ſays ſhe, 'how you underſtand me; but I 'think ſo unſeaſonable a Viſit is difficult to be 'underſtood at all, at leaſt when People find one 'engaged; tho' one's Servants do not deny one, 'one may expect a well-bred Perſon ſhould ſoon 'take the Hint.' 'Madam,' ſaid *Horatio*, 'I did 'not imagine any Engagement with a Stranger, 'as it ſeems this Gentleman is, would have made 'my Viſit impertinent, or that any ſuch Cere-'monies were to be preſerved between Perſons 'in our Situation.' 'Sure you are in a Dream,' ſays ſhe, 'or would perſuade me that I am in 'one. I know no Pretenſions a common Ac-'quaintance can have to lay aſide the Ceremo-'nies of Good-Breeding.' 'Sure,' ſaid he, 'I 'am in a Dream; for it is impoſſible I ſhould 'be really eſteemed a common Acquaintance by '*Leonora*, after what has paſſed between us!'

'Paſſed

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'Paſſed between us! Do you intend to affront 'me before this Gentleman?' D—n me, af- 'front the Lady,' ſays *Bellarmine* cocking his Hat and ſtrutting up to *Horatio*, 'does any 'Man dare affront this Lady before me, d—n 'me?' 'Hearkee, Sir,' ſays *Horatio*, 'I would 'adviſe you to lay aſide that fierce Air; for I 'am mightily deceived, if this Lady has not a 'violent Deſire to get your Worſhip a good Drub- 'bing.' 'Sir,' ſaid *Bellarmine*, 'I have the Ho- 'nour to be her Protector, and d—n me, if I 'underſtand your Meaning.' 'Sir,' anſwered *Horatio*, 'ſhe is rather your Protectreſs: but give 'yourſelf no more Airs, for you ſee I am pre- 'pared for you,' (ſhaking his Whip at him) 'Oh! *Serviteur tres humble*,' ſays *Bellarmine*, '*Je vous entend parfaitment bien*.' At which time the Aunt, who had heard of *Horatio*'s Viſit, entered the Room, and ſoon ſatisfied all his Doubts. She convinced him that he was never more awake in his Life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three Days Abſence, than a ſmall Alteration in the Affections of *Leonora*; who now burſt into Tears, and wondered what Reaſon ſhe had given him to uſe her in ſo barbarous a manner. *Horatio* deſired *Bellarmine* to withdraw with him: but the Ladies prevented it, by laying violent Hands on the latter; upon which, the former took his Leave without any great Ceremony, and departed, leaving the Lady with his Rival to conſult for his Safety, which *Leonora* feared her Indiſcretion might have endangered: but the Aunt comforted her with Aſſurances, that *Horatio* would not venture his Perſon againſt ſo accompliſhed a Cavalier as *Bellarmine*, and that being a

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Lawyer, he would ſeek Revenge in his own Way, and the moſt they had to apprehend from him was an Action.

They at length therefore agreed to permit *Bellarmine* to retire to his Lodgings, having firſt ſettled all Matters relating to the Journey which he was to undertake in the Morning, and their Preparations for the Nuptials at his Return.

But alas! as wiſe Men have obſerved, the Seat of Valour is not the Countenance; and many a grave and plain Man, will, on a juſt Provocation, betake himſelf to that miſchievous Metal, cold Iron; while Men of a fiercer Brow, and ſometimes with that Emblem of Courage, a Cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was waked in the Morning, from a Viſionary Coach and Six, with the diſmal Account, that *Bellarmine* was run through the Body by *Horatio*; that he lay languiſhing at an Inn, and the Surgeons had declared the Wound mortal. She immediately leap'd out of the Bed, danced about the Room in a frantic manner, tore her Hair and beat her Breaſt in all the Agonies of Deſpair; in which ſad Condition her Aunt, who likewiſe aroſe at the News, found her. The good old Lady applied her utmoſt Art to comfort her Niece. She told her, 'while there was Life, 'there was Hope: but that if he ſhould die, 'her Affliction would be of no Service to *Bel-* 'larmine, and would only expoſe herſelf, which 'might probably keep her ſome time without 'any future Offer; that as Matters had happen-'ed, her wiſeſt Way would be to think no more 'of *Bellarmine*, but to endeavour to regain the 'Affections of *Horatio*.' 'Speak not to me,' cry'd the diſconſolate *Leonora*; 'is it not owing to

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'me, that poor *Bellarmine* has loſt his Life? 'have not theſe curſed Charms' (at which Words ſhe looked ſtedfaſtly in the Glaſs) 'been the 'Ruin of the moſt charming Man of this Age? 'Can I ever bear to contemplate my own Face 'again?' (with her Eyes ſtill fixed on the Glaſs) 'Am I not the Murdereſs of the fineſt Gentle-'man? No other Woman in the Town could 'have made any Impreſſion on him.' 'Never think 'of Things paſt,' cries the Aunt, 'think of re-'gaining the Affections of *Horatio*.' 'What Rea-'ſon,' ſaid the Niece, 'have I to hope he 'would forgive me? No, I have loſt him as 'well as the other, and it was your wicked Ad-'vice which was the Occaſion of all; you ſe-'duced me, contrary to my Inclinations, to 'abandon poor *Horatio*,' at which Words ſhe burſt into Tears; 'you prevailed upon me, whe-'ther I would or no, to give up my Affections 'for him; had it not been for you, *Bellarmine* 'never would have entered into my Thoughts; 'had not his Addreſſes been backed by your Per-'ſuaſions, they never would have made any Im-'preſſion on me; I ſhould have defied all the 'Fortune and Equipage in the World; but it 'was you, it was you, who got the better of 'my Youth and Simplicity, and forced me to 'loſe my dear *Horatio* for ever.'

The Aunt was almoſt borne down with this Torrent of Words; ſhe however rallied all the Strength ſhe could, and drawing her Mouth up in a Purſe, began: 'I am not ſurprized, Niece, 'at this Ingratitude. Thoſe who adviſe young 'Women for their Intereſt, muſt always expect 'ſuch a Return: I am convinced my Brother 'will thank me for breaking off your Matc

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'with *Horatio* at any Rate.' 'That may not be 'in your Power yet,' answered *Leonora*;' tho' 'it is very ungrateful in you to desire or attempt 'it, after the Presents you have received from 'him.' (For indeed true it is, that many Presents, and some pretty valuable ones, had passed from *Horatio* to the old Lady: but as true it is, that *Bellarmine* when he breakfasted with her and her Niece, had complimented her with a Brilliant from his Finger, of much greater Value than all she had touched of the other.)

The Aunt's Gall was on float to reply, when a Servant brought a Letter into the Room; which *Leonora*, hearing it came from *Bellarmine*, with great Eagerness opened, and read as follows:

Most Divine Creature,

THE Wound which I fear you have heard I received from my Rival, is not like to be so fatal as those shot into my Heart, which have been fired from your Eyes, tout-brilliant. *Those are the only Cannons by which I am to fall: for my Surgeon gives me Hopes of being soon able to attend your* Ruelle; *till when, unless you would do me an Honour which I have scarce the* Hardiesse *to think of, your Absence will be the greatest Anguish which can be felt by,*

MADAM,

Avec toute le respecte in the World,

Your most obedient, most absolute

Devoté,

BELLARMINE.

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As soon as *Leonora* perceived such Hopes of *Bellarmine*'s Recovery, and that the Gossip *Fame* had, according to Custom, so enlarged his Danger, she presently abandoned all further Thoughts of *Horatio*, and was soon reconciled to her Aunt, who received her again into Favour, with a more Christian Forgiveness than we generally meet with. Indeed it is possible she might be a little alarmed at the Hints which her Niece had given her concerning the Presents. She might apprehend such Rumours, should they get abroad, might injure a Reputation, which by frequenting Church twice a Day, and preserving the utmost Rigour and Strictness in her Countenance and Behaviour for many Years, she had established.

Leonora's Passion returned now for *Bellarmine* with greater Force after its small Relaxation than ever. She proposed to her Aunt to make him a Visit in his Confinement, which the old Lady, with great and commendable Prudence, advised her to decline: 'For,' says she, 'should any Accident intervene to prevent your intended Match, 'too forward a Behaviour with this Lover may 'injure you in the Eyes of others. Every Woman, till she is married, ought to consider of 'and provide against the Possibility of the Affair's breaking off.' *Leonora* said, 'she should 'be indifferent to whatever might happen in such 'a Case: for she had now so absolutely placed 'her Affections on this dear Man,' (so she called him) 'that, if it was her Misfortune to lose 'him, she should for ever abandon all Thoughts 'of Mankind.' She therefore resolved to visit him, notwithstanding all the prudent Advice of her Aunt to the contrary, and that very Afternoon executed her Resolution.

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The Lady was proceeding in her Story, when the Coach drove into the Inn where the Company were to dine, ſorely to the Diſſatisfaction of Mr. *Adams*, whoſe Ears were the moſt hungry Part about him; he being, as the Reader may perhaps gueſs, of an inſatiable Curioſity, and heartily deſirous of hearing the End of this Amour, tho' he profeſſed he could ſcarce wiſh Succeſs to a Lady of ſo inconſtant a Diſpoſition.

CHAP. V.

A dreadful Quarrel which happened at the Inn where the Company dined; with its bloody Conſequences to Mr. Adams.

AS ſoon as the Paſſengers had alighted from the Coach, Mr. *Adams*, as was his Cuſtom, made directly to the Kitchin, where he found *Joſeph* ſitting by the Fire, and the Hoſteſs anointing his Leg: for the Horſe which Mr. *Adams* had borrowed of his Clerk, had ſo violent a Propenſity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his Trade as well as his Maſter's: Nor would he always give any Notice of ſuch his Intention; he was often found on his Knees, when the Rider leaſt expected it. This Foible, however, was of no great Inconvenience to the Parſon, who was accuſtomed to it, and, as his Legs almoſt touched the Ground when he beſtrode the Beaſt, had but a little way to fall, and threw himſelf forward on ſuch Occaſions with ſo much Dexterity, that he never received

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received any Miſchief; the Horſe and he frequently rolling many Paces Diſtance, and afterwards both getting up and meeting as good Friends as ever.

Poor *Joſeph*, who had not been uſed to ſuch kind of Cattle, tho' an excellent Horſeman, did not ſo happily diſengage himſelf: but falling with his Leg under the Beaſt, received a violent Contuſion, to which the good Woman was, as we have ſaid, applying a warm Hand, with ſome camphorated Spirits juſt at the time when the Parſon entered the Kitchin.

He had ſcarce expreſſed his Concern for *Joſeph*'s Misfortune, before the Hoſt likewiſe entered. He was by no means of Mr. *Tow-wouſe*'s gentle Diſpoſition, and was indeed perfect Maſter of his Houſe, and every thing in it but his Gueſts.

This ſurly Fellow, who always proportioned his Reſpect to the Appearance of a Traveller, from *God bleſs your Honour*, down to plain *Coming preſently*, obſerving his Wife on her Knees to a Footman, cried out, without conſidering his Circumſtances, 'What a Pox is the Woman 'about? why don't you mind the Company in 'the Coach? Go and aſk them what they will 'have for Dinner?' 'My Dear,' ſays ſhe, 'you 'know they can have nothing but what is at the 'Fire, which will be ready preſently; and really 'the poor young Man's Leg is very much 'bruiſed.' At which Words, ſhe fell to chafing more violently than before: the Bell then happening to ring, he damn'd his Wife, and bid her go in to the Company, and not ſtand rubbing there all Day: for he did not believe the young Fellow's Leg was ſo bad as he pretended; and

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if it was, within twenty Miles he would find a Surgeon to cut it off. Upon these Words, *Adams* fetched two Strides across the Room; and snapping his Fingers over his Head, muttered aloud, He would excommunicate such a Wretch for a Farthing; for he believed the Devil had more Humanity. These Words occasioned a Dialogue between *Adams* and the Host, in which there were two or three sharp Replies, till *Joseph* bad the latter know how to behave himself to his Betters. At which the Host (having first strictly surveyed *Adams*) scornfully repeating the Word *Betters*, flew into a Rage, and telling *Joseph* he was as able to walk out of his House as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent Hands on him; which perceiving, *Adams* dealt him so sound a Compliment over his Face with his Fist, that the Blood immediately gushed out of his Nose in a Stream. The Host being unwilling to be out-done in Courtesy, especially by a Person of *Adams*'s Figure, returned the Favour with so much Gratitude, that the Parson's Nostrils began to look a little redder than usual. Upon which he again assailed his Antagonist, and with another Stroke laid him sprawling on the Floor.

The Hostess, who was a better Wife than so surly a Husband deserved, seeing her Husband all bloody and stretched along, hastened presently to his Assistance, or rather to revenge the Blow, which, to all Appearance, was the last he would ever receive; when, lo! a Pan full of Hog's-blood, which unluckily stood on the Dresser, presented itself first to her Hands. She seized it in her Fury, and without any Reflection discharged it into the Parson's Face, and with so good an Aim,

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that much the greater part first saluted his Countenance, and trickled thence in so large a Current down to his Beard, and over his Garments, that a more horrible Spectacle was hardly to be seen, or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs. *Slipslop*, who entered the Kitchin at that Instant. This good Gentlewoman, not being of a Temper so extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to ask many Questions on this Occasion, flew with great Impetuosity at the Hostess's Cap, which, together with some of her Hair, she plucked from her Head in a Moment, giving her at the same time several hearty Cuffs in the Face, which, by frequent Practice on the inferior Servants, she had learned an excellent Knack of delivering with a good Grace. Poor *Joseph* could hardly rise from his Chair; the Parson was employed in wiping the Blood from his Eyes, which had entirely blinded him, and the Landlord was but just beginning to stir, whilst Mrs. *Slipslop* holding down the Landlady's Face with her Left Hand, made so dextrous an Use of her Right, that the poor Woman began to roar in a Key, which alarmed all the Company in the Inn.

There happened to be in the Inn at this time, besides the Ladies who arrived in the Stage-Coach, the two Gentlemen who were present at Mr. *Tow-wouse's* when *Joseph* was detained for his Horse's Meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have stopt at the Alehouse with *Adams*. There was likewise a Gentleman just returned from his Travels to *Italy*; all whom the horrid Outcry of Murder presently brought into the Kitchin, where the several Combatants were found in the Postures already described.

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It was now no Difficulty to put an End to the Fray, the Conquerors being ſatisfied with the Vengeance they had taken, and the Conquered having no Appetite to renew the Fight. The principal Figure, and which engaged the Eyes of all, was *Adams*, who was all over covered with Blood, which the whole Company concluded to be his own; and conſequently imagined him no longer for this World. But the Hoſt, who had now recovered from his Blow, and was riſen from the Ground, ſoon delivered them from this Apprehenſion, by damning his Wife for waſting the Hog's Puddings, and telling her all would have been very well, if ſhe had not intermeddled like a B— as ſhe was; adding he was very glad the Gentlewoman had paid her, tho' not half what ſhe deſerved. The poor Woman had indeed fared much the worſt, having, beſides the unmerciful Cuffs received, loſt a Quantity of Hair, which Mrs. *Slipſlop* in Triumph held in her left Hand.

The Traveller, addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. *Grave-airs*, deſired her not to be frighten'd: for here had been only a little Boxing, which he ſaid to their *Diſgracia* the *Engliſh* were *accuſtomata* to: Adding; it muſt be however a Sight ſomewhat ſtrange to him, who was juſt come from *Italy*, the *Italians* not being addicted to the *Cuffardo*, but *Baſtonza*, ſays he. He then went up to *Adams*, and telling him he looked like the Ghoſt of *Othello*, bid him *not ſhake his gory Locks at him, for he could not ſay he did it.* *Adams* very innocently anſwered, *Sir, I am far from accuſing you.* He then returned to the Lady, and cried, I find the bloody Gentleman is *uno inſipido del nullo ſenſo.* *Damnata di ste*, if I have

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have ſeen ſuch a *ſpectaculo* in my Way from *Viterbo*.

One of the Gentlemen having learnt from the Hoſt the Occaſion of this Buſtle, and being aſſured by him that *Adams* had ſtruck the firſt Blow, whiſpered in his Ear: He'd warrant he would *recover*. 'Recover! Maſter,' ſaid the Hoſt ſmiling: 'Yes, yes, I am not afraid of 'dying with a Blow or two neither; I am not 'ſuch a Chicken as that.' 'Pugh! ſaid the Gentleman, I mean you will recover Damages in that Action which undoubtedly you intend to bring, as ſoon as a Writ can be returned from *London*; for you look like a Man of too much Spirit and Courage to ſuffer any one to beat you without bringing your Action againſt him: He muſt be a ſcandalous Fellow indeed, who would put up a Drubbing, whilſt the Law is open to revenge it; beſides, he hath drawn Blood from you and ſpoiled your Coat; and the Jury will give Damages for that too. An excellent new Coat upon my Word, and now not worth a Shilling!

I don't care, continued he, to intermeddle in theſe Caſes: but you have a Right to my Evidence; and if I am ſworn, I muſt ſpeak the Truth. I ſaw you ſprawling on the Floor, and the Blood guſhing from your Noſtrils. You may take your own Opinion; but was I in your Circumſtances, every Drop of my Blood ſhould convey an Ounce of Gold into my Pocket: Remember I don't adviſe you to go to Law; but if your Jury were Chriſtians, they muſt give ſwinging Damages. That's all.' 'Maſter,' cry'd the Hoſt, ſcratching his Head, 'I have no Sto-'mach to Law, I thank you. I have ſeen e-'nough of that in the Pariſh, where two of 'my

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'my Neighbours have been at Law about a 'Houſe, till they have both lawed themſelves in-'to a Goal.' At which Words he turned about, and began to enquire again after his Hog's Puddings; nor would it probably have been a ſufficient Excuſe for his Wife, that ſhe ſpilt them in his Defence, had not ſome Awe of the Company, eſpecially of the *Italian* Traveller, who was a Perſon of great Dignity, with-held his Rage. Whilſt one of the above-mentioned Gentlemen was employed, as we have ſeen him, on the behalf of the Landlord, the other was no leſs hearty on the ſide of Mr. *Adams*, whom he adviſed to bring his Action immediately. He ſaid the Aſſault of the Wife was in Law the Aſſault of the Huſband; for they were but one Perſon; and he was liable to pay Damages, which he ſaid muſt be conſiderable, where ſo bloody a Diſpoſition appeared. *Adams* anſwered, if it was true that they were but one Perſon, he had aſſaulted the Wife; for he was ſorry to own he had ſtruck the Huſband the firſt Blow. 'I am ſorry you own it too, cries the Gentleman; for it could not poſſibly appear to the Court: for here was no Evidence preſent but the lame Man in the Chair, whom I ſuppoſe to be your Friend, and would conſequently ſay nothing but what made for you.' 'How, Sir, ſays *Adams*, do you take me for a Villain, who would proſecute Revenge in cold Blood, and uſe unjuſtifiable Means to obtain it? If you knew me and my Order, I ſhould think you affronted both.' At the Word Order, the Gentleman ſtared, (for he was too bloody to be of any modern Order of Knights) and turning haſtily about, ſaid, 'Every Man knew his own Buſineſs.'

Matters

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Matters being now compoſed, the Company retired to their ſeveral Apartments, the two Gentlemen congratulating each other on the Succeſs of their good Offices, in procuring a perfect Reconciliation between the contending Parties; and the Traveller went to his Repaſt, crying, as the *Italian* Poet ſays,

'*Je voi* very well, *que tutta è pace*,
'So ſend up Dinner, good *Boniface*.

The Coachman began now to grow importunate with his Paſſengers, whoſe Entrance into the Coach was retarded by Miſs *Grave-airs* inſiſting, againſt the Remonſtrances of all the reſt, that ſhe would not admit a Footman into the Coach; for poor *Joſeph* was too lame to mount a Horſe. A young Lady, who was, as it ſeems, an Earl's Grand-daughter, begged it with almoſt Tears in her Eyes. Mr. *Adams* prayed, and Mrs. *Slipſlop* ſcolded, but all to no Purpoſe. She ſaid, 'ſhe would not demean herſelf to ride 'with a Footman: that there were Waggons on 'the Road: that if the Maſter of the Coach de'ſired it, ſhe would pay for two Places: but 'would ſuffer no ſuch Fellow to come in.' 'Madam,' ſays *Slipſlop*, 'I am ſure no one can 'refuſe another coming into a Stage-Coach.' 'I don't know, Madam,' ſays the Lady, 'I am 'not much uſed to Stage-Coaches, I ſeldom tra'vel in them.' 'That may be, Madam,' replied *Slipſlop*, 'very good People do, and ſome 'People's Betters, for aught I know.' Miſs *Grave-airs* ſaid, 'ſome Folks might ſometimes 'give their Tongues a Liberty, to ſome People 'that were their Betters, which did not become 'them:

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'them: for her Part, she was not used to con-
'verse with Servants.' *Slipslop* returned, 'Some
'People kept no Servants to converse with:
'for her Part, she thanked Heaven she lived in
'a Family where there were a great many; and
'had more under her own Command, than any
'paultry little Gentlewoman in the Kingdom.'
Miss *Grave-airs* cry'd, 'she believed her Mistress
'would not encourage such Saucineſs to her
'Betters.' 'My Betters,' says *Slipslop*, 'who
'is my Betters, pray?' 'I am your Betters,'
answered Miss *Grave-airs*, 'and I'll acquaint
'your Mistress.'—At which Mrs. *Slipslop* laugh-
ed aloud, and told her, 'her Lady was one of
'the great Gentry, and such little paultry Gen-
'tlewomen, as some Folks who travelled in
'Stage-Coaches, would not easily come at her.'

This smart Dialogue between some People, and some Folks, was going on at the Coach-Door, when a solemn Person riding into the Inn, and seeing Miss *Grave-airs*, immediately accosted her with, 'Dear Child how do you?' She presently answered, 'O! Papa, I am glad you 'have overtaken me.' 'So am I,' answered he: 'for one of our Coaches is just at hand: 'and there being room for you in it, you shall 'go no farther in the Stage, unless you desire 'it.' 'How can you imagine I should desire it?' says she; so bidding *Slipslop*, 'ride with her Fel-'low, if she pleased;' she took her Father by the Hand, who was just alighted, and walked with him into a Room.

Adams instantly asked the Coachman in a Whisper, if he knew who the Gentleman was? The Coachman answered, he was now a Gentleman, and kept his Horse and Man: but Times are altered,

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tered, Maſter, ſaid he; I remember when he was no better born than myſelf. Aye! aye! ſays *Adams*. My Father drove the Squire's Coach, anſwered he, when that very Man rode Poſtilion: but he is now his Steward, and a great Gentleman. *Adams* then ſnapped his Fingers, and cry'd, he thought *ſhe was ſome ſuch Trollop.*

Adams made haſte to acquaint Mrs. *Slipſlop* with this good News, as he imagined it; but it found a Reception different from what he expected. The prudent Gentlewoman, who deſpiſed the Anger of Miſs *Grave-airs*, whilſt ſhe conceived her the Daughter of a Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, now ſhe heard her Alliance with the upper Servants of a great Family in her Neighbourhood, began to fear her Intereſt with the Miſtreſs. She wiſhed ſhe had not carried the Diſpute ſo far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herſelf to the young Lady before ſhe left the Inn; when luckily the Scene at *London*, which the Reader can ſcarce have forgotten, preſented itſelf to her Mind, and comforted her with ſuch Aſſurance, that ſhe no longer apprehended any Enemy with her Miſtreſs.

Every thing being now adjuſted, the Company entered the Coach, which was juſt on its Departure, when one Lady recollected ſhe had left her Fan, a ſecond her Gloves, a third a Snuff-Box, and a fourth a Smelling-Bottle behind her; to find all which occaſioned ſome Delay, and much Swearing, to the Coachman.

As ſoon as the Coach had left the Inn, the Women all together fell to the Character of Miſs *Grave-airs*, whom one of them declared ſhe had ſuſpected to be ſome low Creature, from the Beginning of their Journey; and another affirmed had

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had not even the Looks of a Gentlewoman; a third warranted she was no better than she should be; and turning to the Lady who had related the Story in the Coach, said, 'Did you ever 'hear, Madam, any Thing so prudish as her 'Remarks? Well, deliver me from the Cen-'soriousness of such a Prude.' The fourth added, 'O Madam! all these Creatures are cen-'sorious: but for my Part, I wonder where the 'Wretch was bred; indeed I must own I have 'seldom conversed with these mean kind of 'People; so that it may appear stranger to me; 'but to refuse the general Desire of a whole 'Company hath something in it so astonishing, 'that, for my Part, I own I should hardly be-'lieve it, if my own Ears had not been Wit-'nesses to it.' 'Yes, and so handsome a young 'Fellow,' cries *Slipslop*: 'the Woman must have 'no Compassion in her, I believe she is more of 'a *Turk* than a Christian; I am certain if she 'had any Christian Woman's Blood in her 'Veins, the Sight of such a young Fellow must 'have warm'd it. Indeed there are some wretch-'ed, miserable old Objects, that turn one's Sto-'mach; I should not wonder if she had refused 'such a one; I am as nice as herself, and should 'have cared no more than herself for the Com-'pany of *stinking* old Fellows: but hold up thy 'Head, *Joseph*, thou art none of those; and she 'who hath not *Compulsion* for thee is a *Mybum-'metman*, and I will maintain it.' This Conversation made *Joseph* uneasy, as well as the Ladies; who, perceiving the Spirits which Mrs. *Slipslop* was in, (for indeed she was not a Cup too low) began to fear the Consequence; one of them therefore desired the Lady to conclude the Story—

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Story—'Aye Madam,' ſaid *Slipſlop*, 'I beg 'your Ladyſhip to give us that Story you *commen-* '*ſated* in the Morning;' which Requeſt that well-bred Woman immediately complied with.

CHAP. VI.

Concluſion of the unfortunate Jilt.

LEONORA having once broke through the Bounds which Cuſtom and Modeſty impoſe on her Sex, ſoon gave an unbridled Indulgence to her Paſſion. Her Viſits to *Bellarmine* were more conſtant, as well as longer, than his Surgeon's; in a Word, ſhe became abſolutely his Nurſe, made his Water-gruel, adminiſtred him his Medicines, and, notwithſtanding the prudent Advice of her Aunt to the contrary, almoſt intirely reſided in her wounded Lover's Apartment.

The Ladies of the Town began to take her Conduct under Conſideration; it was the chief Topic of Diſcourſe at their Tea-tables, and was very ſeverely cenſured by the moſt part; eſpecially by *Lindamira*, a Lady whoſe diſcreet and ſtarch Carriage, together with a conſtant Attendance at Church three times a Day, had utterly defeated many malicious Attacks on her own Reputation: for ſuch was the Envy that *Lindamira*'s Virtue had attracted, that, notwithſtanding her own ſtrict Behaviour and ſtrict Enquiry into the Lives of others, ſhe had not been able to eſcape being the Mark of ſome Arrows herſelf, which however did her no Injury; a Bleſſing perhaps owed by her to the Clergy, who were her chief male Compani-

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ons, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

Not so unjustly neither perhaps, says *Slipslop*, for the Clergy are Men, as well as other Folks.

The extreme Delicacy of *Lindamira*'s Virtue was cruelly hurt by those Freedoms which *Leonora* allowed herself: She said, 'it was an Affront to 'her Sex; that she did not imagine it consistent 'with any Woman's Honour to speak to the 'Creature, or to be seen in her Company; and 'that, for her part, she should always refuse to 'dance at an Assembly with her, for fear of Con-'tamination, by taking her by the Hand.

But to return to my Story: As soon as *Bellarmine* was recovered, which was somewhat within a Month from his receiving the Wound, he set out, according to Agreement, for *Leonora*'s Father's, in order to propose the Match, and settle all Matters with him touching Settlements, and the like.

A little before his Arrival, the old Gentleman had received an Intimation of the Affair by the following Letter; which I can repeat *verbatim*, and which they say was written neither by *Leonora* nor her Aunt, tho' it was in a Woman's Hand. The Letter was in these Words:

SIR,

I am sorry to acquaint you that your Daughter Leonora *hath acted one of the basest, as well as most simple Parts with a young Gentleman to whom she had engaged herself, and whom she hath (pardon the Word) jilted for another of inferior Fortune, notwithstanding his superior Figure. You may take what Measures you please on this Occasion; I have performed what I thought my Duty;*

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as I have, tho' 'unknown to you, a very great Reſpect for your Family.

The old Gentleman did not give himſelf the trouble to anſwer this kind Epiſtle; nor did he take any Notice of it after he had read it, 'till he ſaw *Bellarmine*. He was, to ſay the Truth, one of thoſe Fathers who look on Children as an unhappy Conſequence of their youthful Pleaſures; which as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, ſo was he no leſs pleaſed with any Opportunity to rid himſelf of the Incumbrance. He paſſed, in the World's Language, as an exceeding good Father, being not only ſo rapacious as to rob and plunder all Mankind to the utmoſt of his Power, but even to deny himſelf the Conveniencies and almoſt Neceſſaries of Life; which his Neighbours attributed to a Deſire of raiſing immenſe Fortunes for his Children: but in Fact it was not ſo; he heaped up Money for its own Sake only, and looked on his Children as his Rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved Miſtreſs, when he was incapable of poſſeſſing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the Power of carrying along with him: nor had his Children any other Security of being his Heirs, than that the Law would conſtitute them ſuch without a Will, and that he had not Affection enough for any one living to take the trouble of writing one.

To this Gentleman came *Bellarmine* on the Errand I have mentioned. His Perſon, his Equipage, his Family and his Eſtate, ſeemed to the Father to make him an advantageous Match for his Daughter; he therefore very readily accepted his Propoſals: but when *Bellarmine* imagined the

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principal Affair concluded, and began to open the incidental Matters of Fortune; the old Gentleman presently changed his Countenance, saying, 'he resolved never to marry his Daughter on a '*Smithfield* Match; that whoever had Love for 'her to take her, would, when he died, find her 'Share of his Fortune in his Coffers: but he had 'seen such Examples of Undutifulness happen 'from the too early Generosity of Parents, that 'he had made a Vow never to part with a Shil-'ling whilst he lived. He commended the Say-'ing of *Solomon*, *he that spareth the Rod, spoileth 'the Child:* but added, he might have likewise 'asserted, that *he that spareth the Purse, saveth 'the Child.*' He then ran into a Discourse on the Extravagance of the Youth of the Age; whence he launched into a Dissertation on Horses, and came at length to commend those *Bellarmine* drove. That fine Gentleman, who at another Season would have been well enough pleased to dwell a little on that Subject, was now very eager to resume the Circumstance of Fortune. He said, 'he had a very high Value for the young Lady, 'and would receive her with less than he would 'any other whatever; but that even his Love to 'her made some Regard to worldly Matters ne-'cessary; for it would be a most distracting Sight 'for him to see her, when he had the Honour to 'be her Husband, in less than a Coach and Six.' The old Gentleman answered, 'Four will do, 'Four will do;' and then took a turn from Horses to Extravagance, and from Extravagance to Horses, till he came round to the Equipage again, whither he was no sooner arrived, than *Bellarmine* brought him back to the Point; but all to no Purpose; he made his Escape from that Subject in

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in a Minute; till at laſt the Lover declared, that 'in the preſent Situation of his Affairs it was im-'poſſible for him, though he loved *Leonora* more 'than *tout le monde*, to marry her without any 'Fortune.' To which the Father anſwered, 'he 'was ſorry then his Daughter muſt loſe ſo valu-'able a Match; that if he had an Inclination, 'at preſent it was not in his Power to advance 'a Shilling: that he had had great Loſſes, and 'been at great Expences on Projects; which, 'though he had great Expectation from them, 'had yet produced him nothing: that he did not 'know what might happen hereafter, as on the 'Birth of a Son, or ſuch Accident; but he 'would make no Promiſe, or enter into any 'Article: for he would not break his Vow for 'all the Daughters in the World.'

In ſhort, Ladies, to keep you no longer in ſuſpenſe; *Bellarmine* having tried every Argument and Perſuaſion which he could invent, and finding them all ineffectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to *Leonora*; he proceeded directly to his own Seat, whence, after a few Days ſtay, he returned to *Paris*, to the great Delight of the *French*, and the Honour of the *Engliſh* Nation.

But as ſoon as he arrived at his Home, he preſently diſpatched a Meſſenger with the following Epiſtle to *Leonora*.

Adorable *and* Charmante,

'I *Am ſorry to have the Honour to tell you I am* 'not *the* heureux *Perſon deſtined for your di-*'*vine Arms. Your Papa hath told me ſo with a* 'Politeſſe *not often ſeen on this ſide* Paris. *You may* 'perhaps *gueſs his manner of refuſing me*—Ah

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mon Dieu! *You will certainly believe me, Madam, incapable my ſelf of delivering this* triſte *Meſſage, which I intend to try the* French *Air to cure the Conſequences of*—A jamais! Cœur! Ange!—Au Diable!—*If your Papa obliges you to a Marriage, I hope we ſhall ſee you at* Paris, *till when the Wind that flows from thence, will be the warmeſt* dans le monde: *for it will conſiſt almoſt entirely of my Sighs.* Adieu, ma Princeſſe! Ah L'Amour!

BELLARMINE.

I ſhall not attempt, Ladies, to deſcribe *Leonora*'s Condition, when ſhe received this Letter. It is a Picture of Horror, which I ſhould have as little Pleaſure in drawing, as you in beholding. She immediately left the Place, where ſhe was the Subject of Converſation and Ridicule, and retired to that Houſe I ſhewed you, when I began the Story; where ſhe hath ever ſince led a diſconſolate Life, and deſerves perhaps Pity for her Misfortunes more than our Cenſure, for a Behaviour to which the Artifices of her Aunt very probably contributed, and to which very young Women are often rendered too liable by that blameable Levity in the Education of our Sex.

If I was inclined to pity her, ſaid a young Lady in the Coach, it would be for the Loſs of *Horatio*; for I cannot diſcern any Misfortune in her miſſing ſuch a Huſband as *Bellarmine*.

Why I muſt own, ſays *Slipſlop*, the Gentleman was a little falſe-hearted: but *howſumever* it was hard to have two Lovers, and get never a Huſband at all—But pray, Madam, what became of *Our-aſſo?*



He

He remains, said the Lady, still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his Business, that he hath raised, I hear, a very considerable Fortune. And what is remarkable, they say, he never hears the Name of *Leonora* without a Sigh, nor hath ever uttered one Syllable to charge her with her ill Conduct towards him.

CHAP. VII.

A very short Chapter, in which Parson Adams *went a great Way.*

THE Lady having finished her Story, received the Thanks of the Company; and now *Joseph* putting his Head out of the Coach, cried out, 'Never believe me, if yonder be not 'our Parson *Adams* walking along without his 'Horse.' 'On my Word, and so he is,' says *Slipslop*; 'and as sure as Two-pence, he hath 'left him behind at the Inn.' Indeed, true it is, the Parson had exhibited a fresh Instance of his Absence of Mind: for he was so pleased with having got *Joseph* into the Coach, that he never once thought of the Beast in the Stable; and finding his Legs as nimble as he desired, he sallied out brandishing a Crabstick, and had kept on before the Coach, mending and slackening his Pace occasionally, so that he had never been much more or less than a Quarter of a Mile distant from it.

Mrs. *Slipslop* desired the Coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain: for the faster he drove, the faster ran the Parson, often crying out, *Aye, aye, catch me if you can:*

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till at length the Coachman ſwore he would as ſoon attempt to drive after a Greyhound; and giving the Parſon two or three hearty Curſes, he cry'd, Softly, ſoftly Boys, to his Horſes, which the civil Beaſts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our Reader than he was to Mrs. *Slipſlop*; and leaving the Coach and its Company to purſue their Journey, we will carry our Reader on after Parſon *Adams*, who ſtretched forwards without once looking behind him; till having left the Coach full three Miles in his Rear, he came to a Place, where, by keeping the extremeſt Track to the Right, it was juſt barely poſſible for a human Creature to miſs his Way. This Track however did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful Capacity at theſe kinds of bare Poſſibilities; and travelling in it about three Miles over the Plain, he arrived at the Summit of a Hill, whence looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no Coach in Sight, he ſat himſelf down on the Turf, and pulling out his *Æſchylus* determined to wait here for its Arrival.

He had not ſat long here, before a Gun going off very near a little ſtartled him; he looked up, and ſaw a Gentleman within a hundred Paces taking up a Partridge, which he had juſt ſhot.

Adams ſtood up, and preſented a Figure to the Gentleman which would have moved Laughter in many: for his Caſſock had juſt again fallen down below his great Coat, that is to ſay, it reached his Knees; whereas, the Skirts of his great Coat deſcended no lower than half way down his Thighs: but the Gentleman's Mirth gave way to his Surprize, at beholding ſuch a Perſonage in ſuch a Place.

Adams

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Adams advancing to the Gentleman, told him he hoped he had good Sport; to which the other anſwered, very little. 'I ſee, Sir,' ſays *Adams*, 'you have *ſmote* one Partridge:' To which the Sportſman made no Reply, but proceeded to charge his Piece.

Whilſt the Gun was charging, *Adams* remained in Silence, which he at laſt broke, by obſerving, that it was a delightful Evening. The Gentleman, who had at firſt Sight conceived a very diſtaſteful Opinion of the Parſon, began, on perceiving a Book in his Hand, and ſmoaking likewiſe the Information of the Caſſock, to change his Thoughts, and made a ſmall Advance to Converſation on his Side, by ſaying, Sir, *I ſuppoſe you are not one of theſe Parts?*

Adams immediately told him, No: that he was a Traveller, and invited by the Beauty of the Evening and the Place to repoſe a little, and amuſe himſelf with Reading. 'I may as well repoſe myſelf too,' ſaid the Sportſman; 'for I have been out this whole Afternoon, and the Devil a Bird have I ſeen till I came hither.'

'Perhaps then the Game is not very plenty hereabouts,' cries *Adams*. 'No, Sir,' ſaid the Gentleman; 'the Soldiers, who are quartered in the Neighbourhood, have killed it all.' It is very probable,' cries *Adams*; 'for Shooting is their Profeſſion.' 'Ay, ſhooting the Game,' anſwered the other, 'but I don't ſee they are ſo forward to ſhoot our Enemies. I don't like that Affair of *Carthagena*; if I had been there, I believe I ſhould have done otherguess Things, d—n me; what's a Man's Life when his Country demands it? a Man who won't ſacrifice his Life for his Country, deſerves to be hanged,

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'd—n me.' Which Words he ſpoke with ſo violent a Geſture, ſo loud a Voice, ſo ſtrong an Accent, and ſo fierce a Countenance, that he might have frightened a Captain of Trained-Bands at the Head of his Company; but Mr. *Adams* was not greatly ſubject to Fear: He told him intrepidly, that he very much approved his Virtue, but diſliked his Swearing, and begged him not to addict himſelf to ſo bad a Cuſtom, without which he ſaid he might fight as bravely as *Achilles* did. Indeed he was charmed with this Diſcourſe; he told the Gentleman he would willingly have gone many Miles to have met a Man of his generous Way of thinking; that if he pleaſed to ſit down, he ſhould be greatly delighted to commune with him: for tho' he was a Clergyman, he would himſelf be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his Life for his Country.

The Gentleman ſat down, and *Adams* by him; and then the latter began, as in the following Chapter, a Diſcourſe which we have placed by itſelf, as it is not only the moſt curious in this, but perhaps in any other Book.

CHAP. VIII.

A notable Diſſertation by Mr. Abraham Adams; *wherein that Gentleman appears in a political Light.*

'I Do aſſure you, Sir, ſays he taking the Gentleman by the Hand, I am heartily glad to meet with a Man of your Kidney: for tho' I am a poor Parſon, I will be bold to ſay, I am an honeſt Man, and would not do an ill Thing

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'Thing to be made a Biſhop: Nay, tho' it hath 'not fallen in my Way to offer ſo noble a Sacri-'fice, I have not been without Opportunities 'of ſuffering for the Sake of my Conſcience, I 'thank Heaven for them; for I have had Relati-'ons, tho' I ſay it, who made ſome Figure in 'the World; particularly a Nephew, who was 'a Shopkeeper, and an Alderman of a Corpora-'tion. He was a good Lad, and was under my 'Care when a Boy, and I believe would do 'what I bade him to his dying Day. Indeed, it 'looks like extreme Vanity in me, to affect be-'ing a Man of ſuch Conſequence, as to have ſo 'great an Intereſt in an Alderman; but others 'have thought ſo too, as manifeſtly appeared by 'the Rector, whoſe Curate I formerly was, ſend-'ing for me on the Approach of an Election, 'and telling me, if I expected to continue in his 'Cure, that I muſt bring my Nephew to vote 'for one Colonel *Courtly*, a Gentleman whom 'I had never heard Tidings of 'till that Inſtant. 'I told the Rector, I had no Power over my 'Nephew's Vote, (God forgive me for ſuch Pre-'varication!) that I ſuppoſed he would give it ac-'cording to his Conſcience; that I would by no 'means endeavour to influence him to give it 'otherwiſe. He told me, it was in vain to equi-'vocate: that he knew I had already ſpoke to 'him in favour of Eſquire *Fickle* my Neighbour; 'and indeed it was true I had: for it was at a 'Seaſon when the *Church was in Danger*, and 'when all good Men expected they knew not 'what would happen to us all. I then anſwer-'ed boldly, If he thought I had given my Pro-'miſe, he affronted me, in propoſing any Breach 'of it. Not to be too prolix: I perſevered, and

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'so did my Nephew, in the Esquire's Interest,
'who was chose chiefly through his Means; and
'so I lost my Curacy. Well, Sir, but do
'you think the Esquire ever mentioned a Word
'of the Church? *Ne verbum quidem, ut ita di-*
'*cam*; within two Years he got a Place, and
'hath ever since lived in *London*; where I have
'been informed, (but God forbid I should be-
'lieve that) that he never so much as goeth to
'Church. I remained, Sir, a considerable time
'without any Cure, and lived a full Month on
'one Funeral Sermon, which I preached on the
'Indisposition of a Clergyman: but this by the
'Bye. At last, when Mr. *Fickle* got his Place,
'Colonel *Courtly* stood again; and who should
'make Interest for him, but Mr. *Fickle* himself?
'that very identical Mr. *Fickle*, who had for-
'merly told me, the Colonel was an Enemy to
'both the Church and State, had the Confidence
'to sollicit my Nephew for him; and the Colo-
'nel himself offered me to make me Chaplain
'to his Regiment, which I refused in favour of
'Sir *Oliver Hearty*, who told us he would sa-
'crifice every thing to his Country: and I be-
'lieve he would, except his Hunting, which he
'stuck so close to, that in five Years together
'he went but twice up to Parliament; and one
'of those Times, I have been told, never was
'within Sight of the House. However, he was
'a worthy Man, and the best Friend I ever had:
'for by his Interest with a Bishop he got me
'replaced into my Curacy, and gave me eight
'Pounds out of his own Pocket to buy me a
'Gown and Cassock, and furnish my House.
'He had our Interest while he lived, which was
'not many Years. On his Death, I had fresh
'Applica-

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'Applications made to me; for all the World 'knew the Intereſt I had in my good Nephew, 'who now was a leading Man in the Corpora- 'tion; and Sir *Thomas Booby* buying the Eſtate 'which had been Sir *Oliver*'s, propoſed himſelf 'a Candidate. He was then a young Gentle- 'man juſt come from his Travels; and it did 'me good to hear him diſcourſe on Affairs, which 'for my Part I know nothing of. If I had been 'Maſter of a thouſand Votes, he ſhould have 'had them all. I engaged my Nephew in his 'Intereſt; and he was elected, and a very fine 'Parliament Man he was. They tell me he 'made Speeches of an Hour long; and I have 'been told very fine ones: but he could never 'perſuade the Parliament to be of his Opinion. '—*Non omnia poſſumus omnes.* He promiſed me 'a Living, poor Man; and I believe I ſhould 'have had it, but an Accident happened; which 'was, that my Lady had promiſed it before, un- 'known to him. This indeed I never heard till 'afterwards: for my Nephew, who died about a 'Month before the Incumbent, always told me 'I might be aſſured of it. Since that time, Sir '*Thomas*, poor Man, had always ſo much Buſi- 'neſs, that he never could find Leiſure to ſee me. 'I believe it was partly my Lady's Fault too; 'who did not think my Dreſs good enough for 'the Gentry at her Table. However, I muſt 'do him the Juſtice to ſay, he never was un- 'grateful; and I have always found his Kitchin, 'and his Cellar too, open to me; many a time 'after Service on a *Sunday*, for I preach at four 'Churches, have I recruited my Spirits with a 'Glaſs of his Ale. Since my Nephew's Death 'the Corporation is in other Hands; and I am

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'not a Man of that Conſequence I was formerly. 'I have now no longer any Talents to lay out 'in the Service of my Country; and to whom 'nothing is given, of him can nothing be re- 'quired. However, on all proper Seaſons, ſuch 'as the Approach of an Election, I throw a 'ſuitable Daſh or two into my Sermons; which 'I have the Pleaſure to hear is not diſagreeable 'to Sir *Thomas*, and the other honeſt Gentlemen 'my Neighbours, who have all promiſed me 'theſe five Years, to procure an Ordination for 'a Son of mine, who is now near thirty, hath 'an infinite Stock of Learning, and is, I thank 'Heaven, of an unexceptionable Life; tho', as 'he was never at an Univerſity, the Biſhop re- 'fuſes to ordain him. Too much Care cannot 'indeed be taken in admitting any to the ſacred 'Office; tho' I hope he will never act ſo as to 'be a Diſgrace to any Order: but will ſerve his 'God and his Country to the utmoſt of his Power, 'as I have endeavoured to do before him; nay, 'and will lay down his Life whenever called to 'that Purpoſe. I am ſure I have educated him 'in thoſe Principles; ſo that I have acquitted my 'Duty, and ſhall have nothing to anſwer for on 'that account: but I do not diſtruſt him; for 'he is a good Boy; and, if Providence ſhould 'throw it in his way to be of as much conſequence 'in a public Light, as his Father once was; I 'can anſwer for him, he will uſe his Talents as 'honeſtly as I have done.'

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

In which the Gentleman deſcants on Bravery and heroic Virtue, 'till an unlucky Accident puts an end to the Diſcourſe.

THE Gentleman highly commended Mr. *Adams* for his good Reſolutions, and told him, 'he hoped his Son would tread in his Steps;' adding, 'that if he would not die for his Country, he would not be worthy to live in it. I'd 'make no more of ſhooting a Man that would 'not die for his Country, than—

'Sir,' ſaid he, 'I have diſinherited a Nephew 'who is in the Army; becauſe he would not exchange his Commiſſion, and go to the *Weſt-Indies*. I believe the Raſcal is a Coward, tho' 'he pretends to be in Love forſooth. I would 'have all ſuch Fellows hanged, Sir, I would have 'them hanged.' *Adams* anſwered, 'that would 'be too ſevere: That Men did not make themſelves; and if Fear had too much Aſcendance 'in the Mind, the Man was rather to be pitied 'than abhorred: That Reaſon and Time might 'teach him to ſubdue it.' 'He ſaid, a Man 'might be a Coward at one time, and brave at 'another. *Homer*,' ſays he, 'who ſo well underſtood and copied Nature, hath taught us this 'Leſſon; for *Paris* fights, and *Hector* runs away: nay, we have a mighty Inſtance of this in 'the Hiſtory of later Ages, no longer ago than 'the 705th Year of *Rome*, when the great *Pompey*, who had won ſo many Battles, and been honoured

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'honoured with ſo many Triumphs, and of 'whoſe Valour ſeveral Authors, eſpecially *Cicero* 'and *Paterculus*, have formed ſuch Elogiums; 'this very *Pompey* left the Battle of *Pharſalia* 'before he had loſt it, and retreated to his Tent, 'where he ſat like the moſt puſillanimous Raſcal 'in a Fit of Deſpair, and yielded a Victory, 'which was to determine the Empire of the 'World, to *Cæſar*. I am not much travelled in 'the Hiſtory of modern Times, that is to ſay, 'theſe laſt thouſand Years: but thoſe who are, 'can, I make no queſtion, furniſh you with pa-'rallel Inſtances.' He concluded therefore, that had he taken any ſuch haſty Reſolutions againſt his Nephew, he hoped he would conſider better, and retract them. The Gentleman anſwered with great Warmth, and talked much of Courage and his Country, 'till perceiving it grew late, he aſked *Adams*, 'what Place he intended for that Night?' He told him, 'he waited there for the Stage-'Coach.' 'The Stage-Coach! Sir,' ſaid the Gentleman, 'they are all paſt by long ago. You 'may ſee the laſt yourſelf almoſt three Miles be-'fore us.' 'I proteſt and ſo they are,' cries *Adams*, 'then I muſt make haſte and follow them.' The Gentleman told him, 'he would hardly be 'able to overtake them; and that if he did not 'know his Way, he would be in danger of loſing 'himſelf on the Downs; for it would be preſently 'dark; and he might ramble about all Night, 'and perhaps find himſelf farther from his Jour-'ney's End in the Morning than he was now. 'He adviſed him therefore to accompany him to 'his Houſe, which was very little out of his 'Way,' aſſuring him, 'that he would find ſome 'Country-Fellow in his Pariſh, who would con-'duct

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'duct him for Sixpence to the City where he was 'going.' *Adams* accepted this Propoſal, and on they travelled, the Gentleman renewing his Diſcourſe on Courage, and the Infamy of not being ready at all times to ſacrifice our Lives to our Country. Night overtook them much about the ſame time as they arrived near ſome Buſhes: whence, on a ſudden, they heard the moſt violent Shrieks imaginable in a female Voice. *Adams* offered to ſnatch the Gun out of his Companion's Hand. 'What are you doing?' ſaid he. 'Do-'ing!' ſays *Adams*, 'I am haſtening to the Aſ-'ſiſtance of the poor Creature whom ſome Vil-'lains are murdering.' 'You are not mad e-'nough, I hope,' ſays the Gentleman trembling: 'Do you conſider this Gun is only charged 'with Shot, and that the Robbers are moſt pro-'bably furniſhed with Piſtols loaded with Bullets? 'This is no Buſineſs of ours; let us make as 'much haſte as poſſible out of the way, or we 'may fall into their Hands ourſelves.' The Shrieks now encreaſing, *Adams* made no Anſwer, but ſnapt his Fingers, and brandiſhing his Crab-ſtick, made directly to the Place whence the Voice iſſued; and the Man of Courage made as much Expedition towards his own Home, whither he eſcaped in a very ſhort time without once looking behind him: where we will leave him, to contemplate his own Bravery, and to cenſure the want of it in others; and return to the good *Adams*, who, on coming up to the Place whence the Noiſe proceeded, found a Woman ſtruggling with a Man, who had thrown her on the Ground, and had almoſt overpowered her. The great Abilities of Mr. *Adams* were not neceſſary to have formed a right Judgment of this Affair on the firſt ſight.

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ſight. He did not therefore want the Entreaties of the poor Wretch to aſſiſt her; but liſting up his Crabſtick, he immediately levelled a Blow at that Part of the Raviſher's Head, where, according to the Opinion of the Ancients, the Brains of ſome Perſons are depoſited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not Nature, (who, as wiſe Men have obſerved, equips all Creatures with what is moſt expedient for them) taken a provident Care, (as ſhe always doth with thoſe ſhe intends for Encounters) to make this Part of the Head three times as thick as thoſe of ordinary Men, who are deſigned to exerciſe Talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom as Brains are neceſſary, ſhe is obliged to leave ſome room for them in the Cavity of the Skull: whereas, thoſe Ingredients being entirely uſeleſs to Perſons of the heroic Calling, ſhe hath an Opportunity of thickening the Bone, ſo as to make it leſs ſubject to any Impreſſion, or liable to be cracked or broken; and indeed, in ſome who are predeſtined to the Command of Armies and Empires, ſhe is ſuppoſed ſometimes to make that Part perfectly ſolid.

As a Game-Cock, when engaged in amorous Toying with a Hen, if perchance he eſpies another Cock at hand, immediately quits his Female, and oppoſes himſelf to his Rival; ſo did the Raviſher, on the Information of the Crabſtick, immediately leap from the Woman, and haſten to aſſail the Man. He had no Weapons but what Nature had furniſhed him with. However, he clenched his Fiſt, and preſently darted it at that Part of *Adams*'s Breaſt where the Heart is lodged. *Adams* ſtaggered at the Violence of the Blow, when, throwing away his Staff, he likewiſe clenched

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clenched that Fiſt which we have before commemorated, and would have diſcharged it full in the Breaſt of his Antagoniſt, had he not dextrouſly caught it with his left Hand, at the ſame time darting his Head, (which ſome modern Heroes, of the lower Claſs, uſe, like the Battering-Ram of the Ancients, for a Weapon of Offence; another Reaſon to admire the Cunningneſs of Nature, in compoſing it of thoſe impenetrable Materials) daſhing his Head, I ſay, into the Stomach of *Adams*, he tumbled him on his Back, and not having any regard to the Laws of Heroiſm, which would have reſtrained him from any farther Attack on his Enemy 'till he was again on his Legs, he threw himſelf upon him, and laying hold on the Ground with his left Hand, he with his right belaboured the Body of *Adams* 'till he was weary, and indeed, 'till he concluded (to uſe the Language of fighting) *that he had done his Buſineſs*; or, in the Language of Poetry, that *he had ſent him to the Shades below*; in plain *Engliſh*, *that he was dead.*

But *Adams*, who was no Chicken, and could bear a Drubbing as well as any boxing Champion in the Univerſe, lay ſtill only to watch his Opportunity; and now perceiving his Antagoniſt to pant with his Labours, he exerted his utmoſt Force at once, and with ſuch Succeſs, that he overturned him, and became his Superior; when fixing one of his Knees in his Breaſt, he cried out in an exulting Voice, *It is my turn now:* and after a few Minutes conſtant Application, he gave him ſo dextrous a Blow juſt under his Chin, that the Fellow no longer retained any Motion, and *Adams* began to fear he had ſtruck him once too often; for he often aſſerted, 'he ſhould be con-

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'cerned to have the Blood of even the Wicked 'upon him.'

Adams got up, and called aloud to the young Woman,—'Be of good cheer, Damſel, ſaid he, 'you are no longer in danger of your Raviſher, 'who, I am terribly afraid, lies dead at my Feet; 'but God forgive me what I have done in defence 'of Innocence.' The poor Wretch, who had been ſome time in recovering Strength enough to riſe, and had afterwards, during the Engagement, ſtood trembling, being diſabled by Fear, even from running away, hearing her Champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without Apprehenſions, even of her Deliverer; which, however, ſhe was ſoon relieved from, by his courteous Behaviour and gentle Words. They were both ſtanding by the Body, which lay Motionleſs on the Ground, and which *Adams* wiſhed to ſee ſtir much more than the Woman did, when he earneſtly begged her to tell him, 'by what 'Misfortune ſhe came, at ſuch a time of Night, 'into ſo lonely a Place?' She acquainted him, 'ſhe was travelling towards *London*, and had ac-'cidentally met with the Perſon from whom he 'had delivered her, who told her he was like-'wiſe on his Journey to the ſame Place, and 'would keep her Company: an Offer which, 'ſuſpecting no Harm, ſhe had accepted; that he 'told her, they were at a ſmall Diſtance from 'an Inn where ſhe might take up her Lodging 'that Evening, and he would ſhew her a nearer 'Way to it than by following the Road. That 'if ſhe had ſuſpected him, (which ſhe did not, 'he ſpoke ſo kindly to her,) being alone on 'theſe Downs in the dark, ſhe had no human 'Means to avoid him; that therefore ſhe put her

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'whole Truſt in Providence, and walk'd on, ex-'pecting every Moment to arrive at the Inn; 'when, on a ſudden, being come to thoſe Buſhes, 'he deſired her to ſtop, and after ſome rude 'Kiſſes, which ſhe reſiſted, and ſome Entreaties, 'which ſhe rejected, he laid violent Hands on 'her, and was attempting to execute his wicked 'Will, when, ſhe thanked G—, he timely 'came up and prevented him.' *Adams* encouraged her for ſaying ſhe had put her whole Truſt in Providence, and told her, 'He doubted not 'but Providence had ſent him to her Deliver-'ance, as a Reward for that Truſt. He wiſhed 'indeed he had not deprived the wicked Wretch 'of Life, but G—'s Will be done; he ſaid, he 'hoped the Goodneſs of his Intention would 'excuſe him in the next World, and he truſted 'in her Evidence to acquit him in this.' He was then ſilent, and began to conſider with himſelf, whether it would be properer to make his Eſcape, or to deliver himſelf into the Hands of Juſtice; which Meditation ended, as the Reader will ſee in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

Giving an Account of the ſtrange Cataſtrophe of the preceding Adventure, which drew poor Adams *into freſh Calamities; and who the Woman was who owed the Preſervation of her Chaſtity to his victorious Arm.*

THE Silence of *Adams*, added to the Darkneſs of the Night and Lonelineſs of the Place, ſtruck dreadful Apprehenſions into the poor Woman's Mind: She began to fear as great an Enemy in her Deliverer, as he had delivered her from; and as ſhe had not Light enough to diſcover the Age of *Adams*, and the Benevolence viſible in his Countenance, ſhe ſuſpected he had uſed her as ſome very honeſt Men have uſed their Country; and had reſcued her out of the Hands of one Rifler, in order to rifle her himſelf. Such were the Suſpicions ſhe drew from his Silence: but indeed they were ill-grounded. He ſtood over his vanquiſhed Enemy, wiſely weighing in his Mind the Objections which might be made to either of the two Methods of proceeding mentioned in the laſt Chapter, his Judgment ſometimes inclining to the one, and ſometimes to the other; for both ſeemed to him ſo equally adviſeable, and ſo equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his Days, at leaſt two or three of them, on that very Spot, before he had taken any Reſolution: At length he lifted up his Eyes, and ſpied a Light at a Diſtance,

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ſtance, to which he inſtantly addreſſed himſelf with *Heus tu, Traveller, heus tu!* He preſently heard ſeveral Voices, and perceived the Light approaching toward him. The Perſons who attended the Light began ſome to laugh, others to ſing, and others to hollow, at which the Woman teſtified ſome Fear, (for ſhe had concealed her Suſpicions of the Parſon himſelf,) but *Adams* ſaid, 'Be of good Cheer, Damſel, and repoſe 'thy Truſt in the ſame Providence, which hath 'hitherto protected thee, and never will forſake 'the Innocent.' Theſe People who now approached were no other, Reader, than a Set of young Fellows, who came to theſe Buſhes in purſuit of a Diverſion which they call *Bird-batting*. This, if thou art ignorant of it (as perhaps if thou haſt never travelled beyond *Kenſington*, *Iſlington*, *Hackney*, or the *Borough*, thou mayſt be) I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large Clap-Net before a Lantern, and at the ſame time beating the Buſhes: for the Birds, when they are diſturbed from their Places of Reſt, or Rooſt, immediately make to the Light, and ſo are enticed within the Net. *Adams* immediately told them what had happened, and deſired them, 'to hold the Lantern to the Face of the Man 'on the Ground, for he feared he had *ſmote* 'him fatally.' But indeed his Fears were frivolous; for the Fellow, tho' he had been ſtunned by the laſt Blow he received, had long ſince recovered his Senſes, and finding himſelf quit of *Adams*, had liſtened attentively to the Diſcourſe between him and the young Woman; for whoſe Departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewiſe withdraw himſelf, having no longer Hopes of ſucceeding in his Deſires, which were moreover

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moreover almoſt as well cooled by Mr. *Adams*, as they could have been by the young Woman herſelf, had he obtained his utmoſt Wiſh. This Fellow, who had a Readineſs at improving any Accident, thought he might now play a better Part than that of a dead Man; and accordingly, the Moment the Candle was held to his Face, he leapt up, and laying hold on *Adams*, cried out, 'No, Villain, I am not dead, though you 'and your wicked Whore might well think me 'ſo, after the barbarous Cruelties you have exer-'ciſed on me. Gentlemen, ſaid he, you are 'luckily come to the Aſſiſtance of a poor Tra-'veller, who would otherwiſe have been robbed 'and murdered by this vile Man and Woman, 'who led me hither out of my Way from the 'High-Road, and both falling on me have uſed 'me as you ſee.' *Adams* was going to anſwer, when one of the young Fellows cry'd, 'D—n 'them, let's carry them both before the Juſtice.' The poor Woman began to tremble, and *Adams* lifted up his Voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid Hands on him, and one holding the Lantern to his Face, they all agreed, *he had the moſt villainous Countenance* they ever beheld; and an Attorney's Clerk who was of the Company, declared, *he was ſure he had remembred him at the Bar*. As to the Woman, her Hair was diſhevelled in the Struggle, and her Noſe had bled, ſo that they could not perceive whether ſhe was handſome or ugly: but they ſaid her Fright plainly diſcovered her Guilt. And ſearching her Pockets, as they did thoſe of *Adams* for Money, which the Fellow ſaid he had loſt, they found in her Pocket a Purſe with ſome Gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, eſpecially as the

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T. Hulett inv.t et sculp.

Published March 1. 1742 by J. Miller.

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the Fellow offered to ſwear to it. Mr. *Adams* was found to have no more than one Halfpenny about him. This the Clerk ſaid, 'was a great 'Preſumption that he was an old Offender, by 'cunningly giving all the Booty to the Woman.' To which all the reſt readily aſſented.

This Accident promiſing them better Sport, than what they had propoſed, they quitted their Intention of catching Birds, and unanimouſly reſolved to proceed to the Juſtice with the Offenders. Being informed what a deſperate Fellow *Adams* was, they tied his Hands behind him; and having hid their Nets among the Buſhes, and the Lantern being carried before them, they placed the two Priſoners in their Front, and then began their March: *Adams* not only ſubmitting patiently to his own Fate, but comforting and encouraging his Companion under her Sufferings.

Whilſt they were on their Way, the Clerk informed the reſt, that this Adventure would prove a very beneficial one: for that they would be all entitled to their Proportions of 80 *l.* for apprehending the Robbers. This occaſioned a Contention concerning the Parts which they had ſeverally borne in taking them; one inſiſting, he ought to have the greateſt Share; for he had firſt laid his Hands on *Adams*; another claiming a ſuperior Part, for having firſt held the Lantern to the Man's Face on the Ground, by which, he ſaid, 'the whole was diſcovered.' The Clerk claimed four Fifths of the Reward, for having propoſed to ſearch the Priſoners; and likewiſe the carrying them before the Juſtice: he ſaid indeed, 'in ſtrict Juſtice he ought to have the 'whole.' Theſe Claims, however, they at laſt conſented to refer to a future Deciſion, but ſeem'd

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all to agree that the Clerk was entitled to a Moiety. They then debated what Money ſhould be allotted to the young Fellow, who had been employed only in holding the Nets. He very modeſtly ſaid, 'That he did not apprehend any 'large Proportion would fall to his Share; but 'hoped they would allow him ſomething: he 'deſired them to conſider, that they had aſſigned their Nets to his Care, which prevented 'him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the Robbers, (for ſo theſe innocent People were called;) that if he had not 'occupied the Nets, ſome other muſt: concluding however, that he ſhould be contented with 'the ſmalleſt Share imaginable, and ſhould think 'that rather their Bounty than his Merit.' But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any Part whatever, the Clerk particularly ſwearing, 'if they gave him a Shilling, they might 'do what they pleaſed with the reſt; for he 'would not concern himſelf with the Affair.' This Contention was ſo hot, and ſo totally engaged the Attention of all the Parties, that a dextrous nimble Thief, had he been in Mr. *Adams*'s Situation, would have taken care to have given the Juſtice no Trouble that Evening. Indeed it required not the Art of a *Shepherd* to eſcape, eſpecially as the Darkneſs of the Night would have ſo much befriended him: but *Adams* truſted rather to his Innocence than his Heels, and without thinking of Flight, which was eaſy, or Reſiſtance (which was impoſſible, as there were ſix luſty young Fellows, beſides the Villain himſelf, preſent) he walked with perfect Reſignation the Way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams

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Adams frequently vented himself in Ejaculations during their Journey; at last poor *Joseph Andrews* occurring to his Mind, he could not refrain sighing forth his Name, which being heard by his Companion in Affliction, she cried, with some Vehemence, 'Sure I should know that Voice; 'you cannot certainly, Sir, be Mr. *Abraham A-* 'dams?' 'Indeed Damsel,' says he, 'that is 'my Name; there is something also in your 'Voice, which persuades me I have heard it be- 'fore.' 'La, Sir,' says she, 'don't you re- 'member poor *Fanny?*' 'How *Fanny!*' answered *Adams*, 'indeed I very well remember 'you; what can have brought you hither?' 'I have told you, Sir,' replied she, 'I was tra- 'velling towards *London*; but I thought you men- 'tioned *Joseph Andrews*, pray what is become of 'him?' 'I left him, Child, this Afternoon,' said *Adams*, 'in the Stage-Coach, in his way to- 'wards our Parish, whither he is going to see 'you.' 'To see me! La, Sir,' answered *Fanny*, 'sure you jeer me; what should he be 'going to see me for?' 'Can you ask that?' replied *Adams*. 'I hope *Fanny* you are not in- 'constant; I assure you he deserves much better 'of you.' La! Mr. *Adams*,' said she, 'what 'is Mr. *Joseph* to me? I am sure I never had any 'thing to say to him, but as one Fellow-Servant 'might to another.' 'I am sorry to hear this,' said *Adams*; 'a virtuous Passion for a young 'Man, is what no Woman need be ashamed of. 'You either do not tell me Truth, or you are 'false to a very worthy Man.' *Adams* then told her what had happened at the Inn, to which she listened very attentively; and a Sigh often escaped from her, notwithstanding her utmost Endea-

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vours to the contrary, nor could ſhe prevent herſelf from aſking a thouſand Queſtions, which would have aſſured any one but *Adams*, who never ſaw farther into People than they deſired to let him, of the Truth of a Paſſion ſhe endeavoured to conceal. Indeed the Fact was, that this poor Girl having heard of *Joſeph*'s Misfortune by ſome of the Servants belonging to the Coach, which we have formerly mentioned to have ſtopt at the Inn while the poor Youth was confined to his Bed, that Inſtant abandoned the Cow ſhe was milking, and taking with her a little Bundle of Clothes under her Arm, and all the Money ſhe was worth in her own Purſe, without conſulting any one, immediately ſet forward, in purſuit of one, whom, notwithſtanding her Shyneſs to the Parſon, ſhe loved with inexpreſſible Violence, though with the pureſt and moſt delicate Paſſion. This Shyneſs therefore, as we truſt it will recommend her Character to all our Female Readers, and not greatly ſurprize ſuch of our Males as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other Sex, we ſhall not give ourſelves any Trouble to vindicate.

CHAP. XI.

What happened to them while before the Juſtice. A Chapter very full of Learning.

THEIR Fellow-Travellers were ſo engaged in the hot Diſpute concerning the Diviſion of the Reward for apprehending theſe innocent People, that they attended very little to their Diſcourſe. They were now arrived at the Juſtice's Houſe,

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Houſe, and had ſent one of his Servants in to acquaint his Worſhip, that they had taken two Robbers, and brought them before him. The Juſtice, who was juſt returned from a Fox-Chaſe, and had not yet finiſhed his Dinner, ordered them to carry the Priſoners into the Stable, whither they were attended by all the Servants in the Houſe, and all the People in the Neighbourhood, who flocked together to ſee them with as much Curioſity as if there was ſomething uncommon to be ſeen, or that a Rogue did not look like other People.

The Juſtice now being in the Height of his Mirth and his Cups, bethought himſelf of the Priſoners; and telling his Company he believed they ſhould have good Sport in their Examination, he ordered them into his Preſence. They had no ſooner entered the Room, than he began to revile them, ſaying, 'that Robberies on the High-'way were now grown ſo frequent, that People 'could not ſleep ſafely in their Beds, and aſſured 'them they both ſhould be made Examples of at 'the enſuing Aſſizes.' After he had gone on ſome time in this manner, he was reminded by his Clerk, 'that it would be proper to take 'the Depoſition of the Witneſſes againſt them.' Which he bid him do, and he would light his Pipe in the mean time. Whilſt the Clerk was employed in writing down the Depoſitions of the Fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the Juſtice employed himſelf in cracking Jeſts on poor *Fanny*, in which he was ſeconded by all the Company at Table. One aſked, 'whether ſhe was 'to be indicted for a *Highwayman?*' Another whiſpered in her Ear, 'if ſhe had not provided 'herſelf a great Belly, he was at her ſervice.'

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A third ſaid, 'he warranted ſhe was a Relation 'of *Turpin*.' To which one of the Company, a great Wit, ſhaking his Head, and then his Sides, anſwered, 'he believed ſhe was nearer re-'lated to *Turpis*;' at which there was an univerſal Laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor Girl, when ſomebody ſmoking the Caſſock peeping forth from under the Great Coat of *Adams*, cried out, 'What have we here, a Par-'ſon?' 'How, Sirrah,' ſays the Juſtice,' 'do 'you go a robbing in the Dreſs of a Clergy-'man? let me tell you, your Habit will not en-'title you to the *Benefit of the Clergy*.' 'Yes,' ſaid the witty Fellow, 'he will have one Benefit 'of Clergy, he will be exalted above the Heads 'of the People;' at which there was a ſecond Laugh. And now the witty Spark, ſeeing his Jokes take, began to riſe in Spirits; and turning to *Adams*, challenged him to *cap* Verſes, and provoking him by giving the firſt Blow, he repeated,

Molle meum levibus cord eſt vilebile Telis.

Upon which *Adams*, with a Look full of ineffable Contempt, told him, he deſerved ſcourging for his Pronunciation. The witty Fellow anſwered, 'What do you deſerve, Doctor, for 'not being able to anſwer the firſt time?' Why I'll give you one you Blockhead—with an *S*.

Si licet, ut fulvum ſpectatur in ignibus baurum.

What can'ſt not with an *M* neither? Thou art a pretty Fellow for a Parſon—. Why did'ſt not ſteal ſome of the Parſon's *Latin* as well as his

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his Gown? Another at the Table then anſwered, 'if he had, you would have been too hard 'for him; I remember you at the College a very Devil at this Sport; I have ſeen you catch a 'freſh Man: for no body that knew you, would 'engage with you.' 'I have forgot thoſe things 'now,' cried the Wit. 'I believe I could have 'done pretty well formerly.—Let's ſee, what 'did I end with—an *M* again—ay—

Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

'I could have done it once.'—'Ah! Evil betide 'you, and ſo you can now,' ſaid the other, 'no body in this Country will undertake you.' *Adams* could hold no longer; 'Friend,' ſaid he, 'I have a Boy not above eight Years old, who 'would inſtruct thee, that the laſt Verſe runs 'thus:

Ut ſunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

'I'll hold thee a Guinea of that,' ſaid the Wit, throwing the Money on the Table.—'And I'll 'go your Halves,' cries the other. 'Done,' anſwered *Adams*; but upon applying to his Pocket, he was forced to retract, and own he had no Money about him; which ſet them all a laughing, and confirmed the Triumph of his Adverſary, which was not moderate, any more than the Approbation he met with from the whole Company, who told *Adams* he muſt go a little longer to School, before he attempted to attack that Gentleman in *Latin*.

The Clerk having finiſhed the Depoſitions, as well of the Fellow himſelf, as of thoſe who apprehended

prehended the Priſoners, delivered them to the Juſtice; who having ſworn the ſeveral Witneſſes, without reading a Syllable, ordered his Clerk to make the *Mittimus*.

Adams then ſaid, 'he hoped he ſhould not be 'condemned unheard.' 'No, no,' cries the Juſtice, 'you will be aſked what you have to ſay 'for yourſelf, when you come on your Trial: 'we are not trying you now; I ſhall only com-'mit you to Goal: if you can prove your In-'nocence at *Size*, you will be found *Ignoramus*, 'and ſo no Harm done.' 'Is it no Puniſhment, 'Sir, for an innocent Man to lie ſeveral Months 'in Goal?' cries *Adams*: 'I beg you would at 'leaſt hear me before you ſign the *Mittimus*.' 'What ſignifies all you can ſay?' ſays the Ju-ſtice, 'is it not here in black and white againſt 'you? I muſt tell you, you are a very imper-'tinent Fellow, to take up ſo much of my time. '—So make haſte with his *Mittimus*.'

The Clerk now acquainted the Juſtice, that among other ſuſpicious Things, as a Penknife, *&c.* found in *Adams*'s Pocket, they had diſcover-ed a Book written, as he apprehended, in Cyphers: for no one could read a Word in it. 'Ay,' ſays the Juſtice, 'the Fellow may be more 'than a common Robber, he may be in a Plot 'againſt the Government.—Produce the Book.' Upon which the poor Manuſcript of *Æſchylus*, which *Adams* had tranſcribed with his own Hand, was brought forth; and the Juſtice looking at it ſhook his Head, and turning to the Priſoner aſked the meaning of thoſe Cyphers. 'Cyphers!' anſwered *Adams*, 'it is a Manuſcript of *Æſchy-'lus*.' Who? who? ſaid the Juſtice. *Adams* repeated, '*Æſchylus*.' 'That is an outlandiſh 'Name,

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'Name,' cried the Clerk. 'A fictitious Name 'rather, I believe, ſaid the Juſtice.' One of the Company declared it looked very much like *Greek*. '*Greek* ?' ſaid the Juſtice, 'why 'tis all Writing.' 'No,' ſays the other, 'I don't poſitively ſay 'it is ſo: for it is a very long time ſince I have 'ſeen any Greek. There's one,' ſays he, turning to the Parſon of the Pariſh, who was preſent, 'will tell us immediately.' The Parſon taking up the Book, and putting on his Spectacles and Gravity together, muttered ſome Words to himſelf, and then pronounced aloud—'Ay indeed it 'is a *Greek* Manuſcript, a very fine Piece of 'Antiquity. I make no doubt but it was ſtolen 'from the ſame Clergyman from whom the 'Rogue took the Caſſock.' 'What did the 'Raſcal mean by his *Æſchylus* ?' ſays the Juſtice. 'Pooh !' anſwered the Doctor, with a contemptuous Grin, 'do you think that Fellow knows 'any thing of this Book ? *Æſchylus !* ho ! ho ! ho ! 'I ſee now what it is. —A Manuſcript of one of 'the Fathers. I know a Nobleman who would 'give a great deal of Money for ſuch a Piece of 'Antiquity. —Ay, ay, Queſtion and Anſwer. 'The Beginning is the Catechiſm in *Greek*.— 'Ay,—Ay,—*Pollaki toi*—What's your Name ?' '—Ay, what's your Name ?' ſays the Juſtice to *Adams*, who anſwered, 'It is *Æſchylus*, and I 'will maintain it.'—'O it is,' ſays the Juſtice, 'make Mr. *Æſchylus* his *Mittimus*. I will teach 'you to banter me with a falſe Name.'

One of the Company having looked ſtedfaſtly at *Adams* aſked him, 'if he did not know La-'dy *Booby* ?' Upon which *Adams* preſently calling him to Mind, anſwered in a Rapture, 'O Squire, are you there ? I believe you will

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'inform his Worſhip I am innocent.' 'I can 'indeed ſay,' replied the Squire, 'that I am very 'much ſurprized to ſee you in this Situation;' and then addreſſing himſelf to the Juſtice, he ſaid, 'Sir, I aſſure you Mr. *Adams* is a Clergy-'man as he appears, and a Gentleman of a very 'good Character. I wiſh you would enquire a 'little farther into this Affair; for I am convin-'ced of his Innocence.' 'Nay,' ſays the Juſtice, 'if he is a Gentleman, and you are ſure 'he is innocent, I don't deſire to commit him, 'not I; I will commit the Woman by herſelf, 'and take your Bail for the Gentleman; look 'into the Book, Clerk, and ſee how it is to take 'Bail; come—and make the *Mittimus* for the '*Woman* as faſt as you can.' 'Sir,' cries *Adams*, 'I aſſure you ſhe is as innocent as myſelf.' 'Per-'haps,' ſaid the Squire, 'there may be ſome Mi-'ſtake; pray let us hear Mr. *Adams*'s Relation.' 'With all my Heart,' anſwered the Juſtice, 'and 'give the Gentleman a Glaſs to whet his Whiſtle 'before he begins. I know how to behave my-'ſelf to Gentlemen as well as another. No body 'can ſay I have committed a Gentleman, ſince I 'have been in the Commiſſion.' *Adams* then began the Narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unleſs by ſeveral *Hums* and *Ha's* of the Juſtice, and his Deſire to repeat thoſe Parts which ſeemed to him moſt material. When he had finiſhed, the Juſtice, who on what the Squire had ſaid, believed every Syllable of his Story on his bare Affirmation, notwithſtanding the Depoſitions on Oath to the contrary, began to let looſe ſeveral *Rogues and Raſcals* againſt the Witneſs, whom he ordered to ſtand forth, but in vain: the ſaid Witneſs, long

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long since finding what Turn Matters were like to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the Issue. The Justice now flew into a violent Passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent Fellows, who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, 'they 'had best find out the Fellow who was guilty 'of Perjury, and bring him before him within 'two Days, or he would bind them all over to 'their good Behaviour.' They all promised to use their best Endeavours to that Purpose, and were dismissed. Then the Justice insisted, that Mr. *Adams* should sit down and take a Glass with him; and the Parson of the Parish delivered him back the Manuscript without saying a Word; nor would *Adams*, who plainly discerned his Ignorance, expose it. As for *Fanny*, she was, at her own Request, recommended to the Care of a Maid-Servant of the House, who helped her to new dress, and clean herself.

The Company in the Parlour had not been long seated, before they were alarmed with a horrible Uproar from without, where the Persons who had apprehended *Adams* and *Fanny*, had been regaling, according to the Custom of the House, with the Justice's strong Beer. These were all fallen together by the Ears, and were cuffing each other without any Mercy. The Justice himself sallied out, and with the Dignity of his Presence soon put an End to the Fray. On his Return into the Parlour, he reported, 'That the Occasion of the Quarrel, was no o-'ther than a Dispute, to whom, if *Adams* had 'been convicted, the greater Share of the Re-'ward for apprehending him had belonged.' All the Company laughed at this, except *Adams*,

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who, taking his Pipe from his Mouth, fetched a deep Groan, and ſaid, he was concerned to ſee ſo litigious a Temper in Men. That he remembered a Story ſomething like it in one of the Pariſhes where his Cure lay: 'There was,' continued he, 'a Competition between three young 'Fellows for the Place of the Clerk, which I 'diſpoſed of, to the beſt of my Abilities, according to Merit: that is, I gave it to him who 'had the happieſt Knack at ſetting a Pſalm. The 'Clerk was no ſooner eſtabliſhed in his Place than 'a Contention began between the two diſappointed Candidates concerning their Excellence, each 'contending, on whom, had they two been the 'only Competitors, my Election would have fallen. This Diſpute frequently diſturbed the Congregation, and introduced a Diſcord into the 'Pſalmody, 'till I was forced to ſilence them 'both. But alas, the litigious Spirit could not 'be ſtifled; and being no longer able to vent itſelf in ſinging, it now broke forth in fighting. 'It produced many Battles, (for they were very 'near a Match;) and, I believe, would have 'ended fatally, had not the Death of the Clerk 'given me an Opportunity to promote one of 'them to his Place; which preſently put an End 'to the Diſpute, and entirely reconciled the contending Parties.' *Adams* then proceeded to make ſome philoſophical Obſervations on the Folly of growing warm in Diſputes, in which neither Party is intereſted. He then applied himſelf vigorouſly to ſmoaking; and a long Silence enſued, which was at length broke by the Juſtice; who began to ſing forth his own Praiſes, and to value himſelf exceedingly on his nice Diſcernment in the Cauſe which had lately been before him.

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him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr. *Adams*, between whom and his Worſhip a Diſpute now aroſe, whether he ought not, in Strictneſs of Law, to have committed him, the ſaid *Adams*; in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the Juſtice as vehemently held he ought not. This had moſt probably produced a Quarrel, (for both were very violent and poſitive in their Opinions) had not *Fanny* accidentally heard, that a young Fellow was going from the Juſtice's Houſe to the very Inn where the Stage-Coach, in which *Joſeph* was, put up. Upon this News, ſhe immediately ſent for the Parſon out of the Parlour. *Adams*, when he found her reſolute to go, (tho' ſhe would not own the Reaſon, but pretended ſhe could not bear to ſee the Faces of thoſe who had ſuſpected her of ſuch a Crime) was as fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the Juſtice and Company, and ſo ended a Diſpute, in which the Law ſeemed ſhamefully to intend to ſet a Magiſtrate and a Divine together by the Ears.

CHAP. XII.

A very delightful Adventure, as well to the Perſons concerned, as to the good-natured Reader.

ADAMS, *Fanny*, and the Guide, ſet out together, about one in the Morning, the Moon being then juſt riſen. They had not gone above a Mile, before a moſt violent Storm of Rain obliged them to take Shelter in an Inn, or rather

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rather Alehouſe; where *Adams* immediately procured himſelf a good Fire, a Toaſt and Ale, and a Pipe, and began to ſmoke with great Content, utterly forgetting every thing that had happened.

Fanny ſat likewiſe down by the Fire; but was much more impatient at the Storm. She preſently engaged the Eyes of the Hoſt, his Wife, the Maid of the Houſe, and the young Fellow who was their Guide; they all conceived they had never ſeen any thing half ſo handſome: and indeed, Reader, if thou art of an amorous Hue, I adviſe thee to ſkip over the next Paragraph; which, to render our Hiſtory perfect, we are obliged to ſet down, humbly hoping, that we may eſcape the Fate of *Pygmalion*: for if it ſhould happen to us or to thee to be ſtruck with this Picture, we ſhould be perhaps in as helpleſs a Condition as *Narciſſus*; and might ſay to ourſelves, *Quod petis eſt nuſquam*. Or if the fineſt Features in it ſhould ſet Lady ——'s Image before our Eyes, we ſhould be ſtill in as bad Situation, and might ſay to our Deſires, *Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitia*.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth Year of her Age; ſhe was tall, and delicately ſhaped; but not one of thoſe ſlender young Women, who ſeem rather intended to hang up in the Hall of an Anatomiſt, than for any other Purpoſe. On the contrary ſhe was ſo plump, that ſhe ſeem'd burſting through her tight Stays, eſpecially in the Part which confined her ſwelling Breaſts. Nor did her Hips want the Aſſiſtance of a Hoop to extend them. The exact Shape of her Arms denoted the Form of thoſe Limbs which ſhe concealed; and tho' they were a little reddened by her Labour; yet if her Sleeve ſlipt above her Elbow, or

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her Handkerchief discovered any Part of her Neck, a Whiteness appeared which the finest *Italian* Paint would be unable to reach. Her Hair was of a Chesnut Brown, and Nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on *Sundays* used to curl down her Neck in the modern Fashion. Her Forehead was high, her Eye-brows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her Eyes black and sparkling; her Nose just inclining to the *Roman*; her Lips red and moist, and her under-Lip, according to the Opinion of the Ladies, too pouting. Her Teeth were white, but not exactly even. The Small-Pox had left one only Mark on her Chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a Dimple, had not her left Cheek produced one so near a Neighbour to it, that the former served only for a Foil to the latter. Her Complexion was fair, a little injured by the Sun, but overspread with such a Bloom, that the finest Ladies would have exchanged all their White for it: add to these a Countenance, in which tho' she was extremely bashful, a Sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a Sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either Imitation or Description. To conclude all, she had a natural Gentility, superior to the Acquisition of Art, and which surprized all who beheld her.

This lovely Creature was sitting by the Fire with *Adams*, when her Attention was suddenly engaged by a Voice from an inner Room, which sung the following Song.

The

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The SONG.

SAY, Chloe, *where muſt the Swain ſtray*
Who is by thy Beauties undone,
To waſh their Remembrance away,
To what diſtant Lethe *muſt run?*
The Wretch who is ſentenc'd to die,
May eſcape, and leave Juſtice behind;
From his Country perhaps he may fly:
But O can he fly from his Mind!

O Rapture! unthought of before,
To be thus of Chloe *poſſeſt;*
Nor ſhe, nor no Tyrant's hard Power,
Her Image can tear from my Breaſt.
But felt not Narciſſus *more Joy,*
With his Eyes he beheld his lov'd Charms?
Yet what he beheld, the fond Boy
More eagerly wiſh'd in his Arms.

How can it thy dear Image be,
Which fills thus my Boſom with Woe?
Can aught bear Reſemblance to thee,
Which Grief and not Joy can beſtow?
This Counterfeit ſnatch from my Heart,
Ye Pow'rs, tho' with Torment I rave,
Tho' mortal will prove the fell Smart,
I then ſhall find reſt in my Grave.

Ah! ſee the dear Nymph o'er the Plain
Comes ſmiling and tripping along,
A thouſand Loves dance in her Train;
The Graces around her all throng.

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To meet her ſoft Zephyrus *flies,*
And wafts all the Sweets from the Flow'rs;
Ah Rogue! whilſt he kiſſes her Eyes,
More Sweets from her Breath he devours.

My Soul, whilſt I gaze, is on fire,
But her Looks were ſo tender and kind;
My Hope almoſt reach'd my Deſire,
And left lame Deſpair far behind.
Tranſported with Madneſs I flew,
And eagerly ſeiz'd on my Bliſs;
Her Boſom but half ſhe withdrew,
But half ſhe refus'd my fond Kiſs.

Advances like theſe made me bold,
I whiſper'd her, Love,—we're alone,
The reſt let Immortals unfold,
No Language can tell but their own.
Ah Chloe *expiring, I cry'd,*
How long I thy Cruelty bore?
Ah! Strephon, *ſhe bluſhing reply'd,*
You ne'er was ſo preſſing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this Time on a Paſſage in *Æſchylus*, without attending in the leaſt to the Voice, tho' one of the moſt melodious that ever was heard; when caſting his Eyes on *Fanny*, he cried out, 'Bleſs us, you look extremely pale.' Pale! Mr. *Adams*, ſays ſhe, O Jeſus! and fell backwards in her Chair. *Adams* jumped up, flung his *Æſchylus* into the Fire, and fell a roaring to the People of the Houſe for Help. He ſoon ſummoned every one into the Room, and the Songſter among the reſt: But, O Reader, when this Nightingale, who was no other than *Joſeph Andrews* himſelf, ſaw his beloved *Fanny*

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Fanny in the Situation we have deſcribed her, canſt thou conceive the Agitations of his Mind? If thou canſt not, wave that Meditation to behold his Happineſs, when, claſping her in his Arms, he found Life and Blood returning into her Cheeks; when he ſaw her open her beloved Eyes, and heard her with the ſofteſt Accent whiſper, 'Are you *Joſeph Andrews?*' 'Art thou 'my *Fanny?*' he anſwered eagerly, and pulling her to his Heart, he imprinted numberleſs Kiſſes on her Lips, without conſidering who were preſent.

If Prudes are offended at the Luſciouſneſs of this Picture, they may take their Eyes off from it, and ſurvey Parſon *Adams* dancing about the Room in a Rapture of Joy. Some Philoſophers may perhaps doubt, whether he was not the happieſt of the three; for the Goodneſs of his Heart enjoyed the Bleſſings which were exulting in the Breaſts of both the other two, together with his own. But we ſhall leave ſuch Diſquiſitions as too deep for us, to thoſe who are building ſome favourite Hypotheſis, which they will refuſe no metaphyſical Rubbiſh to erect and ſupport: for our Part, we give it clearly on the Side of *Joſeph*, whoſe Happineſs was not only greater than the Parſon's, but of longer Duration: for as ſoon as the firſt Tumults of *Adams*'s Rapture were over, he caſt his Eyes towards the Fire, where *Æſchylus* lay expiring; and immediately reſcued the poor Remains, to wit, the Sheep-ſkin Covering of his dear Friend, which was the Work of his own Hands, and had been his inſeparable Companion for upwards of thirty Years.

Fanny had no ſooner perfectly recovered herſelf, than ſhe began to reſtrain the Impetuoſity of

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of her Tranſports; and reflecting on what ſhe had done and ſuffered in the Preſence of ſo many, ſhe was immediately covered with Confuſion; and puſhing *Joſeph* gently from her, ſhe begged him to be quiet: nor would admit of either Kiſs or Embrace any longer. Then ſeeing Mrs. *Slipſlop*, ſhe curt'ſied, and offered to advance to her; but that high Woman would not return her Curt'ſies; but caſting her Eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another Room, muttering as ſhe went, ſhe wondered *who the Creature was.*

CHAP. XIII.

A Diſſertation concerning high People and low People, with Mrs. Slipſlop's *Departure in no very good Temper of Mind, and the evil Plight in which ſhe left* Adams *and his Company.*

IT will doubtleſs ſeem extremely odd to many Readers, that Mrs. *Slipſlop*, who had lived ſeveral Years in the ſame Houſe with *Fanny*, ſhould in a ſhort Separation utterly forget her. And indeed the Truth is, that ſhe remembered her very well. As we would not willingly therefore, that any Thing ſhould appear unnatural in this our Hiſtory, we will endeavour to explain the Reaſons of her Conduct; nor do we doubt being able to ſatisfy the moſt curious Reader, that Mrs. *Slipſlop* did not in the leaſt deviate from the common Road in this Behaviour; and indeed, had ſhe done otherwiſe, ſhe muſt have deſcended

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ſcended below herſelf, and would have very juſtly been liable to Cenſure.

Be it known then, that the human Species are divided into two ſorts of People, to wit, *High* People and *Low* People. As by High People I would not be underſtood to mean Perſons literally born higher in their Dimenſions than the reſt of the Species, nor metaphorically thoſe of exalted Characters or Abilities; ſo by Low People I cannot be conſtrued to intend the Reverſe. High People ſignify no other than People of Faſhion, and low People thoſe of no Faſhion. Now this Word *Faſhion* hath by long Uſe loſt its original Meaning, from which at preſent it gives us a very different Idea: for I am deceived, if by Perſons of Faſhion, we do not generally include a Conception of Birth and Accompliſhments ſuperior to the Herd of Mankind; whereas in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a Perſon of Faſhion, than a Perſon who dreſt himſelf in the Faſhion of the Times; and the Word really and truly ſignifies no more at this Day. Now the World being thus divided into People of Faſhion, and People of no Faſhion, a fierce Contention aroſe between them; nor would thoſe of one Party, to avoid Suſpicion, be ſeen publicly to ſpeak to thoſe of the other, tho' they often held a very good Correſpondence in private. In this Contention, it is difficult to ſay which Party ſucceeded: for whilſt the People of Faſhion ſeized ſeveral Places to their own Uſe, ſuch as Courts, Aſſemblies, Operas, Balls, *&c.* the People of no Faſhion, beſides one Royal Place, called his Majeſty's Bear-Garden, have been in conſtant Poſſeſſion of all Hops, Fairs, Revels, *&c.* Two Places have been agreed to be divided between them,

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them, namely the Church and the Play-houſe; where they ſegregate themſelves from each other in a remarkable Manner: for as the People of Faſhion exalt themſelves at Church over the Heads of the People of no Faſhion; ſo in the Play-houſe they abaſe themſelves in the ſame Degree under their Feet. This Diſtinction I have never met with any one able to account for: It is ſufficient, that ſo far from looking on each other as Brethren in the Chriſtian Language, they ſeem ſcarce to regard each other as of the ſame Species. This the Terms *ſtrange Perſons*, *People one does not know*, *the Creature*, *Wretches*, *Beaſts*, *Brutes*, and many other Appellations evidently demonſtrate; which Mrs. *Slipſlop* having often heard her Miſtreſs uſe, thought ſhe had alſo a Right to uſe in her Turn: and perhaps ſhe was not miſtaken; for theſe two Parties, eſpecially thoſe bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the loweſt of the High, and the higheſt of the Low, often change their Parties according to Place and Time; for thoſe who are People of Faſhion in one Place, are often People of no Faſhion in another. And with regard to Time, it may not be unpleaſant to ſurvey the Picture of Dependance like a kind of Ladder: as for inſtance; early in the Morning ariſes the Poſtillion, or ſome other Boy, which great Families, no more than great Ships, are without, and falls to bruſhing the Clothes, and cleaning the Shoes of *John* the Footman, who being dreſt himſelf, applies his Hands to the ſame Labours for Mr. *Second-hand* the Squire's Gentleman; the Gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the Day, attends the Squire; the Squire is no ſooner equipped, than he attends the Levee of my

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my Lord; which is no ſooner over, than my Lord himſelf is ſeen at the Levee of the Favourite, who, after the Hour of Homage is at an End, appears himſelf to pay Homage to the Levee of his Sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole Ladder of Dependance, any one Step at a greater Diſtance from the other, than the firſt from the ſecond: ſo that to a Philoſopher the Queſtion might only ſeem, whether you would chuſe to be a great Man at ſix in the Morning, or at two in the Afternoon. And yet there are ſcarce two of theſe, who do not think the leaſt Familiarity with the Perſons below them a Condeſcenſion, and if they were to go one Step farther, a Degradation.

And now, Reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long Digreſſion, which ſeemed to me neceſſary to vindicate the great Character of Mrs. *Slipſlop*, from what low People, who have never ſeen high People, might think an Abſurdity: but we who know them, muſt have daily found very high Perſons know us in one Place and not in another, To-day, and not To-morrow; all which it is difficult to account for, otherwiſe than I have here endeavoured; and perhaps, if the Gods, according to the Opinion of ſome, made Men only to laugh at them; there is no Part of our Behaviour which anſwers the End of our Creation better than this.

But to return to our Hiſtory: *Adams*, who knew no more of this than the Cat which ſat on the Table, imagining Mrs. *Slipſlop*'s Memory had been much worſe than it really was, followed her into the next Room, crying out, 'Madam *Slipſlop*, here is one of your old Ac'quaintance: Do but ſee what a fine Woman

'ſhe

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'she is grown since she left Lady *Booby*'s Ser-
'vice.' 'I think I *reflect* something of her,'
answered she with great Dignity, 'but I can't
'remember all the inferior Servants in our Fa-
'mily.' She then proceeded to satisfy *Adams*'s
Curiosity, by telling him, 'when she arrived at
'the Inn, she found a Chaise ready for her;
'that her Lady being expected very shortly in
'the Country, she was obliged to make the ut-
'most Haste, and in *Commensuration* of *Joseph*'s
'Lameness, she had taken him with her;' and
lastly, 'that the excessive *Virulence* of the Storm
'had driven them into the House where he
'found them.' After which, she acquainted
Adams with his having left his Horse, and ex-
prest some Wonder at his having strayed so far
out of his Way, and at meeting him, as she said,
'in the Company of that Wench, who she
'feared was no better than she should be.'

The Horse was no sooner put into *Adams*'s
Head, but he was immediately driven out by
this Reflection on the Character of *Fanny*. He
protested, 'he believed there was not a chaster
'Damsel in the Universe. I heartily wish, I
'heartily wish,' cry'd he, (snapping his Fingers)
'that all her Betters were as good.' He then
proceeded to inform her of the Accident of their
Meeting; but when he came to mention the
Circumstance of delivering her from the Rape,
she said, 'she thought him properer for the Army
'than the Clergy: that it did not become a Cler-
'gyman to lay violent Hands on any one;
'that he should have rather prayed that she
'might be strengthned.' *Adams* said, 'he was
'very far from being ashamed of what he had
'done;' she replied, 'want of Shame was not
'the

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'the *Curry curiſtic* of a Clergyman.' This Dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not *Joſeph* opportunely entered the Room, to aſk leave of Madam *Slipſlop* to introduce *Fanny*: but ſhe poſitively refuſed to admit any ſuch Trollops; and told him, 'ſhe would have been burnt, be-'fore ſhe would have ſuffered him to get into a 'Chaiſe with her, if ſhe had once *reſpected* him 'of having his Sluts way-laid on the Road for 'him; adding, 'that Mr. *Adams* acted a very 'pretty Part, and ſhe did not doubt but to ſee 'him a Biſhop.' He made the beſt Bow he could, and cried out, 'I thank you, Madam, for 'that Right Reverend Appellation, which I ſhall 'take all honeſt Means to deſerve.' 'Very ho-'neſt Means,' returned ſhe with a Sneer, 'to 'bring good People together.' At theſe Words *Adams* took two or three Strides a-croſs the Room, when the Coachman came to inform Mrs. *Slipſlop*, 'that the Storm was over, and 'the Moon ſhone very bright.' She then ſent for *Joſeph*, who was ſitting without with his *Fanny*, and would have had him gone with her: but he peremptorily refuſed to leave *Fanny* behind; which threw the good Woman into a violent Rage. She ſaid, 'ſhe would inform her Lady 'what Doings were carrying on, and did not 'doubt but ſhe would rid the Pariſh of all ſuch 'People;' and concluded a long Speech full of Bitterneſs and very hard Words, with ſome Reflections on the Clergy, not decent to repeat: at laſt finding *Joſeph* unmoveable, ſhe flung herſelf into the Chaiſe, caſting a Look at *Fanny* as ſhe went, not unlike that which *Cleopatra* gives *Octavia* in the Play. To ſay the truth, ſhe was moſt diſagreeably diſappointed by the Preſence of *Fan-*

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ney; ſhe had, from her firſt ſeeing *Joſeph* at the Inn, conceived Hopes of ſomething which might have been accompliſhed at an Alehouſe as well as a Palace. Indeed it is probable Mr. *Adams* had reſcued more than *Fanny* from the Danger of a Rape that Evening.

When the Chaiſe had carried off the enraged *Slipſlop*; *Adams*, *Joſeph* and *Fanny* aſſembled over the Fire; where they had a great deal of innocent Chat, pretty enough; but as poſſibly it would not be very entertaining to the Reader, we ſhall haſten to the Morning; only obſerving that none of them went to bed that Night. *Adams*, when he had ſmoaked three Pipes, took a comfortable Nap in a great Chair, and left the Lovers, whoſe Eyes were too well employed to permit any Deſire of ſhutting them, to enjoy by themſelves, during ſome Hours, an Happineſs which none of my Readers, who have never been in love, are capable of the leaſt Conception of, tho' we had as many Tongues as *Homer* deſired, to deſcribe it with, and which all true Lovers will repreſent to their own Minds without the leaſt Aſſiſtance from us.

Let it ſuffice then to ſay, that *Fanny*, after a thouſand Entreaties, at laſt gave up her whole Soul to *Joſeph*, and almoſt fainting in his Arms, with a Sigh infinitely ſofter and ſweeter too than any *Arabian* Breeze, ſhe whiſpered to his Lips, which were then cloſe to hers, 'O *Joſeph*, you 'have won me; I will be yours for ever.' *Joſeph*, having thanked her on his Knees, and embraced her with an Eagerneſs, which ſhe now almoſt returned, leapt up in a Rapture, and awakened the Parſon, earneſtly begging him, 'that 'he would that Inſtant join their Hands together.'

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Adams rebuked him for his Requeſt, and told him, 'he would by no means conſent to any 'thing contrary to the Forms of the Church; 'that he had no Licence, nor indeed would he 'adviſe him to obtain one. That the Church 'had preſcribed a Form, namely the Publication 'of Banns, with which all good Chriſtians ought 'to comply, and to the Omiſſion of which he 'attributed the many Miſeries which befel great 'Folks in Marriage; concluding, *As many as are 'joined together otherwiſe than G—'s Word doth 'allow, are not joined together by G—, neither is 'their Matrimony lawful.*' *Fanny* agreed with the Parſon, ſaying to *Joſeph* with a Bluſh, 'ſhe 'aſſured him ſhe would not conſent to any ſuch 'thing, and that ſhe wondered at his offering it.' In which Reſolution ſhe was comforted, and commended by *Adams*; and *Joſeph* was obliged to wait patiently till after the third Publication of the Banns, which however he obtained the Conſent of *Fanny*, in the Preſence of *Adams*, to put in at their Arrival.

The Sun had been now riſen ſome Hours, when *Joſeph*, finding his Leg ſurpriſingly recovered, propoſed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to ſet out, an Accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the Reckoning, which amounted to ſeven Shillings; no great Sum, if we conſider the immenſe Quantity of Ale which Mr. *Adams* poured in. Indeed they had no Objection to the Reaſonableneſs of the Bill, but many to the Probability of paying it; for the Fellow who had taken poor *Fanny*'s Purſe, had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the Account ſtood thus:

Mr.

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Mr. *Adams* and Company Dr.	o	7	ó
In Mr. *Adam*'s Pocket, ——	o	o	6½
In Mr. *Joſeph*'s, — . —	o	o	o
In Mrs. *Fanny*'s, — — —	o	o	o.
Balance, — — — — —	o	6	5½

They ſtood ſilent ſome few Minutes, ſtaring at each other, when *Adams* whipt out on his Toes, and aſked the Hoſteſs 'if there was no Clergyman 'in that Pariſh?' She anſwered, 'there was.' 'Is he wealthy?' replied he; to which ſhe likewiſe anſwered in the Affirmative. *Adams* then ſnapping his Fingers returned overjoyed to his Companions, crying out, '*Heureka*, *Heureka*;' which not being underſtood, he told them in plain *Engliſh*, 'they need give themſelves no trouble; 'for he had a Brother in the Pariſh, who would 'defray the Reckoning, and that he would juſt 'ſtep to his Houſe and fetch the Money, and re-'turn to them inſtantly.'

CHAP. XIV.

An Interview between Parſon Adams *and Parſon* Trulliber.

PARSON *Adams* came to the Houſe of Parſon *Trulliber*, whom he found ſtript into his Waiſtcoat, with an Apron on, and a Pail in his Hand, juſt come from ſerving his Hogs; for Mr. *Trulliber* was a Parſon on *Sundays*, but all the other ſix might more properly be called a Farmer. He occupied a ſmall Piece of Land of his own, beſides which he rented a conſiderable deal

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more. His Wife milked his Cows, managed his Dairy, and followed the Markets with Butter and Eggs. The Hogs fell chiefly to his Care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to Fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many Jokes, his own Size being with much Ale rendered little inferior to that of the Beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest Men you should see, and could have acted the Part of Sir *John Falstaff* without stuffing. Add to this, that the Rotundity of his Belly was considerably increased by the Shortness of his Stature, his Shadow ascending very near as far in height when he lay on his Back, as when he stood on his Legs. His Voice was loud and hoarse, and his Accents extremely broad; to complete the whole, he had a Stateliness in his Gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a Goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr. *Trulliber* being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipt off his Apron, and clothed himself in an old Night-Gown, being the Dress in which he always saw his Company at home. His Wife, who informed him of Mr. *Adams*'s Arrival, had made a small Mistake; for she had told her Husband, 'she believed here was a Man come for some of 'his Hogs.' This Supposition made Mr. *Trulliber* hasten with the utmost Expedition to attend his Guest. He no sooner saw *Adams*, than not in the least doubting the Cause of his Errand to be what his Wife had imagined, he told him, 'he was come in very good time; that he expected a Dealer that very Afternoon;' and added, 'they were all pure and fat, and upwards 'of 20 Score a-piece.' *Adams* answered, 'he believed he did not know him.' 'Yes, yes,' cried

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cried *Trulliber*, 'I have ſeen you often at *Fair*; 'why, we have dealt before now mun, I war-'rant you; yes, yes, cries he, I remember 'thy Face very well, but won't mention a Word 'more till you have ſeen them, tho' I have ne-'ver ſold thee a Flitch of ſuch Bacon as is now 'in the Stye.' Upon which he laid violent Hands on *Adams*, and dragged him into the Hogs-Stye, which was indeed but two Steps from his Parlour Window. They were no ſooner arrived there than he cry'd out, 'Do but handle 'them; ſtep in; Friend, art welcome to handle 'them whether doſt buy or no.' At which Words opening the Gate, he puſhed *Adams* into the Pig-Stye, inſiſting on it, that he ſhould handle them, before he would talk one Word with him. *Adams*, whoſe natural Complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was ſuffered to explain himſelf; and laying hold on one of their Tails, the unruly Beaſt gave ſuch a ſudden Spring, that he threw poor *Adams* all along in the Mire. *Trulliber*, inſtead of aſſiſting him to get up, burſt into a Laughter, and entering the Stye, ſaid to *Adams* with ſome Contempt, *Why, doſt not know how to handle a Hog?* and was going to lay hold of one himſelf; but *Adams*, who thought he had carried his Complacence far enough, was no ſooner on his Legs, than he eſcaped out of the Reach of the Animals, and cried out, *Nihil habeo cum Porcis*: 'I am a Clergyman, Sir, and 'am not come to buy Hogs.' *Trulliber* anſwer-'ed, 'he was ſorry for the Miſtake; but that he 'muſt blame his Wife;' adding, 'ſhe was a 'Fool, and always committed Blunders.' He then deſired him to walk in and clean himſelf;

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that he would only faſten up the Stye and follow him. *Adams* deſired leave to dry his great Coat, Wig and Hat by the Fire, which *Trulliber* granted. Mrs. *Trulliber* would have brought him a Baſon of Water to waſh his Face; but her Husband bid her be quiet like a Fool as ſhe was, or ſhe would commit more Blunders, and then directed *Adams* to the Pump. While *Adams* was thus employed, *Trulliber* conceiving no great Reſpect for the Appearance of his Gueſt, faſtened the Parlour-Door, and now conducted him into the Kitchin; telling him, he believed a Cup of Drink would do him no Harm, and whiſpered his Wife to draw a little of the worſt Ale. After a ſhort Silence, *Adams* ſaid, 'I fancy, Sir, 'you already perceive me to be a Clergyman.' 'Ay, ay,' cries *Trulliber* grinning; 'I perceive 'you have ſome Caſſock; I will not venture 'to *caale* it a whole one.' *Adams* anſwered, 'it 'was indeed none of the beſt; but he had the 'Misfortune to tear it about ten Years ago in 'paſſing over a Stile.' Mrs. *Trulliber* returning with the Drink, told her Huſband, 'ſhe fancied 'the Gentleman was a Traveller, and that he 'would be glad to eat a Bit.' *Trulliber* bid her 'hold her impertinent Tongue;' and aſked her 'if Parſons uſed to travel without Horſes?' adding, 'he ſuppoſed the Gentleman had none by 'his having no Boots on.' Yes, Sir, yes,' ſays 'Adams, 'I have a Horſe, but I have left him 'behind me.' 'I am glad to hear you have 'one,' ſays *Trulliber*; 'for I aſſure you, I don't 'love to ſee Clergymen on Foot; it is not ſeem-'ly nor ſuiting the Dignity of the Cloth.' Here *Trulliber* made a long Oration on the Dignity of the Cloth (or rather Gown) not much worth relating,

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lating, till his Wife had ſpread the Table and ſet a Meſs of Porridge on it for his Breakfaſt. He then ſaid to *Adams*, 'I don't know, Friend, 'how you came to *caale* on me; however, as 'you are here, if you think proper to eat a 'Morſel, you may.' *Adams* accepted the Invitation, and the two Parſons ſat down together, Mrs. *Trulliber* waiting behind her Huſband's Chair, as was, it ſeems, her Cuſtom. *Trulliber* eat heartily, but ſcarce put any Thing in his Mouth without finding Fault with his Wife's Cookery. All which the poor Woman bore patiently. Indeed ſhe was ſo abſolute an Admirer of her Huſband's Greatneſs and Importance, of which ſhe had frequent Hints from his own Mouth, that ſhe almoſt carried her Adoration to an Opinion of his Infallibility. To ſay the Truth, the Parſon had exerciſed her more Ways than one; and the pious Woman had ſo well edified by her Husband's Sermons, that ſhe had reſolved to receive the bad Things of this World together with the good. She had indeed been at firſt a little contentious; but he had long ſince got the better, partly by her love for *this*, partly by her fear of *that*, partly by her Religion, partly by the Reſpect he paid himſelf, and partly by that which he received from the Pariſh: She had, in ſhort, abſolutely ſubmitted, and now worſhipped her Husband as *Sarah* did *Abraham*, calling him (not Lord but) Maſter. Whilſt they were at Table, her Husband gave her a freſh Example of his Greatneſs; for as ſhe had juſt delivered a Cup of Ale to *Adams*, he ſnatched it out of his Hand, and crying out, *I caal'd vurſt*, ſwallowed down the Ale. *Adams* denied it; it was referred to the Wife, who, tho' her Conſcience was

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on the Side of *Adams*, durſt not give it againſt her Husband. Upon which he ſaid, 'No, Sir, 'no, I ſhould not have been ſo rude to have 'taken it from you, if you had *caal'd vurſt*; but 'I'd have you know I'm a better Man than to 'ſuffer the beſt He in the Kingdom to drink be-'fore me in my own Houſe, when I *caale vurſt*.'

As ſoon as their Breakfaſt was ended, *Adams* began in the following Manner: I think, Sir, 'it is high time to inform you of the Buſineſs 'of my Embaſſy. I am a Traveller, and am 'paſſing this Way in Company with two young 'People, a Lad and a Damſel, my Pariſhioners, 'towards to my own Cure: we ſtopt at a Houſe 'of Hoſpitality in the Pariſh, where they di-'rected me to you, as having the Cure.—— 'Tho' I am but a Curate,' ſays *Trulliber*, 'I 'believe I am as warm as the Vicar himſelf, or 'perhaps the Rector of the next Pariſh too; I 'believe I could buy them both.' 'Sir,' cries *Adams*, 'I rejoice thereat. Now, Sir, my Bu-'ſineſs is, that we are by various Accidents 'ſtript of our Money, and are not able to pay 'our Reckoning, being ſeven Shillings. I there-'fore requeſt you to aſſiſt me with the Loan of 'thoſe ſeven Shillings, and alſo ſeven Shillings 'more, which peradventure I ſhall return to 'you; but if not, I am convinced you will joy-'fully embrace ſuch an Opportunity of laying 'up a Treaſure in a better Place than any this 'World affords.'

Suppoſe a Stranger, who entered the Chambers of a Lawyer, being imagined a Client, when the Lawyer was preparing his Palm for the Fee, ſhould pull out a Writ againſt him. Suppoſe an Apothecary, at the Door of a Chariot containing ſome great

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great Doctor of eminent Skill, ſhould, inſtead of Directions to a Patient, preſent him with a Potion for himſelf. Suppoſe a Miniſter ſhould, inſtead of a good round Sum, treat my Lord—— or Sir——or Eſq;——with a good Broomſtick. Suppoſe a civil Companion, or a led Captain ſhould, inſtead of Virtue, and Honour, and Beauty, and Parts, and Admiration, thunder Vice and Infamy, and Uglineſs, and Folly, and Contempt, in his Patron's Ears. Suppoſe when a Tradeſman firſt carries in his Bill the Man of Faſhion ſhould pay it; or ſuppoſe, if he did ſo, the Tradeſman ſhould abate what he had overcharged on the Suppoſition of waiting. In ſhort, —ſuppoſe what you will, you never can, nor will ſuppoſe any thing equal to the Aſtoniſhment which ſeized on *Trulliber*, as ſoon as *Adams* had ended his Speech. A while he rolled his Eyes in Silence, ſometimes ſurveying *Adams*, then his Wife, then caſting them on the Ground, then lifting them to Heaven. At laſt, he burſt forth in the following Accents. 'Sir, I believe I know 'where to lay up my little Treaſure as well as 'another; I thank G— if I am not ſo warm as 'ſome, I am content; that is a Bleſſing greater 'than Riches; and he to whom that is given 'need aſk no more. To be content with a lit-'tle is greater than to poſſeſs the World, which 'a Man may poſſeſs without being ſo. Lay up 'my Treaſure! what matters where a Man's 'Treaſure is, whoſe Heart is in the Scriptures? 'there is the Treaſure of a Chriſtian.' At theſe Words the Water ran from *Adams*'s Eyes; and catching *Trulliber* by the Hand in a Rapture, 'Brother,' ſays he, 'Heavens bleſs the Accident 'by which I came to ſee you; I would have

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'walked many a Mile to have communed with 'you, and, believe me, I will ſhortly pay you 'a ſecond Viſit: but my Friends, I fancy, by 'this time, wonder at my ſtay; ſo let me have 'the Money immediately.' *Trulliber* then put on a ſtern Look, and cried out, 'Thou doſt not 'intend to rob me?' At which the Wife, burſting into Tears, fell on her Knees, and roared out, 'O dear Sir, for Heaven's ſake don't rob my 'Maſter, we are but poor People.' 'Get up 'for a Fool as thou art, and go about thy Buſi'neſs,' ſaid *Trulliber*, 'doſt think the Man will 'venture his Life? he is a Beggar, and no Rob'ber.' 'Very true indeed,' anſwered *Adams*. 'I wiſh, with all my Heart, the Tithing-Man 'was here,' cries *Trulliber*, 'I would have thee 'puniſhed as a Vagabond for thy Impudence. 'Fourteen Shillings indeed! I won't give thee a 'Farthing. I believe thou art no more a Cler'gyman than the Woman there, (pointing to 'his Wife) but if thou art, doſt deſerve to have 'thy Gown ſtript over thy Shoulders, for running 'about the Country in ſuch a manner.' 'I for'give your Suſpicions,' ſays *Adams*; 'but ſup'poſe I am not a Clergyman, I am nevertheleſs 'thy Brother; and thou, as a Chriſtian, much 'more as a Clergyman, art obliged to relieve my 'Diſtreſs.' 'Doſt preach to me?' replied *Trulliber*, 'doſt pretend to inſtruct me in my Duty?' 'Ifacks, a good Story,' cries Mrs. *Trulliber*, 'to 'preach to my Maſter.' 'Silence, Woman,' cries *Trulliber*, 'I would have thee know, 'Friend,' (addreſſing himſelf to *Adams*) 'I ſhall 'not learn my Duty from ſuch as thee; I know 'what Charity is, better than to give to Vaga'bonds. Beſides, if we were inclined, the Poors Rate

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'Rate obliges us to give ſo much Charity,' cries the Wife.—'Pugh! thou art a Fool. Poors 'Reate! hold thy Nonſenſe,' anſwered *Trulliber*: and then, turning to *Adams*, he told him, 'he would give him nothing.' I am ſorry,' anſwered *Adams*, 'that you do know what Charity 'is, ſince you practiſe it no better; I muſt tell 'you, if you truſt to your Knowledge for your 'Juſtification, you will find yourſelf deceived, 'though you ſhould add Faith to it without good 'Works.' 'Fellow' cries *Trulliber*, 'Doſt 'thou ſpeak againſt Faith in my Houſe? Get 'out of my Doors, I will no longer remain un-'der the ſame Roof with a Wretch who ſpeaks 'wantonly of Faith and the Scriptures.' 'Name 'not the Scriptures,' ſays *Adams*. 'How, not 'name the Scriptures! Do you disbelieve the 'Scriptures?' cries *Trulliber*. 'No, but you 'do,' anſwered *Adams*, 'if I may reaſon from 'your Practice: for their Commands are ſo ex-'plicite, and their Rewards and Puniſhments ſo 'immenſe, that it is impoſſible a Man ſhould ſted-'faſtly believe without obeying. Now, there is 'no Command more expreſs, no Duty more 'frequently enjoined, than Charity. Whoever 'therefore is void of Charity, I make no ſcruple 'of pronouncing that he is no Chriſtian.' 'I 'would not adviſe thee,' (ſays *Trulliber*) 'to 'ſay that I am no Chriſtian; I won't take it 'of you: for I believe I am as good a Man as 'thyſelf;' (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic Exerciſes, he had in his Youth been one of the beſt Boxers and Cudgel-players in the County.) His Wife, ſeeing him clench his Fiſt, interpoſed, and begged him not to fight, but ſhew himſelf a true Chriſtian,

ſtian, and take the Law of him. As nothing could provoke *Adams* to ſtrike, but an abſolute Aſſault on himſelf or his Friend, he ſmiled at the angry Look and Geſtures of *Trulliber*; and telling him, he was ſorry to ſee ſuch Men in Orders, departed without further Ceremony.

CHAP. XV.

An Adventure, the Conſequence of a new Inſtance which Parſon Adams *gave of his Forgetfulneſs.*

WHEN he came back to the Inn, he found *Joſeph* and *Fanny* ſitting together. They were ſo far from thinking his Abſence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once miſs'd or thought of him. Indeed I have been often aſſured by both, that they ſpent theſe Hours in a moſt delightful Converſation: But as I never could prevail on either to relate it; ſo I cannot communicate it to the Reader.

Adams acquainted the Lovers with the ill Succeſs of his Enterprize. They were all greatly confounded, none being able to propoſe any Method of departing, till *Joſeph* at laſt adviſed calling in the Hoſteſs, and deſiring her to truſt them; which *Fanny* ſaid ſhe deſpaired of her doing, as ſhe was one of the foureſt-fac'd Women ſhe had ever beheld.

But ſhe was agreeably diſappointed; for the Hoſteſs was no ſooner aſked the Queſtion than ſhe readily agreed; and with a Curt'ſy and Smile, wiſhed them a good Journey. However, leſt *Fanny*'s Skill in Phyſiognomy ſhould be called in queſtion,

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queſtion, we will venture to aſſign one Reaſon, which might probably incline her to this Confidence and Good-humour. When *Adams* ſaid he was going to viſit his Brother, he had unwittingly impoſed on *Joſeph* and *Fanny*; who both believed he had meant his natural Brother, and not his Brother in Divinity; and had ſo informed the Hoſteſs on her Enquiry after him. Now Mr. *Trulliber* had by his Profeſſions of Piety, by his Gravity, Auſterity, Reſerve, and the Opinion of his great Wealth, ſo great an Authority in his Pariſh, that they all lived in the utmoſt Fear and Apprehenſion of him. It was therefore no Wonder that the Hoſteſs, who knew it was in his Option whether ſhe ſhould ever ſell another Mug of Drink, did not dare to affront his ſuppoſed Brother by denying him Credit.

They were now juſt on their Departure, when *Adams* recollected he had left his Great Coat and Hat at Mr. *Trulliber*'s. As he was not deſirous of renewing his Viſit, the Hoſteſs herſelf, having no Servant at home, offered to fetch it.

This was an unfortunate Expedient: for the Hoſteſs was ſoon undeceived in the Opinion ſhe had entertained of *Adams*, whom *Trulliber* abuſed in the groſſeſt Terms, eſpecially when he heard he had had the Aſſurance to pretend to be his near Relation.

At her Return therefore, ſhe entirely changed her Note. She ſaid, 'Folks might be aſhamed 'of travelling about, and pretending to be what 'they were not. That Taxes were high, and 'for her Part, ſhe was obliged to pay for what 'ſhe had; ſhe could not therefore poſſibly, nor 'would ſhe truſt any body, no not her own 'Father. That Money was never ſcarcer, and 'ſhe

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'she wanted to make up a Sum. That she expected therefore they should pay their Reckoning before they left the House.'

Adams was now greatly perplexed: but as he knew that he could easily have borrowed such a Sum in his own Parish, and as he knew he would have lent it himself to any Mortal in Distress; so he took fresh Courage, and sallied out all round the Parish, but to no Purpose; he returned as pennyless as he went, groaning and lamenting, that it was possible, in a Country professing Christianity, for a Wretch to starve in the midst of his Fellow-Creatures who abounded.

Whilst he was gone, the Hostess who stayed as a sort of Guard with *Joseph* and *Fanny*, entertained them with the Goodness of Parson *Trulliber*. And indeed he had not only a very good Character, as to other Qualities, in the Neighbourhood, but was reputed a Man of great Charity: for tho' he never gave a Farthing, he had always that Word in his Mouth.

Adams was no sooner returned the second time, than the Storm grew exceeding high, the Hostess declaring among other Things, that if they offered to stir without paying her, she would soon overtake them with a Warrant.

Plato and *Aristotle*, or somebody else hath said, THAT WHEN THE MOST EXQUISITE CUNNING FAILS, CHANCE OFTEN HITS THE MARK, AND THAT BY MEANS THE LEAST EXPECTED. *Virgil* expresses this very boldly:

Turne, quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda Dies, en! attulit ultro.

I would

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I would quote more great Men if I could: but my Memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify these Observations by the following Instance.

There chanced (for *Adams* had not Cunning enough to contrive it) to be at that time in the Alehouse, a Fellow, who had been formerly a Drummer in an *Irish* Regiment, and now travelled the Country as a Pedlar. This Man having attentively listened to the Discourse of the Hostess, at last took *Adams* aside, and asked him what the Sum was for which they were detained. As soon as he was informed, he sighed, and said, 'he was sorry it was so much: for that he had 'no more than six Shillings and Sixpence in his 'Pocket, which he would lend them with all his 'heart.' *Adams* gave a Caper, and cry'd out, 'It would do: for that he had Sixpence himself.' And thus these poor People, who could not engage the Compassion of Riches and Piety, were at length delivered out of their Distress by the Charity of a poor Pedlar.

I shall refer it to my Reader to make what Observations he pleases on this Incident: it is sufficient for me to inform him, that after *Adams* and his Companions had returned him a thousand Thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all sallied out of the House without any Compliments from their Hostess, or indeed without paying her any; *Adams* declaring, he would take particular Care never to call there again, and she on her side assuring them she wanted no such Guests.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

A very curious Adventure, in which Mr. Adams *gave a much greater Inſtance of the honeſt Simplicity of his Heart than of his Experience in the Ways of this World.*

OUR Travellers had walked about two Miles from that Inn, which they had more Reaſon to have miſtaken for a Caſtle, than Don *Quixote* ever had any of thoſe in which he ſojourned; ſeeing they had met with ſuch Difficulty in eſcaping out of its Walls; when they came to a Pariſh, and beheld a Sign of Invitation hanging out. A Gentleman ſat ſmoaking a Pipe at the Door; of whom *Adams* enquired the Road, and received ſo courteous and obliging an Anſwer, accompanied with ſo ſmiling a Countenance, that the good Parſon, whoſe Heart was naturally diſpoſed to Love and Affection, began to aſk ſeveral other Queſtions; particularly the Name of the Pariſh, and who was the Owner of a large Houſe whoſe Front they then had in proſpect. The Gentleman anſwered as obligingly as before; and as to the Houſe, acquainted him it was his own. He then proceeded in the following manner: 'Sir, I preſume by 'your Habit you are a Clergyman: and as you 'are travelling on Foot, I ſuppoſe a Glaſs of good 'Beer will not be diſagreeable to you; and I can 'recommend my Landlord's within, as ſome of 'the beſt in all this County. What ſay you, will 'you halt a little and let us take a Pipe together? 'there is no better Tobacco in the Kingdom.' This Propoſal was not diſpleaſing to *Adams*, who had allayed his Thirſt that Day with no better Liquor

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quor than what Mrs. *Trulliber*'s Cellar had produced; and which was indeed little ſuperior either in Richneſs or Flavour to that which diſtilled from thoſe Grains her generous Huſband beſtowed on his Hogs. Having therefore abundantly thanked the Gentleman for his kind Invitation, and bid *Joſeph* and *Fanny* follow him, he entered the Alehouſe, where a large Loaf and Cheeſe, and a Pitcher of Beer, which truly anſwered the Character given of it, being ſet before them, the three Travellers fell to eating with Appetites infinitely more voracious than are to be found at the moſt exquiſite Eating-Houſes in the Pariſh of St. *James's*.

The Gentleman expreſſed great Delight in the hearty and chearful Behaviour of *Adams*; and particularly in the Familiarity with which he converſed with *Joſeph* and *Fanny*, whom he often called his Children, a Term he explained to mean no more than his Pariſhioners; ſaying, he looked on all thoſe whom God had entruſted to his Cure, to ſtand to him in that Relation. The Gentleman, ſhaking him by the Hand, highly applauded thoſe Sentiments. 'They are indeed,' ſays he, 'the true Principles of a Chriſtian Divine; and I 'heartily wiſh they were univerſal: but on the 'contrary, I am ſorry to ſay the Parſon of our 'Pariſh, inſtead of eſteeming his poor Pariſhioners 'as a Part of his Family, ſeems rather to conſider 'them as not of the ſame Species with himſelf. 'He ſeldom ſpeaks to any, unleſs ſome few of the 'richeſt of us; nay, indeed he will not move his 'Hat to the others. I often laugh, when I behold 'him on *Sundays* ſtrutting along the Church-Yard 'like a Turky-Cock, through Rows of his Pa-'riſhioners; who bow to him with as much Sub-'miſſion, and are as unregarded as a Set of ſer-

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'vile Courtiers by the proudeſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*. But if ſuch temporal Pride is ridiculous, 'ſurely the ſpiritual is odious and deteſtable: if 'ſuch a puffed-up empty human Bladder, ſtrutting in princely Robes, juſt moves one's Deriſion; ſurely in the Habit of a Prieſt it muſt 'raiſe our Scorn.'

'Doubtleſs,' anſwer'd *Adams*, 'your Opinion is right; but I hope ſuch Examples are 'rare. The Clergy whom I have the Honour 'to know, maintain a different Behaviour; and 'you will allow me, Sir, that the Readineſs 'which too many of the Laity ſhow to contemn the Order, may be on Reaſon of their 'avoiding too much Humility.' 'Very true, 'indeed,' ſays the Gentleman; 'I find, Sir, 'you are a Man of excellent Senſe, and am 'happy in this Opportunity of knowing you: 'perhaps our accidental Meeting may not be 'diſadvantageous to you neither. At preſent, I 'ſhall only ſay to you, that the Incumbent of 'this Living is old and infirm; and that it is in 'my Giſt. Doctor, give me your Hand; and 'aſſure yourſelf of it at his Deceaſe.' *Adams* told him, 'he was never more confounded in 'his Life, than at his utter Incapacity to make 'any Return to ſuch noble and unmerited Ge'neroſity.' 'A mere Trifle, Sir,' cries the Gentleman, 'ſcarce worth your Acceptance; a 'little more than three hundred a Year. I wiſh 'it was double the Value for your Sake.' *Adams* bowed, and cried from the Emotions of his Gratitude; when the other aſked him, 'if 'he was married, or had any Children, beſides 'thoſe in the ſpiritual Senſe he had mentioned.' 'Sir,' replied the Parſon, 'I have a Wife and 'ſix

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'fix at your Service.' 'That is unlucky,' says the Gentleman; 'for I would otherwise have taken you into my own House as my Chaplain; 'however, I have another in the Parish, (for 'the Parsonage-House is not good enough) which 'I will furnish for you. Pray does your Wife 'understand a Dairy?' 'I can't profess she does,' says *Adams*. 'I am sorry for it,' quoth the 'Gentleman; 'I would have given you half a 'dozen Cows, and very good Grounds to have 'maintained them.' 'Sir,' said *Adams*, in an Ecstacy, 'you are too liberal; indeed you are.' 'Not at all,' cries the Gentleman, 'I esteem 'Riches only as they give me an Opportunity 'of doing good; and I never saw one whom I 'had a greater Inclination to serve.' At which Words he shook him heartily by the Hand, and told him he had sufficient Room in his House to entertain him and his Friends. *Adams* begged he might give him no such Trouble; that they could be very well accommodated in the House where they were; forgetting they had not a Sixpenny Piece among them. The Gentleman would not be denied; and informing himself how far they were travelling, he said it was too long a Journey to take on Foot, and begged that they would favour him, by suffering him to lend them a Servant and Horses; adding withal, that if they would do him the Pleasure of their Company only two Days, he would furnish them with his Coach and Six. *Adams* turning to *Joseph*, said, 'How lucky is this Gentleman's Goodness to you, 'who I am afraid would be scarce able to hold 'out on your lame Leg;' and then addressing the Person who made him these liberal Promises, after much bowing, he cried out, 'Blessed be the 'Hour

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'Hour which first introduced me to a Man of 'your Charity: you are indeed a Christian of 'the true primitive kind, and an Honour to the 'Country wherein you live. I would willingly 'have taken a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land to 'have beheld you: For the Advantages which 'we draw from your Goodness, give me little 'Pleasure, in comparison of what I enjoy for 'your own Sake; when I consider the Trea-'sures you are by these Means laying up for your-'self in a Country that passeth not away. We 'will therefore, most generous Sir, accept your 'Goodness, as well the Entertainment you have 'so kindly offered us at your House this Even-'ing, as the Accommodation of your Horses 'To-morrow Morning.' He then began to search for his Hat, as did *Joseph* for his; and both they and *Fanny* were in Order of Departure, when the Gentleman stopping short, and seeming to meditate by himself for the Space of about a Minute, exclaimed thus: 'Sure never any thing 'was so unlucky; I had forgot that my House-'keeper was gone abroad, and hath locked up 'all my Rooms; indeed I would break them 'open for you, but shall not be able to fur-'nish you with a Bed; for she has likewise put 'away all my Linnen. I am glad it entered 'into my Head, before I had given you the 'Trouble of walking there; besides, I believe 'you will find better Accommodations here than 'you expected. Landlord, you can provide good 'Beds for these People, can't you?' 'Yes and 'please your Worship,' cries the Host, 'and 'such as no Lord or Justice of the Peace in the 'Kingdom need be ashamed to lie in.' 'I am 'heartily sorry,' says the Gentleman, 'for this

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'Diſappointment. I am reſolved I will never 'ſuffer her to carry away the Keys again.' 'Pray, Sir, let it not make you uneaſy,' cries *Adams*, 'we ſhall do very well here; and the 'Loan of your Horſes is a Favour we ſhall be 'incapable of making any Return to.' 'Ay!' ſaid the Squire, 'the Horſes ſhall attend you 'here, at what Hour in the Morning you pleaſe.' And now after many Civilities too tedious to enumerate, many Squeezes by the Hand, with moſt affectionate Looks and Smiles at each other, and after appointing the Horſes at ſeven the next Morning, the Gentleman took his Leave of them, and departed to his own Houſe. *Adams* and his Companions returned to the Table, where the Parſon ſmoaked another Pipe, and then they all retired to Reſt.

Mr. *Adams* roſe very early, and called *Joſeph* out of his Bed, between whom a very fierce Diſpute enſued, whether *Fanny* ſhould ride behind *Joſeph*, or behind the Gentleman's Servant; *Joſeph* inſiſting on it, that he was perfectly recovered, and was as capable of taking Care of *Fanny* as any other Perſon could be. But *Adams* would not agree to it, and declared he would not truſt her behind him; for that he was weaker than he imagined himſelf to be.

This Diſpute continued a long time, and had begun to be very hot, when a Servant arrived from their good Friend, to acquaint them, that he was unfortunately prevented from lending them any Horſes; for that his Groom had, unknown to him, put his whole Stable under a Courſe of Phyſick.

This Advice preſently ſtruck the two Diſputants dumb; *Adams* cried out, 'Was ever any 'Thing

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'Thing ſo unlucky as this poor Gentleman? I 'proteſt I am more ſorry on his Account than 'my own. You ſee, *Joſeph*, how this good-'natur'd Man is treated by his Servants; one 'locks up his Linnen, another phyſicks his Hor-'ſes; and I ſuppoſe by his being at this Houſe 'laſt Night, the Butler had locked up his Cel-'lar. Bleſs us! how Good-nature is uſed in this 'World! I proteſt I am more concerned on his 'Account than my own.' 'So am not I,' cries *Joſeph*; 'not that I am much troubled about 'walking on foot; all my Concern is, how we 'ſhall get out of the Houſe; unleſs God ſends 'another Pedlar to redeem us. But certainly, 'this Gentleman has ſuch an Affection for you, 'that he would lend you a larger Sum than we 'owe here; which is not above four or five 'Shillings.' 'Very true, Child,' anſwered *Adams*; 'I will write a Letter to him, and will 'even venture to ſollicit him for three Half-'Crowns; there will be no harm in having two 'or three Shillings in our Pockets; as we have 'full forty Miles to travel, we may poſſibly have 'occaſion for them.'

Fanny being now riſen, *Joſeph* paid her a Viſit, and left *Adams* to write his Letter, which having finiſhed, he diſpatched a Boy with it to the Gentleman, and then ſeated himſelf by the Door, lighted his Pipe, and betook himſelf to Meditation.

The Boy ſtaying longer than ſeemed to be neceſſary, *Joſeph*, who with *Fanny* was now returned to the Parſon, expreſſed ſome Apprehenſions, that the Gentleman's Steward had locked up his Purſe too. To which *Adams* anſwered, 'It might very 'poſſibly be; and he ſhould wonder at no Li-'berties,

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'berties, which the Devil might put into the 'Head of a wicked Servant to take with ſo wor-'thy a Maſter:' but added, 'that as the Sum 'was ſo ſmall, ſo noble a Gentleman would be 'eaſily able to procure it in the Pariſh; tho' 'he had it not in his own Pocket. Indeed,' ſays he, 'if it was four or five Guineas, or any 'ſuch large Quantity of Money, it might be a 'different Matter.'

They were now ſat down to Breakfaſt over ſome Toaſt and Ale, when the Boy returned, and informed them, that the Gentleman was not at home. 'Very well!' cries *Adams*; 'but why, 'Child, did you not ſtay 'till his Return? Go 'back again, my good Boy, and wait for his 'coming home: he cannot be gone far, as his 'Horſes are all ſick; and beſides he had no In-'tention to go abroad; for he invited us to ſpend 'this Day and To-morrow at his Houſe. There-'fore go back, Child, and tarry 'till his return 'home.' The Meſſenger departed, and was back again with great Expedition; bringing an Ac-count, that the Gentleman was gone a long Jour-ney, and would not be at home again this Month. At theſe Words *Adams* ſeemed greatly confound-ed, ſaying, 'This muſt be a ſudden Accident, 'as the Sickneſs or Death of a Relation, or ſome 'ſuch unforeſeen Misfortune;' and then turning to *Joſeph*, cried, 'I wiſh you had reminded me 'to have borrowed this Money laſt Night.' *Jo-ſeph* ſmiling, anſwered, 'he was very much de-'ceived, if the Gentleman would not have found 'ſome Excuſe to avoid lending it. I own,' ſays he, 'I was never much pleaſed with his profeſ-'ſing ſo much Kindneſs for you at firſt ſight: 'for I have heard the Gentlemen of our Cloth 'in

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'in *London* tell many such Stories of their Ma-
'sters. But when the Boy brought the Message
'back of his not being at home, I presently knew
'what would follow; for whenever a Man of
'Fashion doth not care to fulfil his Promises, the
'Custom is, to order his Servants that he will
'never be at home to the Person so promised.
'In *London* they call it *denying him*. I have my-
'self denied Sir *Thomas Booby* above a hundred
'times; and when the Man hath danced At-
'tendance for about a Month, or sometimes long-
'er, he is acquainted in the end, that the Gen-
'tleman is gone out of Town, and could do no-
'thing in the Business.' 'Good Lord!' says *Adams*, 'what Wickedness is there in the Chri-
'stian World? I profess almost equal to what I
'have read of the *Heathens*. But surely, *Jo-
'seph*, your Suspicions of this Gentleman must
'be unjust; for, what a silly Fellow must he be,
'who would do the Devil's Work for nothing?
'and canst thou tell me any Interest he could
'possibly propose to himself by deceiving us
'in his Professions?' 'It is not for me,' answered *Joseph*, 'to give Reasons for what Men
'do, to a Gentleman of your Learning.' 'You
'say right,' quoth *Adams*; 'Knowledge of Men
'is only to be learnt from Books; *Plato* and *Se-
'neca* for that; and those are Authors, I am a-
'fraid, Child, you never read.' 'Not I, Sir,
'truly,' answered *Joseph*; 'all I know is, it
'is a Maxim among the Gentlemen of our Cloth
'that those Masters who promise the most, per-
'form the least; and I have often heard them say,
'they have found the largest Vails in those Fa-
'milies where they were not promised any. But,
'Sir, instead of considering any farther these

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Matters, it would be our wiſeſt way to contrive ſome Method of getting out of this Houſe: for the generous Gentleman, inſtead of doing us any Service, hath left us the whole Reckoning to pay.' *Adams* was going to anſwer, when their Hoſt came in, and, with a kind of jeering Smile, ſaid, 'Well, Maſters! 'the Squire hath not ſent his Horſes for you yet. 'Laud help me! how eaſily ſome Folks make 'Promiſes!' 'How!' ſays *Adams*, 'have you 'ever known him do any thing of this kind be'fore?' 'Ay marry have I,' anſwered the Hoſt; 'it is no Buſineſs of mine, you know, 'Sir, to ſay any thing to a Gentleman to his 'Face: but now he is not here, I will aſſure 'you, he hath not his Fellow within the three 'next Market-Towns. I own, I could not help 'laughing, when I heard him offer you the Liv'ing; for thereby hangs a good Jeſt. I thought 'he would have offered you my Houſe next; 'for one is no more his to diſpoſe of than the 'other.' At theſe Words, *Adams* bleſſing himſelf declared, 'he had never read of ſuch a Monſter; but what vexes me moſt,' ſays he, 'is, that he hath decoyed us into running up a long Debt with you, which we are not able to pay; for we have no Money about us; and, what is worſe, live at ſuch a Diſtance, that if you ſhould truſt us, I am afraid you would loſe your Money, for want of our finding any Conveniency of ſending it.' 'Truſt 'you, Maſter!' ſays the Hoſt, 'that I will with 'all my heart; I honour the Clergy too much 'to deny truſting one of them for ſuch a Trifle; 'beſides, I like your fear of never paying me. I 'have loſt many a Debt in my Life-time; but

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'was promiſed to be paid them all in a very ſhort 'time. I will ſcore this Reckoning for the No-'velty of it. It is the firſt I do aſſure you of 'its kind. But what ſay you, Maſter, ſhall we 'have t'other Pot before we part? It will waſte 'but a little Chalk more; and if you never pay 'me a Shilling, the Loſs will not ruin me.' *Adams* liked the Invitation very well; eſpecially as it was delivered with ſo hearty an Accent.—He ſhook his Hoſt by the Hand, and, thanking him, ſaid, 'he would tarry another Pot, rather for 'the Pleaſure of ſuch worthy Company, than for 'the Liquor;' adding, 'he was glad to find 'ſome Chriſtians left in the Kingdom; for that 'he almoſt began to ſuſpect that he was ſojourn-'ing in a Country inhabited only by *Jews* and '*Turks*.'

The kind Hoſt produced the Liquor, and *Joſeph* with *Fanny* retired into the Garden; where while they ſolaced themſelves with amorous Diſcourſe, *Adams* ſat down with his Hoſt; and both filling their Glaſſes, and lighting their Pipes, they began that Dialogue which the Reader will find in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVII.

A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams *and his Hoſt, which, by the Diſagreement in their Opinions, ſeemed to threaten an unlucky Cataſtrophe, had it not been timely prevented by the Return of the Lovers.*

'SIR,' ſaid the Hoſt, 'I aſſure you, you are 'not the firſt to whom our Squire hath pro-'miſed more than he hath performed. He is ſo 'famous for this Practice, that his Word will 'not be taken for much by thoſe who know him. 'I remember a young Fellow whom he promiſed 'his Parents to make an Exciſeman. The poor 'People, who could ill afford it, bred their Son 'to Writing and Accounts, and other Learning, 'to qualify him for the Place; and the Boy held 'up his Head above his Condition with theſe 'Hopes; nor would he go to Plough, nor to any 'other kind of Work; and went conſtantly dreſt 'as fine as could be, with two clean *Holland* 'Shirts a Week, and this for ſeveral Years; 'till 'at laſt he followed the Squire up to *London*, 'thinking there to mind him of his Promiſes: 'but he could never get ſight of him. So that 'being out of Money and Buſineſs, he fell into 'evil Company, and wicked Courſes; and in the 'end came to a Sentence of Tranſportation, the 'News of which broke the Mother's Heart. I 'will tell you another true Story of him: There 'was a Neighbour of mine, a Farmer, who had 'two Sons whom he bred up to the Buſineſs.

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'Pretty Lads they were; nothing would ſerve 'the Squire, but that the youngeſt muſt be made 'a Parſon. Upon which he perſwaded the Fa-'ther to ſend him to School, promiſing, that he 'would afterwards maintain him at the Univer-'ſity; and when he was of a proper Age, give 'him a Living. But after the Lad had been ſe-'ven Years at School, and his Father brought 'him to the Squire with a Letter from his Ma-'ſter, that he was fit for the Univerſity; the 'Squire, inſtead of minding his Promiſe, or 'ſending him thither at his Expence, only told 'his Father, that the young Man was a fine Scho-'lar; and it was Pity he could not afford to keep 'him at *Oxford* for four or five Years more, by 'which Time, if he could get him a Curacy, 'he might have him ordained.' The Farmer ſaid, 'he was not a Man ſufficient to do any 'ſuch thing.' 'Why then,' anſwered the Squire, 'I am very ſorry you have given him ſo 'much Learning; for if he cannot get his living 'by that, it will rather ſpoil him for any thing 'elſe; and your other Son, who can hardly 'write his Name, will do more at plowing and 'ſowing, and is in a better Condition than he: 'and indeed ſo it proved; for the poor Lad, not 'finding Friends to maintain him in his Learning 'as he had expected, and being unwilling to 'work, fell to drinking, though he was a very 'ſober Lad before; and in a ſhort time, partly 'with Grief, and partly with good Liquor, fell 'into a Conſumption and died. Nay, I can tell 'you more ſtill: There was another, a young 'Woman, and the handſomeſt in all this Neigh-'bourhood, whom he enticed up to *London*, pro-'miſing to make her a Gentlewoman to one of 'your

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'your Women of Quality: but inſtead of keep-
'ing his Word, we have ſince heard, after hav-
'ing a Child by her himſelf, ſhe became a com-
'mon Whore; then kept a Coffee-Houſe in *Co-*
'*vent-Garden*, and a little after died of the
'*French* Diſtemper in a Goal. I could tell you
'many more Stories: but how do you imagine
'he ſerved me myſelf? You muſt know, Sir, I
'was bred a Sea-faring Man, and have been
'many Voyages; 'till at laſt I came to be Ma-
'ſter of a Ship myſelf, and was in a fair Way
'of making a Fortune, when I was attacked by
'one of thoſe curſed *Guarda-Coſtas*, who took
'our Ships before the beginning of the War;
'and after a Fight, wherein I loſt the greater
'part of my Crew, my Rigging being all demo-
'liſhed, and two Shots received between Wind
'and Water, I was forced to ſtrike. The Vil-
'lains carried off my Ship, a Brigantine of 150
'Tons, a pretty Creature ſhe was, and put me,
'a Man, and a Boy, into a little bad Pink, in
'which, with much ado, we at laſt made *Fal-*
'*mouth*; tho' I believe the *Spaniards* did not
'imagine ſhe could poſſibly live a Day at Sea.
'Upon my return hither, where my Wife, who
'was of this Country, then lived, the Squire
'told me, he was ſo pleaſed with the Defence
'I had made againſt the Enemy, that he did not
'fear getting me promoted to a Lieutenancy
'of a Man of War, if I would accept of it;
'which I thankfully aſſured him I would. Well,
'Sir, two or three Years paſt, during which I
'had many repeated Promiſes, not only from the
'Squire, but (as he told me) from the Lords of
'the Admiralty. He never returned from *Lon-*
'*don*, but I was aſſured I might be ſatisfied now,

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'for I was certain of the firſt Vacancy; and 'what ſurprizes me ſtill, when I reflect on it, 'theſe Aſſurances were given me with no leſs 'Confidence, after ſo many Diſappointments, 'than at firſt. At laſt, Sir, growing weary, 'and ſomewhat ſuſpicious after ſo much Delay, 'I wrote to a Friend in *London*, who I knew 'had ſome Acquaintance at the beſt Houſe in the 'Admiralty, and deſired him to back the Squire's 'Intereſt: for indeed I feared he had ſolicited 'the Affair with more Coldneſs than he pretend-'ed.—And what Anſwer do you think my Friend 'ſent me?—Truly, Sir, he acquainted me, that 'the Squire had never mentioned my Name at 'the Admiralty in his Life; and unleſs I had 'much faithfuller Intereſt, adviſed me to give 'over my Pretenſions, which I immediately did; 'and, with the Concurrence of my Wife, re-'ſolved to ſet up an Alehouſe, where you are 'heartily welcome: and ſo my Service to you; 'and may the Squire, and all ſuch ſneaking Raſ-'cals, go to the Devil together.' 'Oh fie!' ſays *Adams*; 'Oh fie! He is indeed a wicked 'Man; but G— will, I hope, turn his Heart to 'Repentance. Nay, if he could but once ſee 'the Meanneſs of this deteſtable Vice; would 'he but once reflect that he is one of the moſt 'ſcandalous as well as pernicious Lyars; ſure he 'muſt deſpiſe himſelf to ſo intolerable a Degree, 'that it would be impoſſible for him to continue 'a Moment in ſuch a Courſe. And, to confeſs 'the Truth, notwithſtanding the Baſeneſs of this 'Character, which he hath too well deſerved, 'he hath in his Countenance ſufficient Symptoms 'of that *bona Indoles*, that Sweetneſs of Diſpoſi-'tion which furniſhes out a good Chriſtian.'

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'Ah! Maſter, Maſter,' (ſays the Hoſt) 'if you 'had travelled as far as I have, and converſed 'with the many Nations where I have traded, 'you would not give any Credit to a Man's 'Countenance. Symptoms in his Countenance, 'quotha!' 'I would look there perhaps to ſee 'whether a Man had had the Small-Pox, but for 'nothing elſe!' He ſpoke this with ſo little Regard to the Parſon's Obſervation, that it a good deal nettled him; and, taking the Pipe haſtily from his Mouth, he thus anſwered: 'Maſter of 'mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal far-'ther than you without the Aſſiſtance of a Ship. 'Do you imagine ſailing by different Cities or 'Countries is travelling? No.

Cælum non Animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

'I can go farther in an Afternoon than you in a 'Twelve-month. What, I ſuppoſe you have 'ſeen the Pillars of *Hercules*, and perhaps the 'Walls of *Carthage*. Nay, you may have heard '*Scylla*, and ſeen *Charybdis*; you may have en-'tered the Cloſet where *Archimedes* was found at 'the taking *Syracuſe*. I ſuppoſe you have ſailed 'among the *Cyclades*, and paſſed the famous 'Streights which take their Name from the un-'fortunate *Helle*, whoſe Fate is ſweetly deſcribed 'by *Apollonius Rhodius*; you have paſſed the very 'Spot, I conceive, where *Dædalus* fell into that 'Sea, his waxen Wings being melted by the 'Sun; you have traverſed the *Euxine* Sea, I 'make no doubt; nay, you may have been on 'the Banks of the *Caſpian*, and called at *Colchis*, 'to ſee if there is ever another Golden Fleece.'— 'Not I truly, Maſter,' anſwered the Hoſt, 'I 'never

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'never touched at any of these Places.' 'But I have been at all these,' replied *Adams*. 'Then 'I suppose,' cries the Host, 'you have been at 'the *East Indies*; for there are no such, I will be 'sworn, either in the *West* or the *Levant*.' 'Pray 'where's the *Levant?*' quoth *Adams*, 'that should 'be in the *East Indies* by right.'—'O ho! you 'are a pretty Traveller,' cries the Host, 'and not 'know the *Levant*. My service to you, Master; you must not talk of these Things with 'me! you must not tip us the Traveller; it 'won't go here.' 'Since thou art so dull to 'misunderstand me still,' quoth *Adams*, 'I will 'inform thee; the travelling I mean is in Books, 'the only way of travelling by which any Know-'ledge is to be acquired. From them I learn 'what I asserted just now, that Nature generally 'imprints such a Portraiture of the Mind in the 'Countenance, that a skilful Physiognomist will 'rarely be deceived. I presume you have never 'read the Story of *Socrates* to this Purpose, and 'therefore I will tell it you. A certain Physiog-'nomist asserted of *Socrates*, that he plainly dis-'covered by his Features that he was a Rogue in 'his Nature. A Character so contrary to the Te-'nour of all this great Man's Actions, and the 'generally received Opinion concerning him, in-'censed the Boys of *Athens* so, that they threw 'Stones at the Physiognomist, and would have 'demolished him for his Ignorance, had not *So-'crates* himself prevented them by confessing the 'Truth of his Observations, and acknowledging, 'that tho' he corrected his Disposition by Philo-'sophy, he was indeed naturally as inclined to 'Vice as had been predicated of him. Now, 'pray resolve me,— How should a Man know

'this

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'this Story, if he had not read it?' 'Well Ma-
'ſter,' ſaid the Hoſt, 'and what ſignifies it whe-
'ther a Man knows it or no? He who goes a-
'broad as I have done, will always have Oppor-
'tunities enough of knowing the World, with-
'out troubling his Head with *Socrates*, or any ſuch
'Fellows.'—'Friend,' cries *Adams*, 'if a Man
'ſhould ſail round the World, and anchor in
'every Harbour of it, without Learning, he
'would return home as ignorant as he went out.'
'Lord help you,' anſwered the Hoſt, 'there
'was my Boatſwain, poor Fellow! he could
'ſcarce either write or read, and yet he would
'navigate a Ship with any Maſter of a Man of
'War; and a very pretty Knowledge of Trade
'he had too.' 'Trade,' anſwered *Adams*, 'as
'*Ariſtotle* proves in his firſt Chapter of Politics,
'is below a Philoſopher, and unnatural as it is
'managed now.' The Hoſt look'd ſtedfaſtly at
Adams, and after a Minute's Silence aſked him,
'if he was one of the Writers of the *Gazet-*
'*teers?* for I have heard,' ſays he, 'they are
'writ by Parſons.' '*Gazetteers!*' anſwered *A-*
dams, 'What is that?' 'It is a dirty News-
'Paper,' replied the Hoſt, 'which hath been
'given away all over the Nation for theſe many
'Years, to abuſe Trade and honeſt Men, which
'I would not ſuffer to lye on my Table, tho'
'it hath been offered me for nothing.' 'Not
'I truly,' ſaid *Adams*, 'I never write any thing
'but Sermons; and I aſſure you I am no Enemy
'to Trade, whilſt it is conſiſtent with Honeſty;
'nay, I have always looked on the Tradeſman
'as a very valuable Member of Society, and
'perhaps inferior to none but the Man of Learn-
'ing.' 'No, I believe he is not, nor to him
'neither,'

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'neither,' anſwered the Hoſt. 'Of what uſe 'would Learning be in a Country without 'Trade! What would all you Parſons do to 'clothe your Backs and feed your Bellies? Who 'fetches you your Silks and your Linens, and 'your Wines, and all the other Neceſſaries of 'Life? I ſpeak chiefly with regard to the Sail-'ors.' 'You ſhould ſay the Extravagancies of 'Life,' replied the Parſon; 'but admit they 'were the Neceſſaries, there is ſomething more 'neceſſary than Life itſelf, which is provided 'by Learning; I mean the Learning of the 'Clergy. Who clothes you with Piety, Meek-'neſs, Humility, Charity, Patience, and all the 'other Chriſtian Virtues? Who feeds your Souls 'with the Milk of brotherly Love, and diets 'them with all the dainty Food of Holineſs, 'which at once cleanſes them of all impure car-'nal Affections, and fattens them with the truly 'rich Spirit of Grace?—Who doth this?' 'Ay, 'who indeed!' cries the Hoſt; 'for I do not 'remember ever to have ſeen any ſuch Clothing or 'ſuch Feeding. And ſo in the mean time, Maſter, 'my ſervice to you.' *Adams* was going to an-ſwer with ſome Severity, when *Joſeph* and *Fan-ny* returned, and preſſed his Departure ſo ea-gerly, that he would not refuſe them; and ſo, graſping his Crabſtick, he took leave of his Hoſt, (neither of them being ſo well pleaſed with each other as they had been at their firſt ſitting down together) and with *Joſeph* and *Fanny*, who both expreſſed much Impatience, departed, and now all together renewed their Journey.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

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